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THE *Atlantic*

Interracial Marriage and the Law

Murray Kempton on Sorensen's Kennedy

Frank Kermode on Muriel Spark



Young Dylan Thomas
The Escape to London



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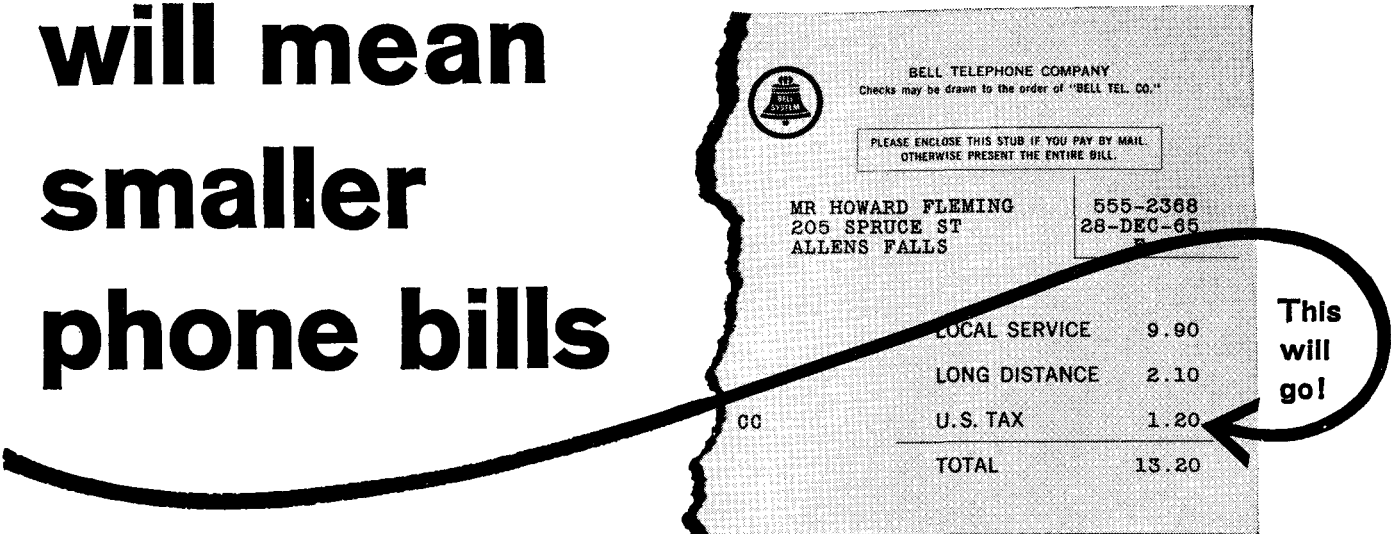
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OCTOBER

ATLANTIC

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How easy is it to sell stock on the N.Y. Stock Exchange?...who buys when you sell?...the growing number of investors...4 guides to investing

The ambition to add a brighter hue to your financial picture may have led you—along with millions of other Americans—to consider investing in stocks.

* * *

Your goal may range from an education for your children or retirement fund, to an exotic trip around the world, to a second income that will help you meet living expenses. And perhaps, with a clear eye on your goal, you have arrived at this practical question: "What would happen if I needed cash; how easily could I find a buyer for my stock?"

* * *

If your stock were listed on the New York Stock Exchange, it would usually be easy. For several reasons.

* * *

One is, of some 20 million investors, about 12 million own stocks listed on the Exchange. Some invest frequently, some rarely, but every day thousands of orders to buy and sell listed stocks funnel into the market place in New York, sometimes from shareowners as far apart as Hawaii and Afghanistan.

* * *

For example, you could populate a city the size of Milwaukee with the people who, on the average, have become shareowners each year for the first time—more than 1 million.

* * *

But private individuals are not the only investors who might buy your stock. In addition, there are the important institutional investors—pension funds, banks, colleges, etc. Another group consists of members of the Exchange who buy and sell for

themselves. For instance, at the Exchange, members called Specialists often step into the picture. They make a market when there are no other buyers or sellers at a price reasonably close to the last sale.

* * *

For the first seven months of this year, during an average trading day, more than 5,400,000 shares were bought and sold on the Exchange.

* * *

This volume of supply and demand is an important reason why you can usually sell stock quickly and at a price close to the last round-lot trading price. Few items of property, if any, can be bought or sold so easily or in such orderly fashion.

* * *

If investing figures in your plans, here are four guides to follow:

* * *

1. Remember, there is risk in every kind of investment—stock prices fluctuate and dividends are never assured. So make sure you've considered day-to-day expenses and a fund for emergencies.

* * *

2. Zero in on a specific goal. Dividends perhaps, which may help you to meet living expenses. Often a company will increase dividends as its profits rise. Or maybe you're looking for growth in the value of your stock. Some listed stocks have shown impressive records in this area. Perhaps your aim is a combination of these objectives. Or the relative safety that bonds usually offer.

3. Get facts. Ask your member firm broker for information he has on hand that may help you make an intelligent decision—such as a company's sales, earning trends and dividend record.

* * *

4. Ask your registered representative (broker) for his opinion. Before he could act as a member firm broker, he had to meet Exchange standards for knowledge of the securities business. While that doesn't mean he is necessarily right, maybe he can suggest a new approach you might want to consider.

* * *

Investing might help you to reach some long sought goal. That is why it is so important to know that there are right and wrong ways to go about it.

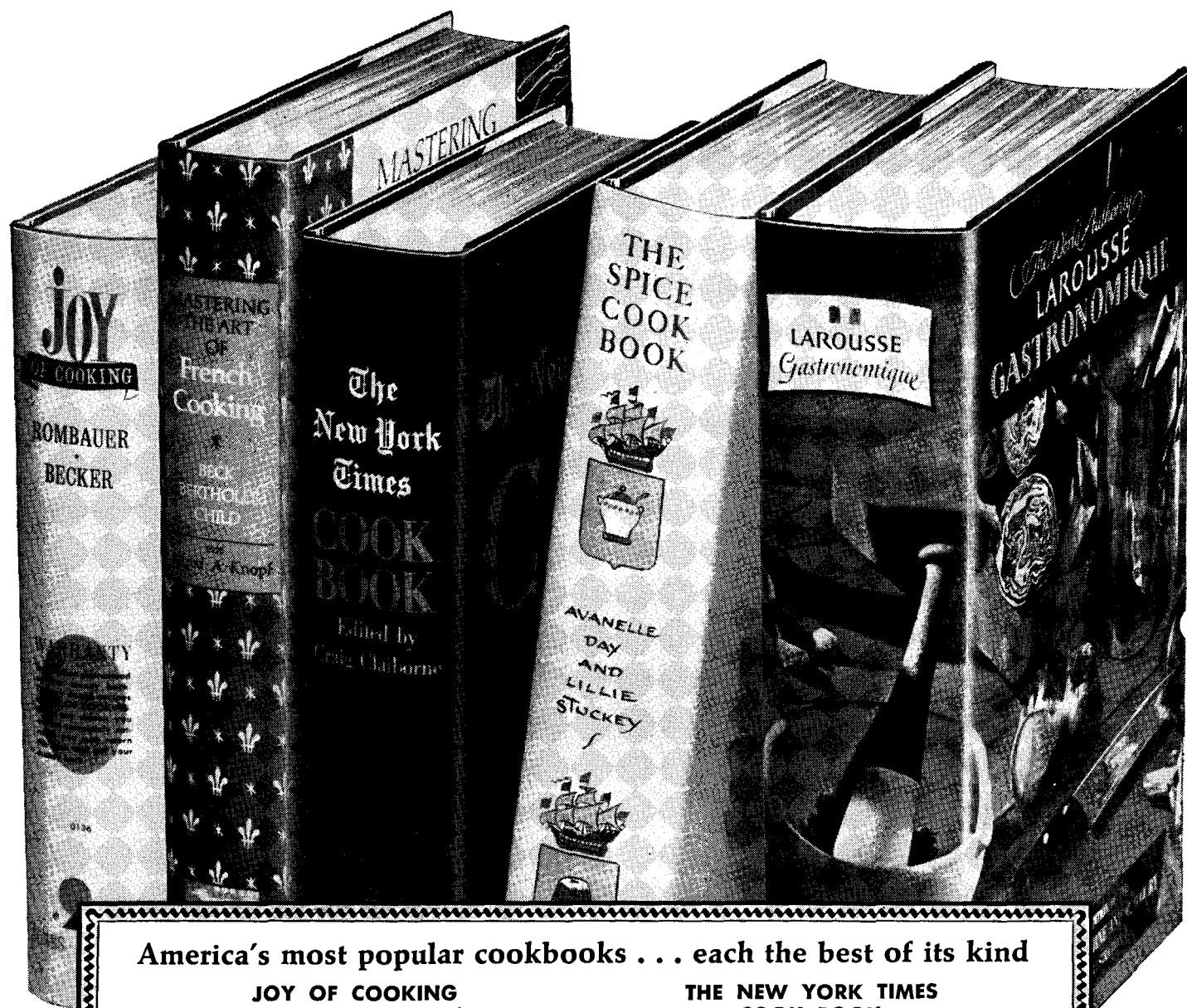
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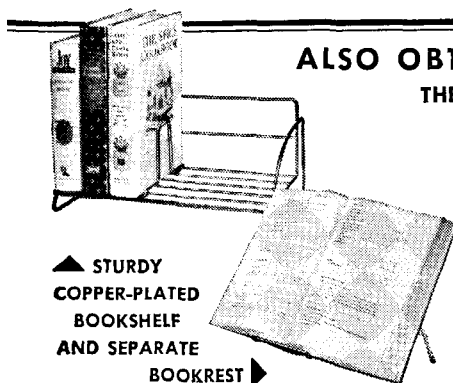
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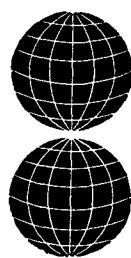
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WASHINGTON

A STORY is being told in Washington which has the ring of truth. One day the President asked Bill D. Moyers, his press secretary, who is an ordained Baptist minister, to give thanks before dinner. Moyers began his prayer only to be interrupted by the President, who said: "Speak up, I can't hear you." Moyers quickly replied: "I wasn't speaking to you." The story may be apocryphal, but it is too good not to be true. It sounds like the President, and like independent-minded Bill Moyers.

The appointment of Moyers as press secretary, one in a series of brilliant presidential appointments this year, has vastly improved the President's public relations. Substantively, neither dissident Democrats nor Republicans have yet been able to find a serious weakness in the Johnson armor. Nearly all criticism of him has been directed at the man and his idiosyncrasies.

Vermont's wise Senator George D. Aiken, the Republican dean of the Senate, said in an interview on his seventy-third birthday in August that Johnson was the ablest politician he had ever encountered. Aiken explained that Johnson knew more about gaining and using power than anyone else he had known in either party. Few in Washington would disagree. Yet there are many who worry about the concentration of power in this man's hands, because they have a gnawing uncertainty about the Johnson personality.

On Aiken's birthday, the President rode to Capitol Hill to attend a luncheon which Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine gave in Aiken's honor. The President was in his most expansive, folksy, and scene-snatching mood. He upstaged every other actor there. Finally, he showered Aiken not only with compliments but with gifts: an LBJ picture, an LBJ pen, a set of LBJ cuff links, two LBJ books, and two sets of White House

playing cards. These, at least, still bear the presidential seal rather than the LBJ brand.

On the day before the Aiken luncheon, the President invited himself to the State Department for a luncheon with Secretary of State Dean Rusk and his principal advisers. When Johnson returned to the White House, he summoned reporters to his office to tell them what he had said. He had solemnly warned the undersecretaries and assistant secretaries, he said, that he expected to have "unified support" from them at all times. He told them not to let any divisions "creep in after policies are enunciated." If an officer is in doubt about policy, he went on, "he ought to find out what it is before he starts talking."

Dissent gently

The President has been heard to complain that there are a hundred assistant secretaries in the government and that he cannot check on every speech before it is delivered. Many have gotten the message and are not making any speeches, or are not saying anything when they do. It is, of course, not too much for a President to demand loyal support. But in the context of his other attempts to dampen dissent and questioning both within and outside his Administration, the brusque words he used at the State Department were disturbing. More than one minor official has had his telephone ring late at night and heard an angry President demand to know why he had made a speech or discussed an issue with a newsman.

Johnson has never liked dissent, and some persons are afraid to speak frankly to him. These people underrate him, for although his temper will flare, he respects a person who speaks out. Once he asked a private citizen to give him a report on a sensitive public matter. The man wrote the requested memorandum and sent it to the White



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Report on Washington



House. A few hours later one of the President's assistants telephoned to say that he would not give the memo to the President because it would only anger him. The author of the memo resorted to some purple language and demanded that the requested advice be handed to the President. It was, and a few hours later the President himself telephoned to express appreciation for its candor.

The President formally recognizes the need to encourage debate on major social issues. One day, in a speech to a group of professional public speakers, he said: "We must never be afraid to discuss or to challenge or to innovate or to stimulate new ideas and new approaches." No doubt he believed those words, which his speech writer had prepared for him, but he is so impatient with those who cross him that his very manner tends to stifle innovation and discourage debate. Yet the Administration is crying out for new ideas. Much of the old program has been achieved. The Great Society must now be provided with the intellectual ferment necessary to carry it into its second phase.

Richard N. Goodwin, one of the President's closest advisers, focused on this need recently in a speech. "Nothing is more disheartening than the failure of the American intellectual community to evolve answers to the crisis of American public life," he said. "We know there are new problems. But the intellectual resources of the nation — the historic reservoir of social progress — do not readily provide the answers."

Debate in private?

The paradox is that President Johnson has discouraged the intellectual ferment he needs. Last year he named a number of task forces to advise him on Great Society programs. When the reports were written, his staff culled from them the ideas they thought could be enacted into law, and they became the basis of proposals to Congress. But the reports were never published. More than one Cabinet officer begged the President to make them public to contribute to public understanding. If they had been published, they would have stimulated discussion and new ideas. But the President does not want debate in public.

Government information officers talk more cautiously than ever. They also make fewer formal

announcements, for the insatiable man in the White House wants to give out the bits of news and information that in the past flowed out of the Commerce, Agriculture, Interior, or other departments as routine press releases. The Department public affairs men are still allowed to field the unpleasant news, however.

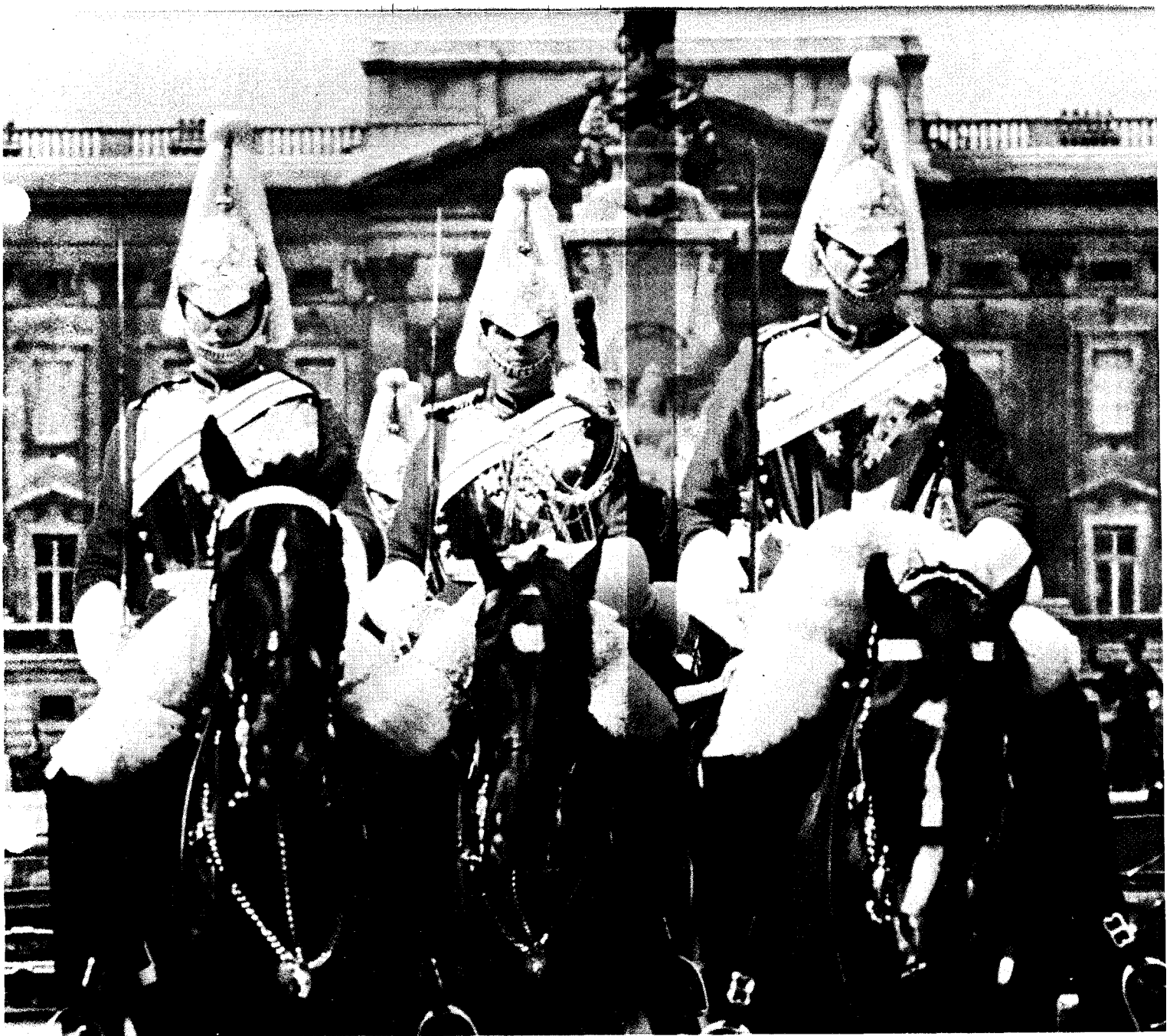
What is your answer?

When Johnson entered the White House, the majority of Washington observers believed that he would be weakest in his appointments. They thought that he was a provincial who was comfortable only with fellow Texans. The President did surround himself in the White House with Texans, and he likes to vacation only at his Texas ranch. But he has not unduly favored Texans in making his appointments. He naturally has preferred men he has known well a long time, such as Abe Fortas, whom he named to the Supreme Court, or Leonard H. Marks, the new director of the United States Information Agency. Both have been associated in legal capacities with the Johnson family, and both are outstanding lawyers.

The President did not know intimately either John T. Connor, whom he appointed Secretary of Commerce, or John W. Gardner, whom he appointed Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. He picked John W. Chancellor to direct the Voice of America after knowing him only a few months. As NBC's White House correspondent, Chancellor made an impression on the President because of his sound judgment, quick mind, and independence. One day Chancellor was summoned to the President's office and asked to direct the Voice. He replied that he was happy at NBC and liked covering the White House.

But the President never gives in easily. He called Chancellor's chief and asked his help. At the same time, the President began the lengthy strategy conferences at the White House on Vietnam. After they had been going on for several days, Chancellor asked Moyers: "Are we likely to go through next week as we went through this week? Are we half through, finished, or what?" An hour later, as Chancellor was about to go on the air, he received a call from the President, who had read the transcript of Moyers' briefing. "That is the question I want to ask you," the President said. "What is your answer?" After a moment's hesitation, as he glanced at his watch to see how much time he had before his broadcast, Chancellor replied: "I'm going to give you an affirmative answer."

It took even less effort on the President's part to persuade Arthur J. Goldberg to leave the Supreme Court and become ambassador to the United Nations. The suggestion that the Justice



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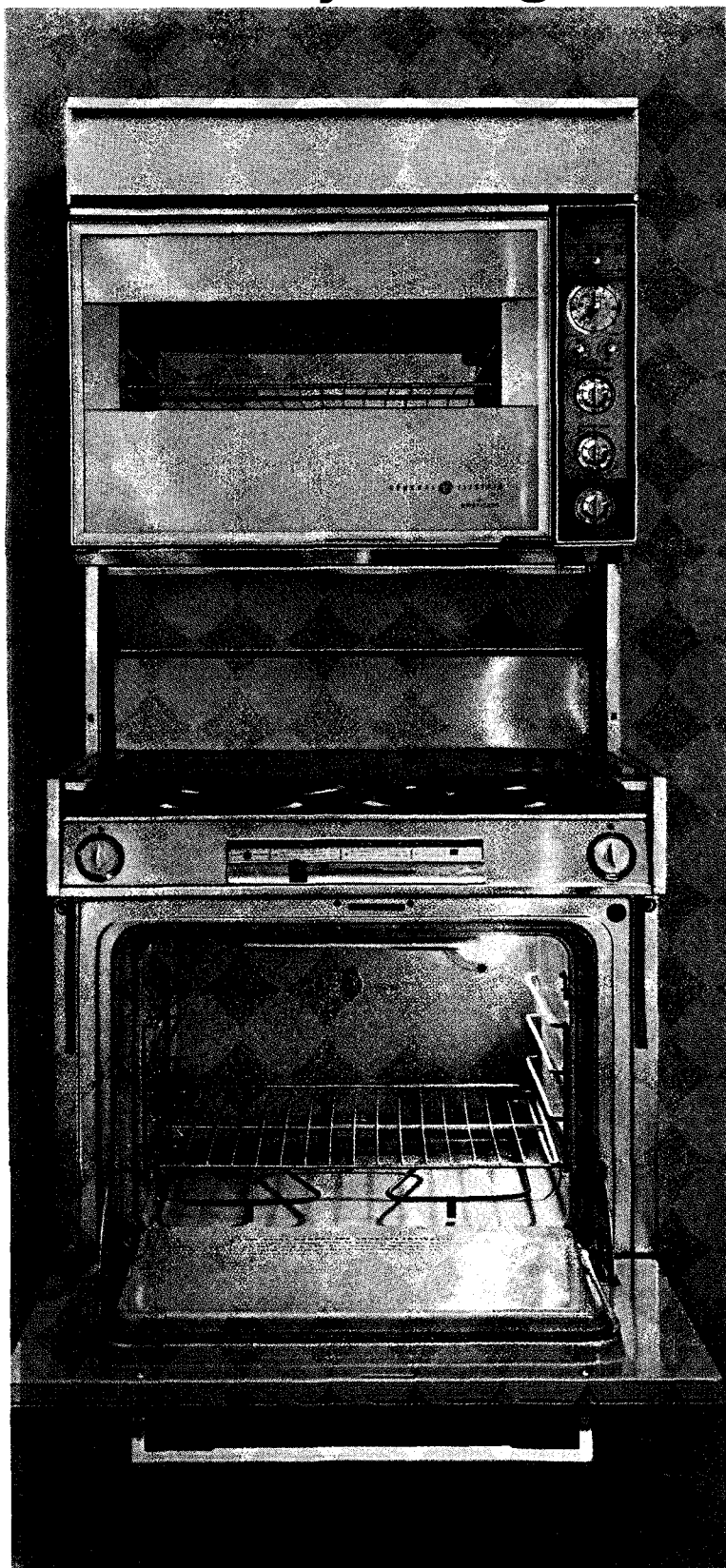
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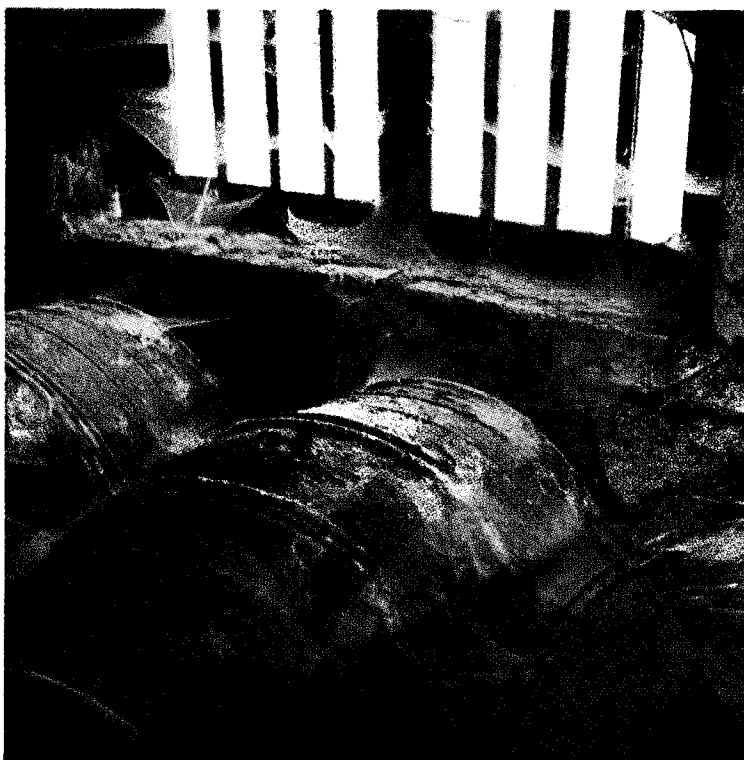
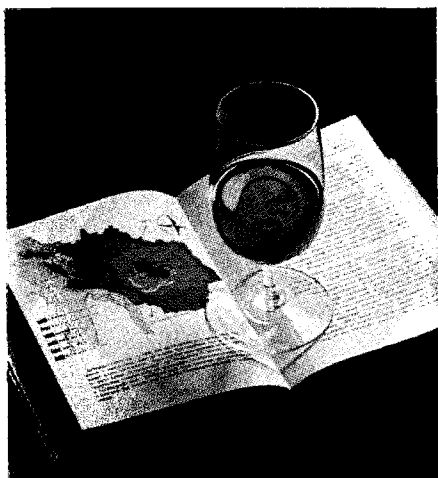
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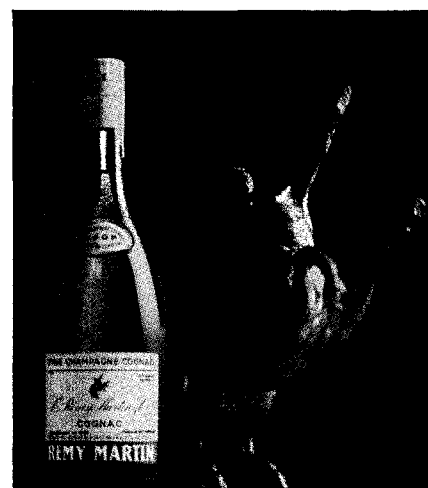
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Report on Washington

and the President plotted to put Goldberg in New York as a potential threat to the Kennedy or Rockefeller forces sounds exactly like Johnson at his calculating best. Yet the theory may be too farfetched. A simpler explanation is that the President recognized that the appointment would be well received, appreciated Goldberg as a man who like himself knew how to get results, and thought that Goldberg might be tested for an even higher post.

In spite of all the schoolboy gossip about the virtues of Dean Rusk as Secretary of State, the President has made clear his respect for him, and Rusk is not likely to leave in the near future. Eventually, of course, he will do so. If Goldberg is a success at the United Nations, he could be the man to succeed Rusk.

More, more, more

Another example of the President's judgment of people is his appreciation of Eugene R. Black as an independent, roving adviser on a host of economic problems. Black is respected in the business community and abroad, and his presence in the White House is good politics. Yet the President genuinely respects Black's ability and honesty. He has given him a wide variety of assignments.

Recently he gave Black an office in the Executive Office Building next door to the White House and asked him to be his peripatetic adviser on foreign aid, supersonic transport, Asian development, the balance of payments, and the budget, as well as related and unrelated matters. Despite his slow speech, Johnson's mind works like lightning; he absorbs all the ideas a man like Black can present to him, and then he asks for more, more, more.

As a banker, Black, the Georgia-born grandson of the great Southern editor Henry Grady, reached the top in the presidency of the World Bank. When he retired at the beginning of 1963, he thought that he would have some free time at last to follow his many hobbies. Instead he has advised Presidents Kennedy and Johnson as well as foreign heads of state, the Chase Manhattan Bank,

and a dozen or more industries. Black is confident that the President's interest in Asian economic development is worthwhile, and he is helping to establish the Asian Development Bank with a capital of a billion dollars. He is also enthusiastic about the work of the Lower Mekong Committee, with which he met recently in Bangkok. Its initial project is the construction of a dam in Laos, the first major effort to harness one of the world's great rivers. For nine years Cambodia, Laos, South Vietnam, and Thailand have been studying the river, and they have completed the engineering work required before construction on the dam can begin. Black believes that the Asian Development Bank can be established sometime in 1966.

The Inter-American Bank is made up of Latin-American countries and the United States; the African Development Bank is made up only of African countries. The Asian Bank, on the other hand, is open to all United Nations members as subscribers of capital; its loans, however, will be made only in Asia. Burma, the most neutral of the neutralists, has agreed to join. Nearly every Asian country including Japan has asked that the bank's headquarters be located in its capital. Japan has subscribed \$200 million, the same amount promised by the United States. Western European countries and the Soviet Union also are being asked to subscribe.

Mood of the Capital

When the summer began, Washington watched the approach of the monsoon in Southeast Asia with the gravest apprehension. There were predictions of heavy losses and Communist gains. Before the summer was ended, Washington's outlook had improved. Whether justified in the long run or not, both the President and former Ambassador Maxwell D. Taylor decided that it was time to emphasize some of the accomplishments. In June, the Viet Cong launched its expected offensive and made some gains under the protection of the weather. But the price it paid was high, and in July many Communist units were withdrawn for regrouping and retraining. By August, there were some significant victories over the Viet Cong, and Washington was vastly relieved.

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LAST July, several weeks after Colonel Boumedienne's coup d'état and the collapse of the abortive Algiers conference, a French cabinet minister was asked if Ahmed Ben Bella was alive or dead. "He's like the Common Market — fifty-fifty" was the reply.

The cynicism of this answer is characteristic of the climate now prevailing in Paris. Three weeks after the June 30 meeting in Brussels which put the European Common Market into temporary cold storage, Pierre Charpy, the political editor of the Gaullist daily *Paris-Presse*, wrote: "The Common Market will stay six months on the cupboard shelf. General de Gaulle has put the key in his pocket and will not take it out again until after his re-election — this being today taken for granted by nine persons out of ten (the tenth being Guy Mollet)."

This last affirmation was a typical piece of Gaullist exaggeration. For when Charpy wrote these lines on July 23, neither he nor anyone in De Gaulle's entourage knew whether he was going to run for re-election in December. De Gaulle deliberately contributed to the confusion by officially postponing his decision on his presidential plans until October.

Further, he allowed his Prime Minister, Georges Pompidou, to replace him in a carefully rehearsed "fireside interview" which was given a big play over the state-controlled radio and television network. The talk, a typically suave and soapy performance, contained some glib promises for the future, several barbs for the Common Market, and a crown of thorns for Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing (not one of Pompidou's favorites), whose "stabilization program" was implicitly held responsible for the recession that has overtaken French industry within the last year.

Who will succeed De Gaulle?

Political soothsayers in Paris immediately concluded that Pompidou was beyond any shadow of doubt the General's chosen successor. But observers of the French political scene were inclined

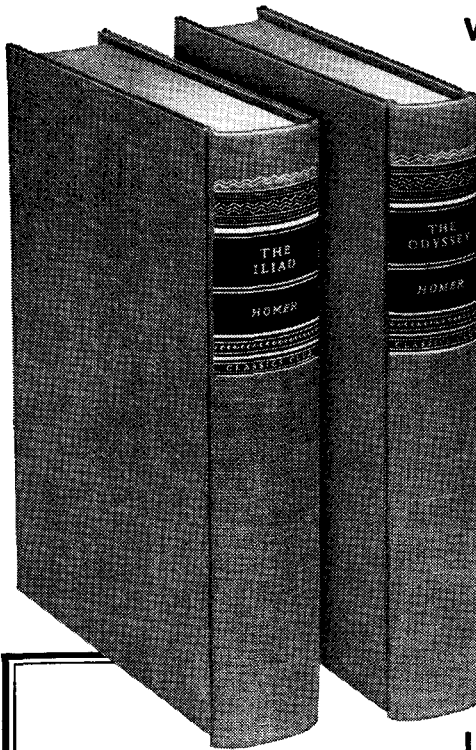
to see in this mark of favor as much a trap as a trial balloon. Within days of Pompidou's fireside interview, the Paris opposition paper *Combat* published two violent diatribes against him written by Frenchmen known to be sympathetic to the Comte de Paris. Though he officially renounced all claims to the throne of France years ago, the Comte de Paris (a descendant of Louis Philippe) has kept his finger in the political pie by editing a fortnightly commentary on French affairs.

But the speculation suddenly aroused by what looked like Pompidou's candidacy for the presidency was promptly overshadowed by the revelation that the real inspirer of the articles damning Pompidou as a future "gravedigger of Gaullism" was his predecessor in office, former Prime Minister Michel Debré. De Gaulle had not yet laid down his mantle, but the fight for the purple had already begun.

No recent happening has made a deeper impression on De Gaulle than the almost total eclipse which overtook his friend Konrad Adenauer from the moment that he was forced to turn over the reins to Ludwig Erhard. The idea of succumbing to a similar fate is more than the General can face. He is also aware that any premature retirement on his part could fatally jeopardize the future of the hodgepodge of policies which goes under the name of Gaullism. Pompidou may harbor some illusions about his own vote-getting talents, but they are apparently not shared by De Gaulle. A private poll undertaken last spring at the General's request through the ninety-odd prefects of the French departments indicated that Antoine Pinay — popular with the bourgeoisie and the peasantry because he "twice saved the franc" — remains a formidable unknown quantity whom some observers estimate could get as many as seven million votes on a first ballot.

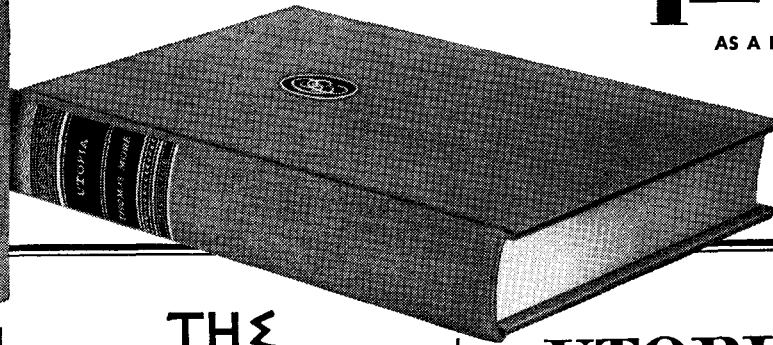
Pompidou's three and half years of service as De Gaulle's Prime Minister have not yet sufficed to efface the stigma of his earlier association with the House of Rothschild, an association which endears him as little to the Communist and

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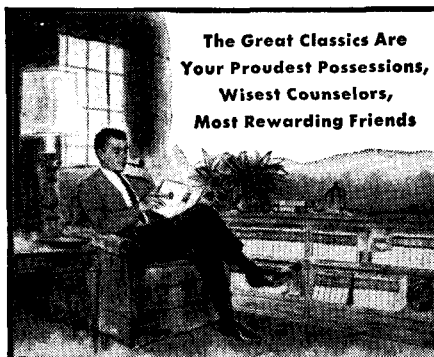
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Report on France

socialist left as it does to the ultra-nationalist right.

The supreme sin of the Rothschilds — for those who like to indulge in this kind of phobia — is not simply their enormous wealth but their international connections and non-French character. The first of the two *Combat* articles of last July actually expressed a sense of outrage at the idea of seeking a successor to General de Gaulle from the House of Rothschild rather than from the House of France.

There is considerable irony in the fact that Debré, who masterminded this anti-Pompidou campaign, is himself the grandson of a rabbi; and even more in the fact that the ultimate weapon used, superpatriotism, is the one which Charles de Gaulle has done more than any other Frenchman to exalt. Thus the weapon ruthlessly exploited by De Gaulle to bring himself to power is now being used by one of his supporters to cut another down to size.

Common Market gains

It is against this background that the Common Market crisis of last July should be judged. Foreign Minister Couve de Murville's abrupt breakup of the negotiations on the financing of a common agricultural policy and the subsequent "empty chair" policy pursued by France surprised those who doubted that with a presidential election coming up, De Gaulle could risk provoking the farmers. Last year France's Common Market partners took one quarter of its grain and one third of its total agricultural exports.

Though France's increasingly large wheat surpluses can no longer be absorbed by the Common Market — French soft wheat being unsuitable for the *pasta* eaten by the Italians or the longer-keeping bread favored by the Germans — the prospects for greater meat exports are virtually unlimited, and for this reason alone the Market has become a symbol of prosperity to the farmers of France.

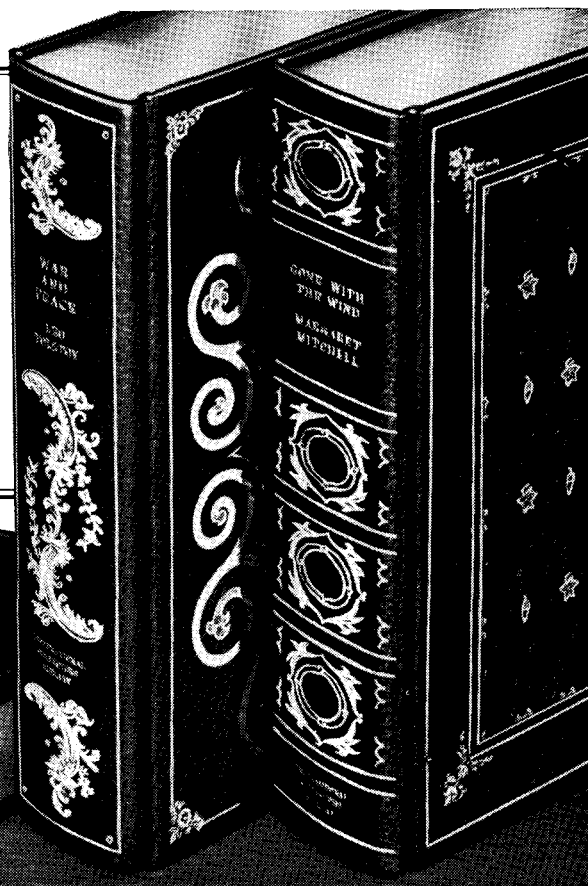
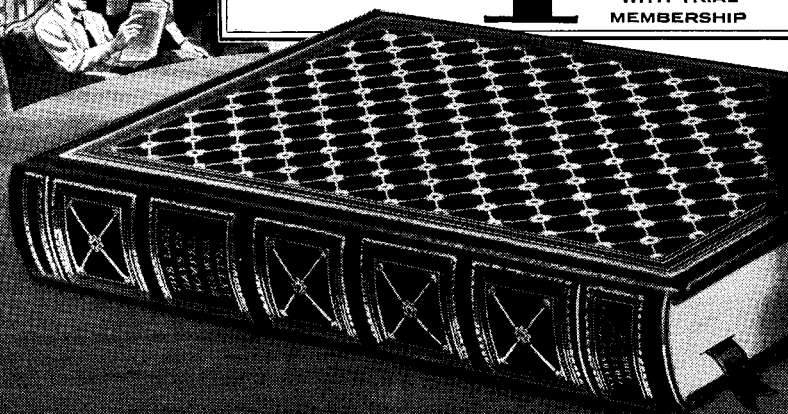
Quitting the Common Market would impose an awful wrench on the French economy for other reasons. Of France's total trade, 39

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Report on France

percent is now with its Common Market partners, as opposed to 22 percent in 1958. Of the \$640 million which France accumulated last year in a favorable balance of payments, \$550 million are estimated to have been due to the inflow of foreign investments, attracted to France only because it is a member of an economic community embracing nearly two hundred million people. France's "real" margin of trade surplus was thus under \$100 million at a time when the annual income from the tourist business is now more than offset by the steadily higher sums spent by Frenchmen and their families traveling abroad.

A dramatic exit from the Common Market would be virtually certain to frighten away foreign capital and to induce a contrary process of disinvestment, further depressing the sluggish state of the Paris stock market, which last summer hit its lowest point since 1959. From there it might be only a short step to a headlong "flight from the franc" comparable to the "flight from the pound" which is afflicting Britain.

These are facts and figures which De Gaulle, who has never had any taste for economics, must nonetheless respect. In fact, the terms in which the Brussels crisis was presented to the French people in the Gaullist press made it clear that the fundamental issue at stake was not so much economic as political, though the dividing line between the two is not always easy to define. "We cannot," Prime Minister Pompidou declared in his television talk of July 26, "leave to a committee without political vocation the job of deciding the standard of living of the French."

Stripped of its Gaullist verbiage, this means that the Paris government, so long as it is dominated by the General, cannot easily reconcile itself to the increasingly central role of the nine-man commission which runs the Common Market in Brussels. Though its functions, as foreseen in the Treaty of Rome, were essentially those of coordination, it has been driven, by the sheer dynamics of the Common Market, to become an essentially executive body.

When the foreign or other interested ministers of the member countries meet, it is invariably to discuss problems which have been studied and formulated by the commission and its 1500-man secretariat in Brussels. The ministers act in effect as a miniature legislature, which deliberates measures proposed by an executive. For De Gaulle, who has never had much use for legislatures, including the French legislature, and whose obsessive concern has always been the maximum exercise of executive prerogatives, this is an intolerable situation.

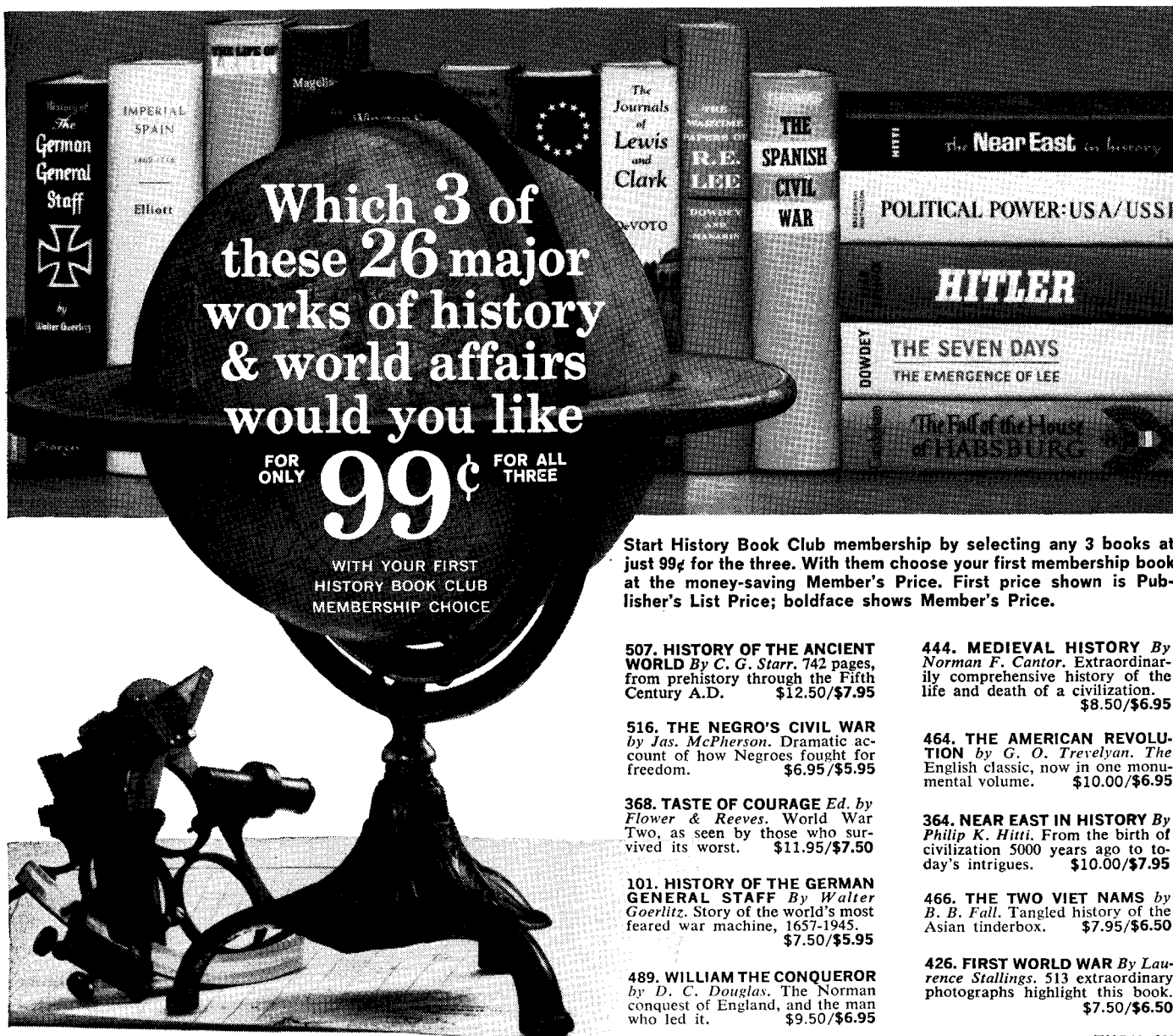
The Common Market crisis, which De Gaulle engineered in June and maintained throughout the summer, can be taken to mark the opening round in a campaign aimed at conditioning the French people for "the important events of the autumn" — these being either the General's re-election for another seven-year term or the extension of his present mandate from seven to nine or even ten years through the use of a snap referendum.

Apostle of peace

Ever since Valerian Zorin, the number-three man in the Soviet Foreign Office, replaced Sergei Vinogradov as ambassador in Paris, the French capital has buzzed with speculation that some dramatic Franco-Russian deal was in the offing. In a short-term sense, nothing could better suit De Gaulle's autumn plans than a sudden "crisis" in Berlin, which the Russians could turn on as fast as they could turn it off, and which, while it lasted, could allow the General to assume his cherished role as "mediator" before the French public.

André Malraux's visit to Peking in August contributed nicely to a subtle propaganda campaign designed to build up De Gaulle's image at home as an apostle of peace who may save not only France but the world from the holocaust of a third world war.

This elaborate image-building has as its natural corollary the simultaneous casting of the United States as the villain in the piece. Uncle Sam wherever possible must be presented to the French as a swaggering bully puffed up with self-satisfaction at its own colossal power. The state-controlled radio and tele-



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Report on France

vision network, which now extends over all of France, has been particularly adept in playing up the horrors of the Indochina war and in portraying the Viet Cong not as ruthless terrorists, but as tireless underdogs working to overthrow a corrupt oligarchy which only the massive aid of a foreign power maintains in office.

Not only SEATO, but CENTO, NATO, and all other American-inspired pacts have thus come to be delineated, in the Gaullist world outlook, as peace-endangering, if not actually war-mongering, institutions.

Secretary of Defense McNamara's proposal for a European Common Market for Arms — something which is years overdue — was rejected out of hand in Paris as though unworthy of being discussed. When Secretary of the Treasury Fowler came forward with his suggestion for an international conference on money, a suggestion which effectively met earlier French complaints against the "hegemony" of the dollar, France's Finance Minister, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, rejected this proposal, saying that the moment was inopportune. "Giscard Says No!" headlined the Gaullist daily *Paris-Presse*, as though this brusque negative were a new Declaration of Independence.

De Gaulle's anti-Americanism

In recent months, this anti-American bias has become almost pathologically apparent, despite periodic reassurances to the contrary. When President Johnson ordered the Marines and the paratroopers into Santo Domingo, De Gaulle, conveniently forgetting his earlier sarcasms against the United Nations' "meddling" in the Congo, proceeded to pour vinegar on the Organization of American States and to intimate that the UN should be given the job of supervising the situation. He came within an ace of recognizing Colonel Caamaño's rebel government and was dissuaded only when the French envoy on the spot filed a report counseling a wait-and-see attitude.

Only in a hothouse climate of cultivated anti-Americanism could a

trifling incident like the overflight of the Pierrelatte atomic plant by an American Voodoo photo-reconnaissance plane have been blown up to such lurid proportions. The anti-Gaullist weekly *Minute* had a field day publishing a reproduction of a public relations pamphlet put out by the French Atomic Energy Commissariat which has been a best seller since its appearance last October. It quotes the General as saying, when news was first brought to him of the Allied landings in North Africa in November of 1942 (landings of which he knew nothing): "I hope they [the Vichy French] will throw them [the British and Americans] into the sea."

The two principal focuses of anti-American sentiment in France are located in the extreme left (for ideological reasons) and the extreme right (for imperialist or colonialist reasons). De Gaulle's anti-Americanism tends to ingratiate him with the Communists, whom he has been carefully wooing in view of the electoral or plebiscitary tests ahead.

The right, however, is torn between its hatred of De Gaulle, its memories of Suez (by no means dead) and its resentment against American anticolonialist policies, and its belated satisfaction at seeing the United States at last assuming the "struggle against Communism in Indochina," which the French had to wage single-handedly from 1945 to 1954. In any showdown between these warring sentiments, hatred of De Gaulle, the Empire-smasher par excellence, emerges an easy victor, as has been shown by the campaign speeches of the right wing's leading spokesman, presidential candidate Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancour, who has had nothing but praise for the tough resolution of President Johnson.

The American presence

The American Embassy in this uncertain situation is resigned to sitting out the bad weather, aware that there is little prospect of a change so long as De Gaulle and his vociferous superpatriots are in the saddle. The U.S. Information Service feels that it is fighting a losing battle, if only because its influence in the French provinces has been reduced to next to nothing through successive budget cuts which have

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Report on France

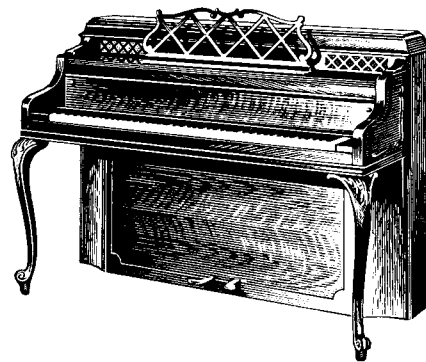
forced it to close the branch offices in Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Strasbourg, Lille, and Tours.

The one significant cultural "manifestation" it was able to stage last April in Montpellier was, however, a surprising success, due not only to the cooperation of performers like violinist Isaac Stern but also to the forensic talents displayed in an impromptu give-and-take debate between American Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen and the students of Montpellier University.

"Chip" Bohlen is an old hand at diplomacy and a master of the French language. His great merit has been to recognize that no one, except, possibly, André Malraux, can influence De Gaulle, and that the best thing under the circumstances is not to try. The substitution of Harlan Cleveland for Thomas Finletter as American NATO representative is little likely to alter Gaullist policy toward the North Atlantic alliance, which the General has all but openly boycotted.

With NATO as with almost everything else, De Gaulle is faced with the fundamental dilemma posed by the contradictions of his international policies. His overtures to Latin America have not got him very far simply because he is not an American. The Afro-Asian world is not prepared to elect him its leader if only because he is neither Asian nor African. France, significantly, was not even invited to the abortive Algiers conference of last June. De Gaulle is forced willy-nilly to remain a European, a member of a jealous consortium of countries which show no signs of wanting to crown him king or emperor.

He has, under the circumstances, virtually no place to go, though he must give his people the impression that he is accomplishing great things. It is an extraordinary performance. Europe, thanks to the stiff-necked stubbornness of one man, will be forced to mark time and to watch with bated breath as a half-mesmerized nation responds to the virtuoso solicitations of a formidable political conjurer who is happy only when the spotlight is upon him.



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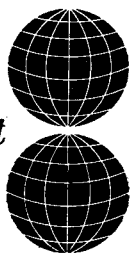
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HE is fresh and everyone else is tired" — the quote is from the columnist Murray Kempton, and the posters around New York do indeed show a smiling John Vliet Lindsay, "fresh" yet seasoned at forty-three, a candidate with varied appeal for teen-agers, mothers, and arbiters of the intelligentsia like Kempton. He is handsome, earnest, formidable, deceptively casual; well cast in the New York City political role which demands folksiness of a Republican establishmentarian, a role most recently practiced by Governor Nelson Rockefeller. In the poster, and frequently in fact, Lindsay is in shirt sleeves as he strides through a street of tenements and sells himself to the city's skeptical voters.

He has made the sale four times before in Manhattan's seventeenth congressional district, which is called Silk Stocking but embraces uptown and downtown slums as well as Republican Park Avenue. Every two years since 1958 he has doubled his majority there, though Democrats now outnumber Republicans in the once solidly GOP district. In 1964 he rode home with a 91,000-vote margin, the biggest Republican congressional winner in the country. He won as affable John Lindsay, refusing to endorse Goldwater and Miller and outpolling them two to one. And so, ironically, it was liberal Republican John Lindsay whose rugged individualism in the Goldwater year of 1964 paid off in 1965. For he did well for *himself* last year, and the party, in search of a phoenix amid the ashes, had to come to him.

Remember Lucky Lindy?

Lindsay has one of the big political necessities — luck. He is a tough man who has worked out the difficult formula for winning as a "nice guy," a formula that at key points in their careers has eluded liberal Republicans such as Charles Percy, Nelson Rockefeller, and William Scranton. More "glamorous" than that breed, not as pious as some of them, he is also quickly compared with the Kennedy brothers, a contrast which annoys his friends. "He's more of a person," says a Washington reporter who has known him over the years, "more inner-directed than the Kennedys,

no family steamroller, no millions. . . . All he's got is himself."

His luck became more ephemeral last spring and summer. At first there seemed to be every reason — feuds, factionalism, the threat of war abroad — for goodwill in search of a hero to continue to flow in his direction, for lack of any other. One was reminded of Scott Fitzgerald's 1931 words about Charles A. Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic four years before: "In the Spring of 1927 something bright and alien flashed across the sky. A young Minnesotan who seemed to have nothing to do with his generation did a heroic thing, and for a moment people set down their glasses in country clubs and speakeasies and thought of their old best dreams."

However strong the disaffection in the air, and whatever the various reasons — that Kennedy was loved and Johnson is not, that the Johnson Administration has not managed to prove to its intellectual and academic critics either valid intentions or achievements in Vietnam or in the Dominican Republic, that the more frivolously sardonic aspects of "pop" art and journalism in New York, from Andy Warhol to Tom Wolfe, have the tone not of fun or critique, but of decadence — whatever the effect of all this, Lindsay was not hurt, for he was a pleasant diversion.

The newspapers were specific and rapturous, especially the New York *Herald Tribune*, which takes its liberal Republicanism seriously. Lindsay, they said, had the knack of fusing assets and building coalitions. He was a Republican who could carry Democrats disgusted with their own party's intramural war games, eager to vote for "integrity" and "independence"; and he performed ably in Congress.

He can win, the press chorus continued, now joined by New York Republican leaders, not used even to the bother of pondering how to win against a three-to-one Democratic registration margin (2.1 million Democrats to 700,000 Republicans). And so it went: the city is in chaos,



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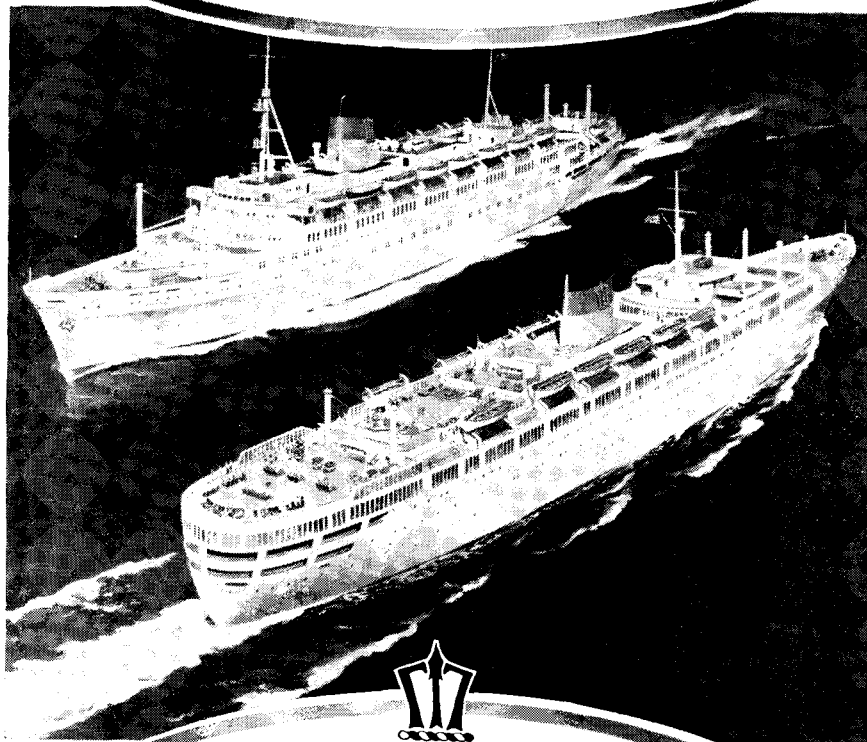
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Report on New York

crisis, decline; Lindsay is "the best news since La Guardia."

"The candidate," as Lindsay's staff of tough professional lawyers and press men and amateur volunteers calls him, might well have paused to consider the politician with whom he was being compared. A WASP Republican for all his independence, Lindsay's contrasts with the bombastic Fiorello La Guardia ("there is only room for one demagogue in this Administration, and I'm the one") are not auspicious.

La Guardia knew full well how to be a demagogue and was more than merely a plausible figure in Congress. He was a "radical" leader and labor hero, responsible, along with Senator George Norris of Nebraska and other Republican-Progressives, for much legislation that anticipated New Deal statutes. As a rebel Republican, closer really to the Progressives of the West and Midwest, he was a free agent in New York, and his ties to labor were closer and stronger than those of the Democrats he beat in 1933. With his Italian and Jewish ancestry and command of six languages besides English, he constituted his own melting pot and balanced ticket.

However hearty a fellow Lindsay is, his mayoralty campaign will not be as rough and tough as La Guardia's first successful one or as manipulated by cryptic well-wishers in the White House. La Guardia won in 1933 with gangster support (which he later disowned) and by effectively pinning an anti-Semitic charge on the candidate Franklin Roosevelt had ordered entered in the race to split the Democratic vote away from Tammany Hall. By 1937, when La Guardia came up for re-election, FDR had made him the New York City outpost of the New Deal.

Outraged, or just tired?

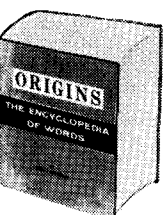
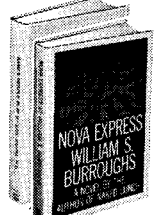
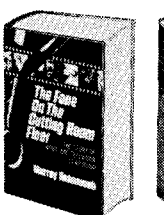
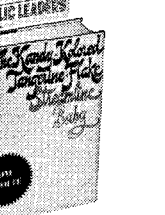
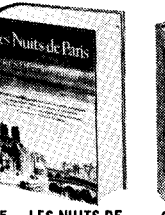
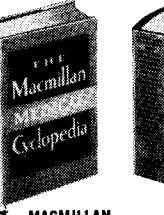
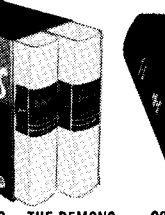
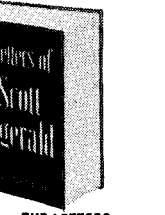
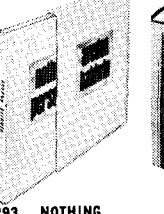
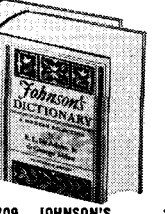
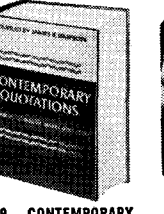
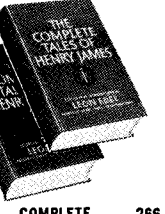
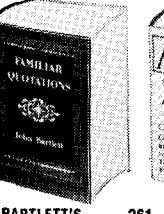
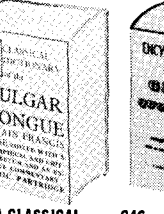
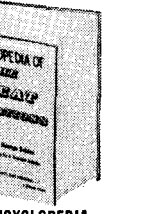
Strictly speaking, Lindsay is running for mayor for geographical reasons: the alternative New York routes onward and upward are currently closed off by the incumbencies of Governor Rockefeller and Senator Jacob Javits. But there is a riddle to Lindsay's contradictory cam-

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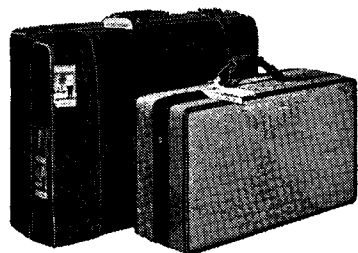
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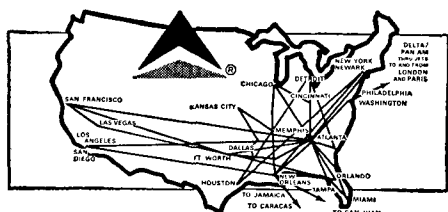
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Report on New York

paign, which stresses "freshness" but disdains the cry of "throw the bastards out"; it is the riddle also of the electorate Lindsay seeks to govern. New York is tired—it has certainly grown tired of Mayor Robert Wagner, as the mayor acknowledged when he read the polls and withdrew to brood and groom. But is the city more than tired? Is it outraged? That is the question.

It is not likely that simple "freshness" can beat a merely "tired" status quo. The mayor is always waging a two-front war for prerogative and power to manage the city's budget; the hitherto upstate-dominated legislature hammers at him from Albany in the north, and the independently elected city council and board of estimate hammer at him from the south at City Hall.

One might even ask, Is there really a mayor of New York? And do the voters like it this way? Kempton the archskeptic suggested such a *Catch 22* interpretation on the eve of the mayor's withdrawal from the race in June. In the same breath with his salute to Lindsay's freshness, Kempton attempted to describe New Yorkers' worldly, if perverse, passive identification with the mayor's Mickey-Mouse shadow-play politics: "Wagner's mixture of resignation with enjoyment of his life is a very New York combination: the notion that New York cannot be governed has become almost a point of civic pride."

There is no doubt that Lindsay has provided apolitical delight in the big town. It can be seen and heard in the midst of the crowds he collects on his daily walking and speaking tours of the borough neighborhoods. He is natural and effective at walking and greeting, less effective at talking. "He looks to be an actor, not a politician," purred a woman in Brooklyn one day in August, "a lovely man"; "I touched him, I touched him," cry autograph-hunting teen-agers.

But another lady sounded what may be the more dominant mood of New York: "I'm a very ardent Brooklynite. Every time I go away and come back to the city it's dirtier;

terrible. . . . I'm a Democrat, but I would have voted for Lindsay against Wagner. Now so much has happened, I don't know."

Reform, yes; Republican, no

The key word is "Democrat." By force of tradition, because of Tammany, Al Smith, Roosevelt, La Guardia, Herbert Lehman, for whatever reason, there is neither Republican force nor tradition in New York. Reform, yes; Republican, no. The lady in the Brooklyn street is thus not so far from a very different sort of voter, the urbane Manhattan reform leader who says almost fanatically, "We'll show up Lindsay for what he is: a Republican!"

The post-La Guardia reform movement in New York is a collection of young middle-class amateurs who are quite professionally Democratic, and Fabian. Fusion, to these Democratic reformers, is a crypto-Republican or purely *ad hominem* phenomenon, and when the man around whom it has formed fades from the scene, the Republicans try to inherit "fusion." But the reformers in the end return to the Democratic fold.

These reformers have worked hard to build their clubs throughout Manhattan and the Bronx; they don't like Lindsay's "good government" rhetoric about dispensing with the "clubhouse approach" to municipal government, and they expect Lindsay, if he wins, to be appropriated by the national Republican Party rather than by Johnson. Lindsay has won no active help from the Democratic reformers, but he is counting on some votes from them.

Lindsay and his advisers seem to think that the best way to overcome his Republicanism is to put a Democrat on the ticket with him, and not merely a Democrat but one from that same status quo that Lindsay believes the voters do not altogether reject. So he took as his ticket's candidate for city comptroller the Wagner regime's housing administrator, Milton Mollen. This move, instead of projecting anti-clubhouse "fusion," merely blurred the contrast between the "bastards" and those who would throw them out, while at the same time earning Mollen the label of turncoat for abandoning City Council President



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Paul Screvane, the status quo, Wagner-approved candidate. Lindsay, then, has failed either to raid the status quo to his advantage or to exploit the goodwill of Democrats prepared to vote for him against the status quo.

The maladroitness of this schizophrenic strategy was apparent in Lindsay's campaign talks during the summer. After quieting down The Alibis, his throbbing teen-age rock 'n' roll band one typical day, he began his appeal, reasonably and with charm: "They said it couldn't be done, that you couldn't run a Fusion campaign in this city and win. Well, we've got one, and we're going to win, and restore confidence to the city." "How," came the back-row heckler's cry, "with Mollen?" Laughter.

The question was really unanswerable, and Lindsay's private rationale to reporters ("He's a very able civil servant I've elevated to the political level") was as lame as it was defensive. Nor did the "positive" offensive strategy work that day with the crowds in Brooklyn and Queens.

John Lindsay of Yale, Yale Law, and the Yale Corporation was telling his several hundred listeners at each block he stopped on, "We must restore confidence, tone, and quality to the city . . . quality, tone, standards — and no more rudeness; let's have an end to rudeness and being impolite to each other. . . ." (No response) "Isn't that good . . . ?" (No response) "If we can put a man on the moon, can't we run our own cities?" (Heckler: "No!") Lindsay, seeming to fall more and more into the vulnerably bland Park Avenue pose which the Democrats have unsuccessfully tried to pin on him in the past, struggled on: "We don't want people fearing, discouraged, frustrated, walking around with their heads held down. . . ." (Heckler, exaggerating a languid Park Avenue accent, "Go, Jawn!") Laughter.)

Winner loses

New York seems the prisoner this year of its third-rate politics, not unlike the *politique du pire* of the

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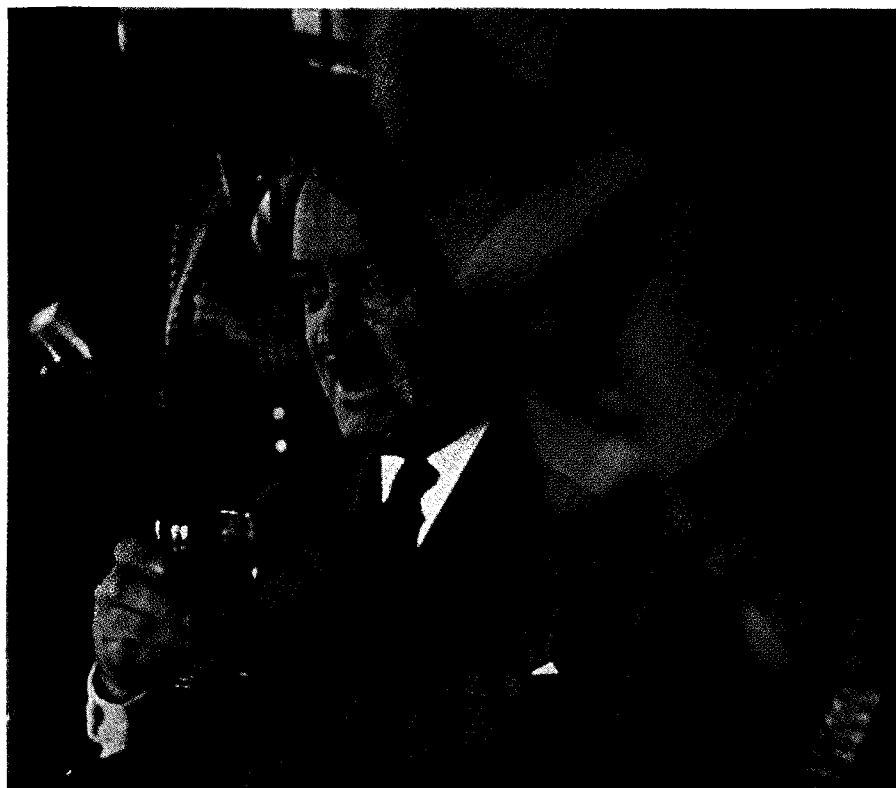
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odd malt whiskies are selected. Mr. Thomson is quite modest about his nose.

The man with a nose for Scotch

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Report on New York

French Fourth Republic, in which no one can win, or govern if he does win, and so tries instead to hurt his worst enemy by aiding his second-worst enemy. In so fluid and balkanized a situation, factions do not remain stable; maneuvering becomes the politician's *raison d'être*, with no time to be spared for governing. Few Democrats who wish Lindsay well expect him to *do* well if elected. A reform leader, assuming in July that Lindsay would beat any Democrat, predicted, "Lindsay will run the city from the UN or someplace, being a world figure. He won't let this city destroy his career."

A regular organization leader was more succinct: "Lindsay'll be out of here so fast you won't see him for dust. People ought to be thinking about the second spot on the ticket; whoever's city council president is going to be the next mayor if Lindsay wins." Status quo loyalists are not alone in arguing that New York's hope lies not the way of Lindsay and glamour, but toward Washington and the new Department of Urban Affairs, and in a city regime with the muscle and connections to lobby for federal aid that the state government in Albany will not or cannot provide.

For Wagner has allowed the city's stagnant politics and its stagnant government to breed with each other. The factions he has manipulated to preserve his balance of power include the technicians as well as the hacks, and some of the top technicians live in neighborhoods, as Comptroller Abe Beame does, where the local leaders are powerful. The technicians and the local leaders tend to work to further each other's careers.

As cynics foresaw in 1961, when Wagner left his original sponsor, the ex-Tammany boss Carmine de Sapio, in order to embrace "reform" and run against "bossism," the two city government products he took as his running mates, Beame and Paul Screvane, have inherited the political legacy of Wagner's strategic artifices and contrived alliances.

Screvane, the onetime sanitation worker, sanitation commissioner,

deputy mayor, a sort of municipal Horatio Alger who has graduated to sunlamp tan, cigarette holder, and arrogant, stagy gestures and intonations, is the epitome of the civil servant as Turkish bath statesman; he was the candidate of the bankrupt Wagner receivership. Abe Beame, tough and Runyonesque, adroit in justifying his defense of the city budget against what he is now free to call Wagner's "irresponsibility," the civil servant as "little guy," was the candidate of the anti-Wagner regulars.

Anti-status-quo candidate

So with Lindsay settling into his "positive" campaign and Screvane lamely trying to wrap himself in the curious mantle that attempts to embrace the status quo as well as reform (really the Mayor's ritualistic gestures toward reform), it was inevitable that by August the anti-Wagner, anti-status-quo candidate should be not Lindsay but little Abe Beame, firing at the city's deficit financing and lowered credit rating and the mayor's deal with Rockefeller to raise and expand an unpopular sales tax — all situations for which he shares responsibility as comptroller.

The list of indictments of the Wagner-Screvane-Beame administrations which Beame or Lindsay or anyone else could make is endless, if endlessly complex: the city has been unable to finance or administer programs to meet crisis situations in housing, education, welfare, employment, race relations, transit, or city upkeep. A drought is on, the air is foul, traffic jams up on avenues precisely because the stoplights have been carefully staggered. The World's Fair was an expensive, sick, two-season joke.

By primary time in mid-September, a Democratic closed-shop affair, one could hear two judgments: that the apathy was so thick you could cut it with a knife, and that Abe Beame would either be the next mayor of New York or the reason why a scarred, roughed-up Paul Screvane would not be.

The most devastating judgment on New York, however, was made in Washington. All through the spring and summer various Democrats tried to persuade the President



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Part two of Constantine FitzGibbon's *Young Dylan Thomas*, the poet in love.

Report on New York

to intervene in New York, help Wagner, help somebody, stop Lindsay, stop the New York labor chiefs' Liberal Party from consummating an impressive endorsement-for-patronage exchange with Lindsay. When Wagner was aching to run in the spring, he was counting on Johnson's help, but Johnson made it clear to his aides that he considered Lindsay a better and more dependable anti-Kennedy force than the shifting, self-protective Wagner. It was Wagner, after all, who in 1960 reportedly broke commitments to Johnson and Adlai Stevenson to join the same Kennedy forces, whom he saw as threats to his suzerainty in 1964 and whom he now courts to ensure himself a shot at the governorship in 1966. Johnson refused even to talk about New York with his intimate friend of thirty years, Ed Weisl, who last year became New York's Democratic national committeeman.

Events in the works, therefore, such as the Liberal Party's deal with Lindsay, were permitted to take their course. But the President continued to hear that he had to "stop" Lindsay. For those who had not received his message, he confided around and about that the New York Democratic Party was in too much of a mess to mess with, that Lindsay's election would force the Goldwater wing of the GOP even further into retreat, and that he had a new form of protection for his interest in New York anyway in the person of Arthur Goldberg.

Goldberg, it was tidily spilled to some top Washington reporters, was to be responsible to the White House as ambassador to war-torn New York as well as to the United Nations. In January, at the height of the battle for legislative control in Albany, a Kennedy warrior was quoted as saying, "Remember one thing — the greater the shambles, the easier it is to pick up the pieces." With his Goldberg ploy, Johnson stuck a keep-off sign on the shambles. Thus he tacitly suggested as well that such a move was necessary because John Lindsay is not destined to be to the Great Society and New York what Fiorello La Guardia was to the New Deal and New York.

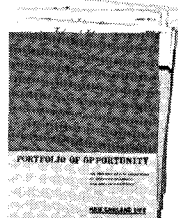
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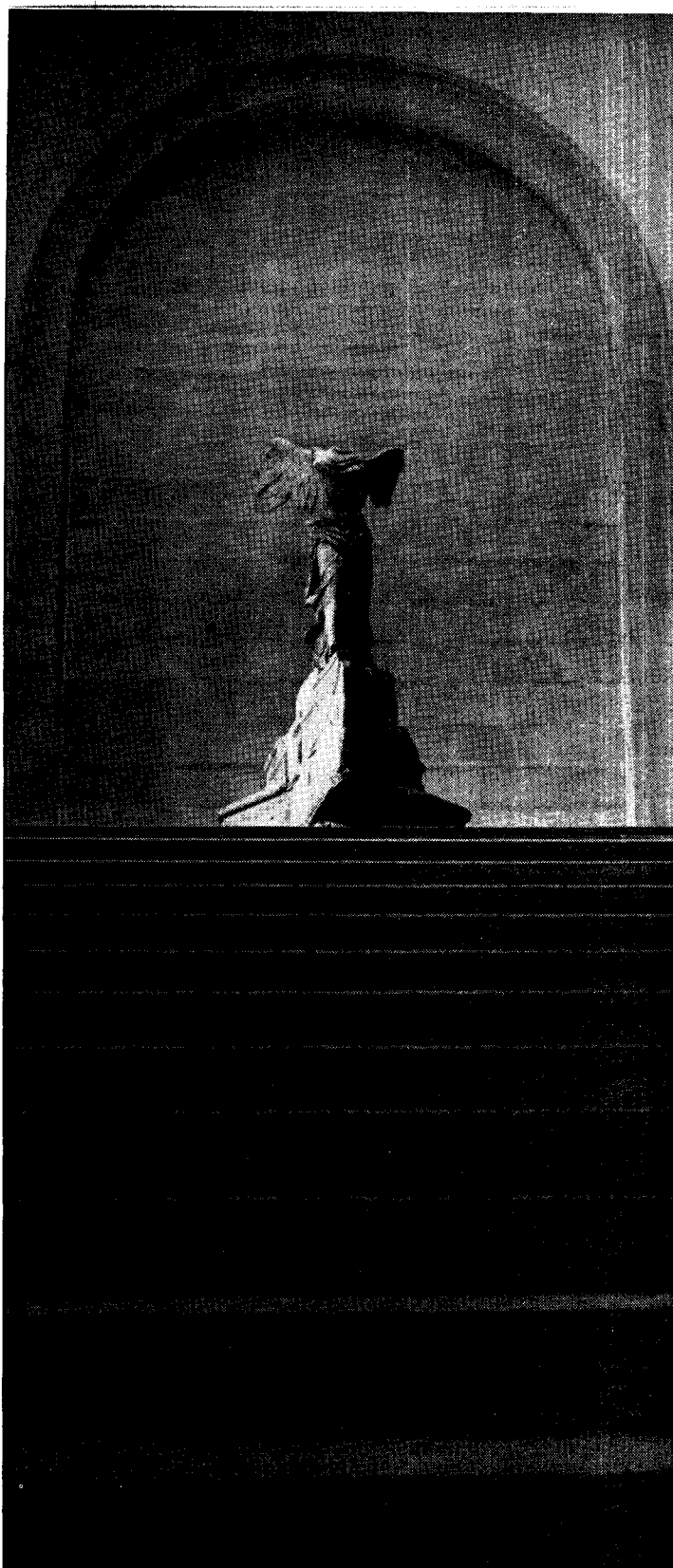
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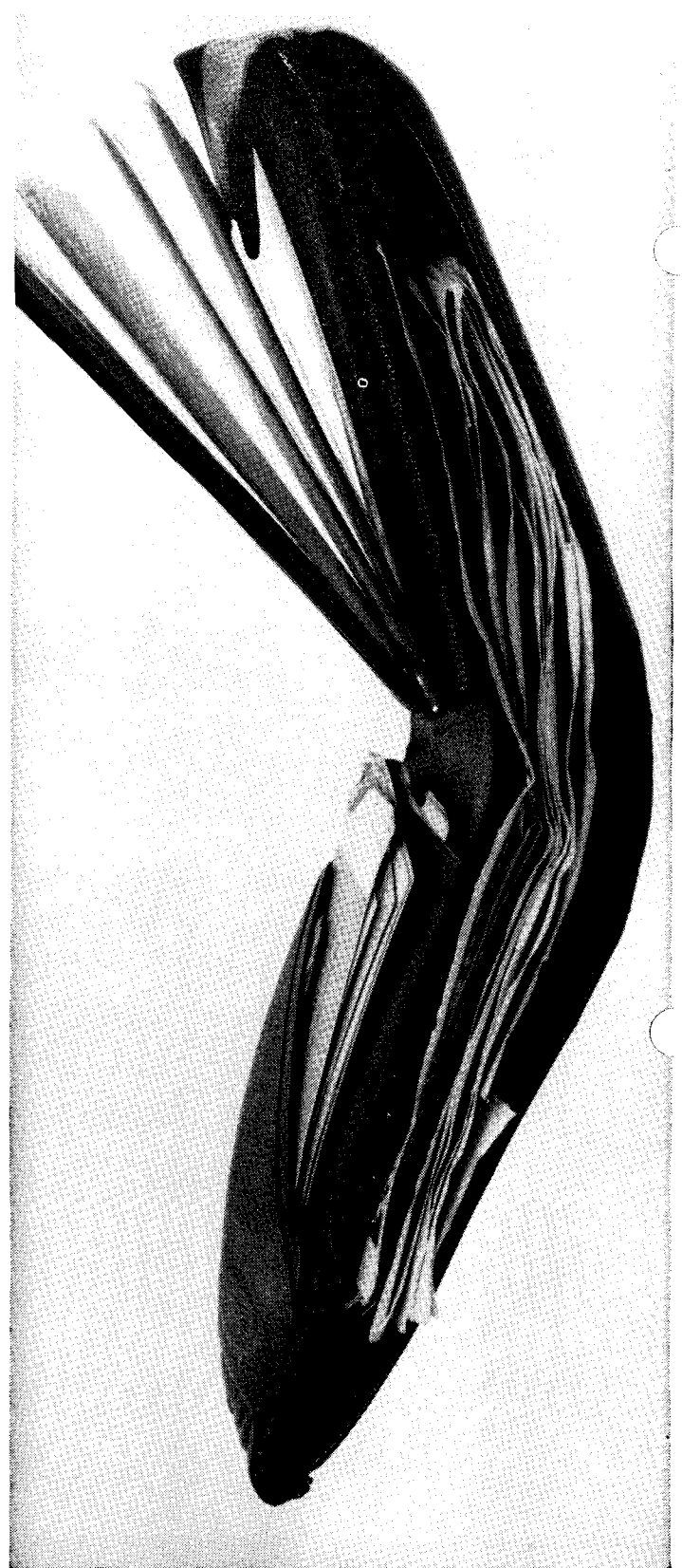
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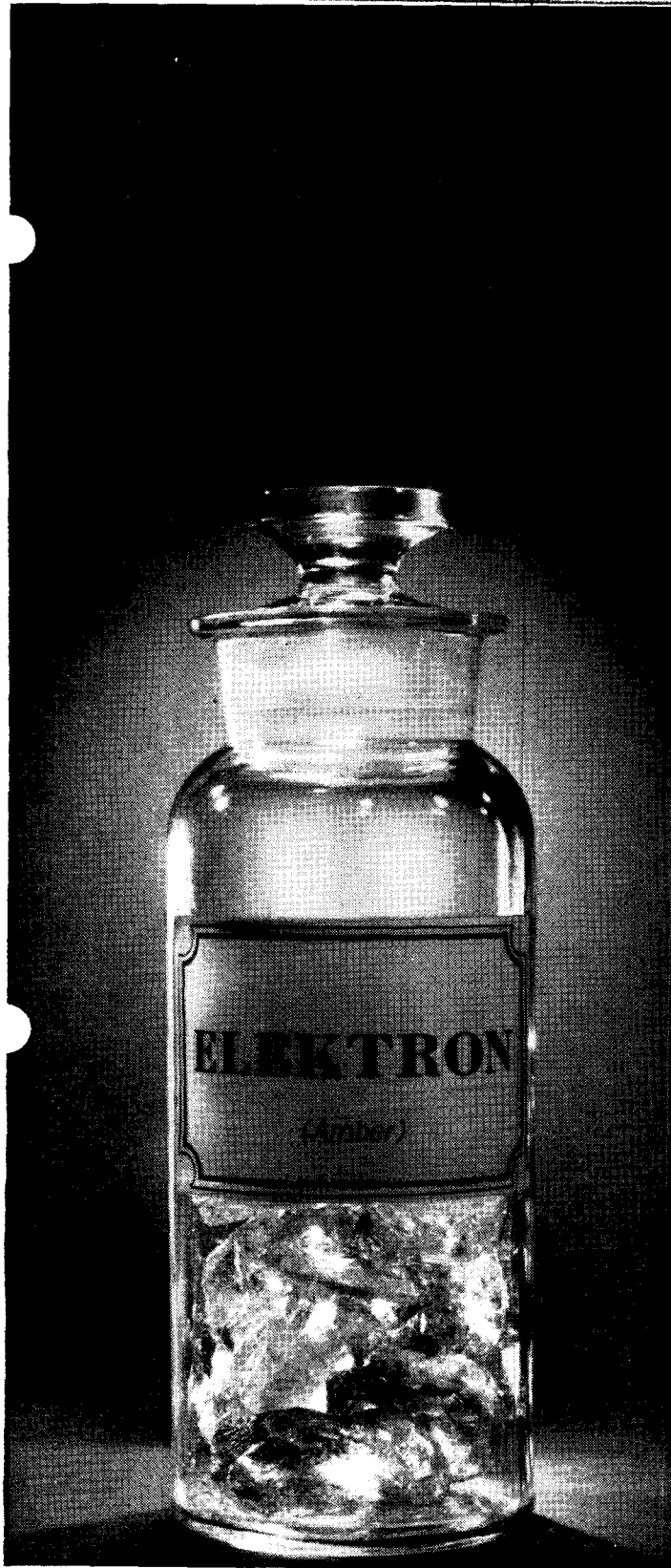
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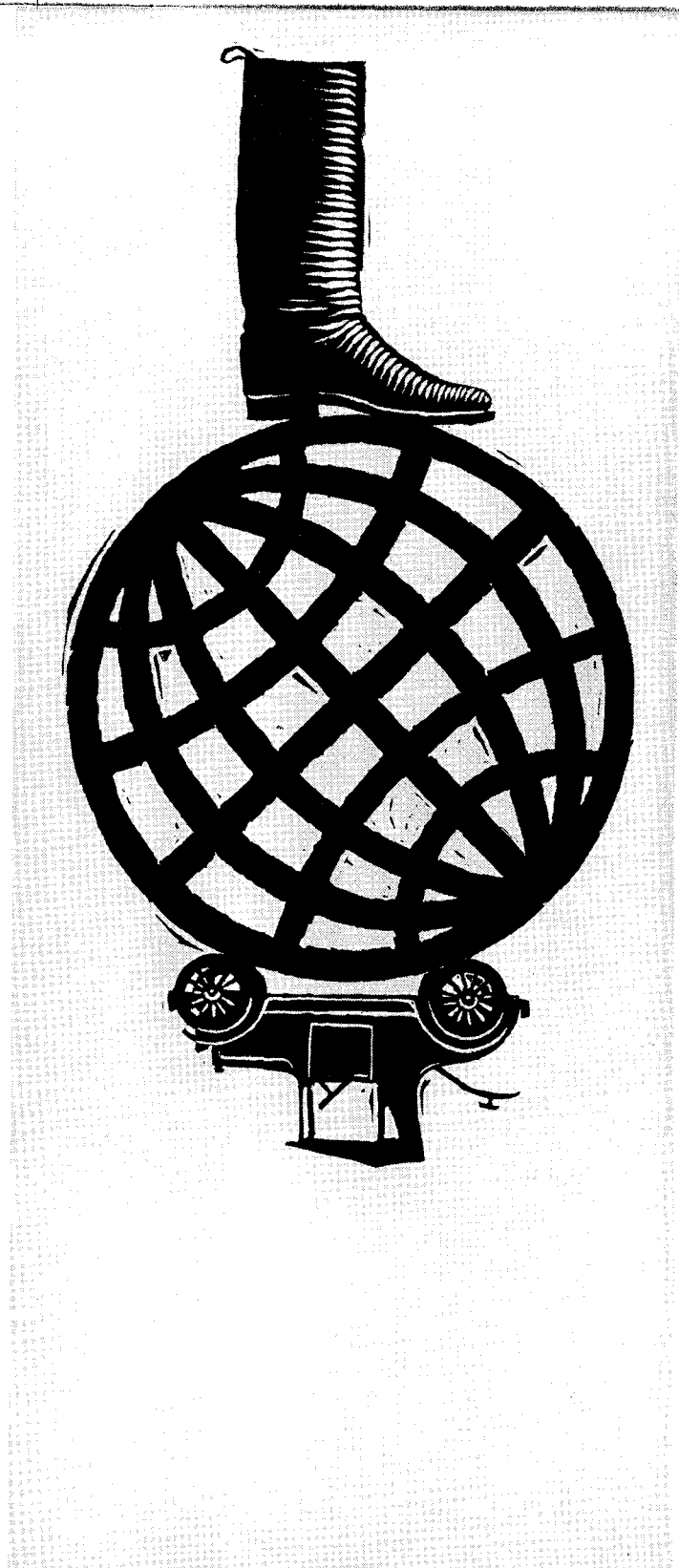
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WHAT is happening in Great Britain is not far short of revolution. It is a painful, bewildering, disturbing, and yet hopeful process. Harold Wilson is changing the Labor Party from a socialist to a radical party, from a worker's to a technocrat's party. Edward Heath is seeking a new "Tory radicalism." And all this is happening at a time of high prosperity and yet grave economic peril, when the strength of most of the old British social and political values seems to have abruptly petered out.

Wilson is the toughest parliamentary operator since Churchill. With a majority wavering between four and one, he has forced through sixty-five major bills in a single session. He has also performed major surgery on Britain's tax system.

Heath leads a Tory triumvirate of thoroughly professional politicians — himself, Reginald Maudling, and Iain Macleod. These three joined Parliament together in 1951. All were members of the One Nation Group, a radical-Tory ginger group of the time. None is a member of "the Eton and Oxford brigade," although all three are first-class scholars. They are distinctly middle-class, and the country has the impression that Heath, who calls himself a working-class product, was chosen as titular leader largely because he is more distinctly middle-class than the other two.

A time for professionals

Like Wilson, Heath too is a professional politician. Unlike Wilson, he is not an economist. Nor is he a wit. But he has a transistorized mind; he can select pertinent detail from a mass of information with remarkable speed and produce decisions from it with machinelike consistency.

As events have proved, for all these men — indeed, for all politicians now — the major problem can be simply stated: how to put Britain on a paying basis. And how to make it pay in a world of instant know-how, of computerized efficiency, of global industry, of social and class uniformity, without an empire (without even, in an economic

sense, a commonwealth), and outside Europe. This question overrides all others and tends to make a nonsense out of party dogmas.

So rapidly has the context changed that it already seems almost incredible that it was not until this year that the Tories actually elected their political leader, that right up to 1965 they always had him selected for them by a secret and indefinable process and usually from a narrow coterie of great families, great landowners, and people of great wealth orbiting the throne.

But then, until only two or three years ago even the captains of the big-league cricket teams in England had to be members of the Establishment, and unpaid. What has finally ended this year is the Age of the Amateur — which, it should be acknowledged, gave Britain many great and gifted men and a valuable heritage of culture.

However, nobody has any doubts anymore: this is undeniably a time for professionals. The parliamentary system itself is under attack as amateur and irrelevant. The old party dogmas are suspect. Britain's problem today is seen as largely one of management. The British are taking the politics out of politics. The major questions are these: how to increase the nation's efficiency, how to stabilize costs, how to increase profits, how to boost productivity, how to improve quality. Thus the two party leaders operate as efficiency experts rather than as political philosophers.

Heath's strategy is obvious. It is to persuade the electorate that the new Tories are the less political of the two major parties and the more managerial. Wilson's major mistake — or possibly it has been simply his misfortune — has been that in making his own transition from socialist to managerial leader he has had to give too many hostages to the left. These have exacerbated the crisis.

Against capital gains

Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan's reform of the tax system, for instance, has not simplified it, but has made it vastly more complex.



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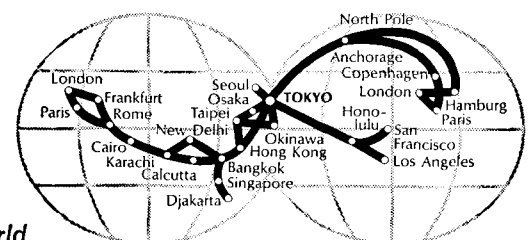
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Halloween pumpkin — photo by Mark Shaw

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Report on London

What could be worse, his tax reform appears to be based upon the old-fashioned socialist principle that the shareholder is functionless. It is seen therefore as an attack on investment.

A capital gains tax at 30 percent does not sound too harsh perhaps, particularly if the wealthy have been making hay in seemingly endless golden summers with no gains tax at all to cloud their days. But gains made within twelve months are first taxed at 41.25 percent or higher, depending on income. And the longer-term 30 percent tax is a flat-rate tax on all gains by all people with no allowances whatsoever. The new corporation tax is specifically intended to cause firms to cut dividends and to plow back more capital instead. It discriminates quite harshly against overseas investment.

Lord Robbins (Lionel Robbins), Britain's most respected senior economist and a colleague of Keynes's at Bretton Woods, has spoken eloquently against the new capital gains tax on both individuals and corporations. The investor, in a period of rising prices, is subjected to an additional capital levy because of the high incidence of the gains tax, he says. "I must say I think this is flagrantly unjust. . . . When one of the main desiderata is an increase in savings, it is also inexpedient." Of the corporation tax, acknowledged by many as a good idea in itself, he adds, "It will be a bad thing for this country if ever it comes to be assumed that the payment of dividends is simply a ritual to keep the stock markets sweet."

Stock market business in London has dropped considerably. The average income of brokers is thought to have fallen by about 60 percent. This does not worry nonbrokers. But overseas investment, often more profitable than investment at home, has also been heavily hit. Savings in general have fallen by more than 50 percent. The rise of industrial investment has stopped. To "save the pound" in these circumstances obviously requires a miracle.

Throughout the eleven months of Labor power there has indeed been

a race between this miracle and catastrophe. British prices have increased in three months by 7 percent. It is impossible to run an inflation at such a pace, and at the same time, a world currency based on fixed exchange rates. By August every penny in Britain's gold and convertible currency reserve of \$2.75 billion was pledged in debt due for repayment within five years.

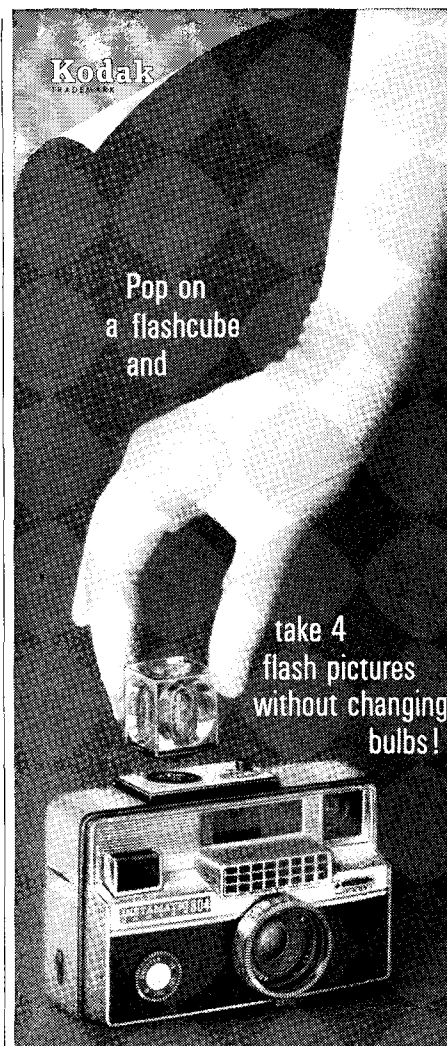
Labor has maintained all along, however, that it can work the miracle. It alone, it has been sure, can gain the confidence of the trade unions. It alone can achieve a smooth changeover to stability and prosperity by national, regional, and local planning. Through its new National Board for Prices and Incomes, it has already been able to ensure that no decisions to increase prices or wages can easily be taken in the future with no regard at all for increased output or efficiency.

The tide seems to have turned for the shipbuilding industry. Unemployment in Scotland has been halved. Industrial production in Northern Ireland is rising at 10 percent a year. The average of pay increases everywhere has been gradually falling. It is not yet down to the 3.5 percent guideline set by Economic Affairs Minister George R. Brown, but it has come down from 7 percent to 6.3 percent in May, to 6.1 percent in June, and to 5.5 percent in July.

Roads but no highways

It may be that behind the crisis, the movement that is essential to the breakthrough has already started. The British have certainly begun to question why it is that in a time when technology makes all men equal it still takes 170 men in Imperial Chemical Industries to turn out the same chemicals that 100 men produce at Du Pont; and 100 men in Coventry to produce as many cars as 80 in West Germany or maybe 65 in Detroit do.

Why, they ask, is it that only the British cannot afford new roads? Britain now has more cars per miles of road than any other country on earth. In England the figure is put at 49.5 vehicles per mile. This is more striking still when one knows that the British have more miles of road per square mile of area than



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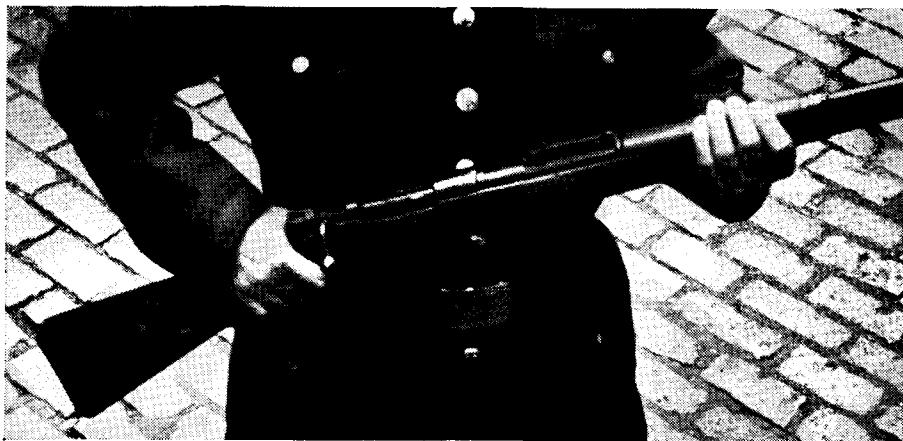
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Report on London

anyone else, if you use the term "road" loosely. It is a statistical fact that there are in England three miles of road in every single square mile of the country.

The trouble is that most of the roads are lanes. Nowhere in the civilized world now — using that term, too, in a freewheeling way — are there fewer auto highways. The total of what the British call motorways is just 194 miles.

A body called the Roads Campaign Council lobbies for more highways, without success. The Labor road program has just been cut in half, at least for the duration of the crisis. The Roads Council bombards newspapers with facts, figures, and speeches. It organizes deputations of members of Parliament to the European Continent to study continental highways. Traffic congestion costs £530 million a year (\$1.5 billion), it claims, deducting 2 percent from the potential gross national product.

British drivers certainly put up with conditions that few others would tolerate for long. Jams that are quite literally twenty-five miles long are regular occurrences on summer weekends. They can always be avoided, of course, by taking to the lanes. If you are, or have with you, a good map-reader, motoring in England can still be beautiful and uncrowded. But half the charm of lanes is that they don't run straight.

It is an odd thing that the British produce such quantities of great racing drivers. In Jim Clark, Britain again has the world's best, even possibly the greatest ever. But in their newspaper columns when they turn commentators, as they usually do, the great racing drivers find themselves more often than not explaining how to cope with roundabouts (traffic circles). Overpasses and underpasses are still rare.

The authorities have been experimenting with a "give way to traffic from the right" campaign at roundabouts. It has not been a total success. Theoretically, this would allow roundabouts to be emptying all the time. In practice, however, when

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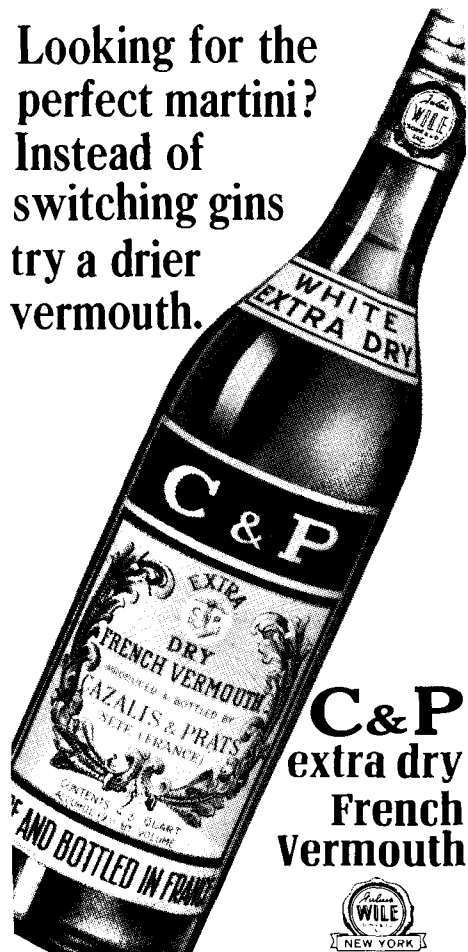
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Report on London

traffic is heavy, either everybody gives way to everybody, in the polite British way, or nobody gives way to anybody (although still politely). The roundabouts seize up solid. The racing drivers advise their readers to get in the right lane and then get there firstest with the mostest.

No money in railroads

Another odd thing is the fact that Britain once upon a time had a fool-proof system for enabling road-building to keep pace with the increase in traffic. Taxes on cars and trucks were put into a special Road Fund. Alas, Churchill himself (Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1924 through 1929) raided the fund. He took the car taxes for the general revenue. They now about pay for the national health service, and the fund has been abolished.

One has to admit, of course, that Britain is a very small, narrow, crowded country. It does not have as much space for more roads as most others. This thought has led to the growth of a new group dedicated to the abolition of all railroads in Britain, the uprooting of the tracks, and the use of the roadbeds as automobile roads.

The group is called the Railway Conversion League. Masterminded by its founder, Brigadier T. I. Lloyd, an able army engineer now retired, the league can prove statistically that if the railroads were thus transformed into roads, they could make a profit. (As railways they currently lose \$250 million a year.)

But Lord St. Davids, of the Inland Waterways Association, insists: "The only real answer to our transport problems is major inland waterways. As far as I can see in the future of Britain, waterways are the only sense that can be found."

Fond as the British are of messing about in boats, even the longest traffic jam has yet to convince motorists that boats are really the answer. It more and more looks as if some modern version of the road fund that Churchill raided is required, so that extra traffic will provide extra money for roads and that

the economic cost of road traffic can be fully met.

The task, in short, is to modernize and rationalize Britain. The chief goal of Britishers now is easier living; it is no longer a question of finding work or avoiding hunger.

Picture of America

For this reason — that the task is modernization — the work of the American Embassy in London probably needs modernizing too. The ambassador is ambassador to the Court of St. James's, of course. But the court, in both the narrowest and widest senses, is losing its influence. Douglas-Home, one can assume, was the last nominee of the court to figure as Prime Minister of Great Britain. Every ambassador in London to some extent now feels that he is going with the wrong crowd, and is fettered by protocol.

David K. Bruce, one of the best U.S. diplomats, has had a great personal success, though he is little known to the public at large. The picture of America that the British have is projected to them mainly by the face and voice of President Lyndon B. Johnson himself.

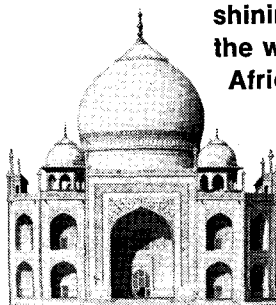
There are ways of improving the U.S. impact. Why, one wonders, does the recurrent American exhibition in St. James's have to be closed to the public and open only to those with cards of invitation? A permanent but changing American exhibition would be a considerable draw here. And one can make a strong case for arguing that Britain needs one.

The British are getting the feeling that the Americans are losing interest in them. At the popular level, relations are not as close as they were only a little while ago.

Yet there is no denying that behind the scenes the American mission here has achieved considerable influence. Its members are gradually getting across a message that is apposite: that we are all liberals now, and that this takes most of the problems of the management of any advanced economy out of the realm of party political controversy. At the top levels the British and the Americans have established an unusually close and sympathetic understanding.

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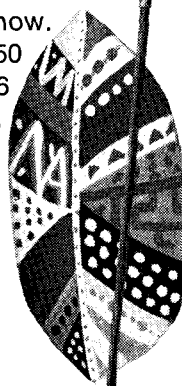
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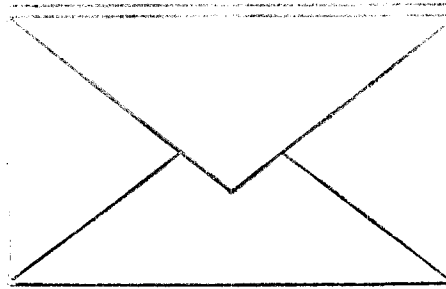
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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



One woman's abortion

SIR:

It was first with disgust and finally with anger that I read Mrs. X's account of her abortive experience ("One Woman's Abortion," August *Atlantic*). There seems to be little room for doubt that Mrs. X is a bright, well-educated, sophisticated woman, but one wonders how a woman so endowed, who surely must be familiar with the efficient and positively effective methods of contraception available to anyone desiring them, could have possibly gotten pregnant without wanting to. Perhaps the next time Mrs. X finds herself pregnant she would profit more from a visit to a good psychotherapist than an abortionist.

SONYA B. DEBERRY
Atlanta, Ga.

SIR:

I believe that you have done a great service by bringing this topic into open discussion. However, as a clinician in the active practice of obstetrics and gynecology in a metropolitan area in the East, I feel that I must write to you.

First of all, in relation to Mrs. X herself: since a significant portion of my own practice is in dealing with the complications of criminal abortions performed by others, I asked myself the question, Why didn't she have any more trouble than she did? I am afraid that my analysis brings me to the unavoidable conclusion that Mrs. X may have been unscrupulously dealt with and in fact may not have been pregnant at all. It is not uncommon for women aged forty-six to begin the menopause and have amenorrhea, which can simu-

late pregnancy, and indeed the trusted rabbit may be confused and give a positive response to the over-secretion of the woman's pituitary hormones.

My main reason for writing, however, is not to indicate that Mrs. X has been taken for a fool, but to help point out the true magnitude of the problem as it now exists in this country. It is estimated that at least one million women in this country each year submit to induced abortion of one sort or another. This is 20 percent of all pregnancies in the country each year. The complication rate in this group of women is appalling, probably because the large majority of these abortions are self-induced or induced by unskilled neighbors and friends. Mrs. X is right in implying that a properly done abortion under medically acceptable circumstances is relatively free from hazard, but proper care is not available, even illegally, to many of the one million women who seek and obtain abortions each year.

Approximately one third of all admissions to gynecological hospitals throughout the country bear some relation to the problem of criminal abortion, either because of acute care required for hemorrhage or sepsis or because of chronic complications such as pelvic inflammation or sterility. Criminal abortion is the leading preventable cause of maternal morbidity and mortality in this country, and it should not be forgotten by those who read this article and might have been lulled into a sense of security about the lack of hazards surrounding induced abortion.

It is the attitude about abortion that really is disturbing to me because in the final view of the problem only a small percentage of abortions need ever have been required. We have now at hand, and have had for some years, effective contraceptives that, if used, will prevent the pregnancy that made the abortion necessary. It seems to me that this is the area where education and promulgation of knowledge are gravely needed, with less attention to the questions of how many abortions are done and who should do them. Every woman who is at risk in this regard, and by that I mean any woman who answers yes to the question Would I seek an abortion if I got pregnant?, is morally obligated to use an effective contraceptive. There is no other acceptable choice to be made, for without doubt it is more immoral (and more hazardous) to have an induced abortion than it is to prevent pregnancy.

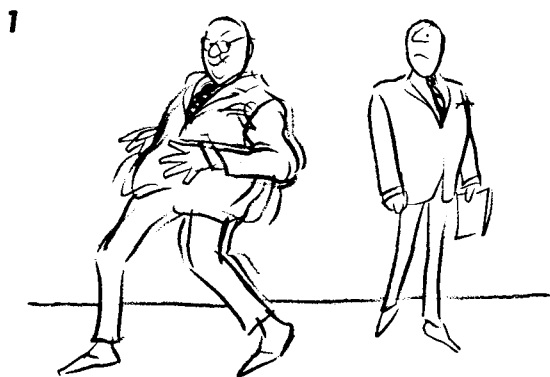
NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST

SIR:

This is the type of article I'd expect to find in a "confessions" magazine. I can understand Mrs. X's writing the article out of a need to assuage her guilty conscience, but I cannot understand your stooping to sensationalism of that type.

Mrs. X and others will be interested to know that legal counsels are daily advancing the rights of the unborn child. If attorneys and physicians who remember taking the Hippocratic oath recognize abortion as murder of citizens, we might be wise to accept their position.

If this country were to condone the taking of a life when that life has not



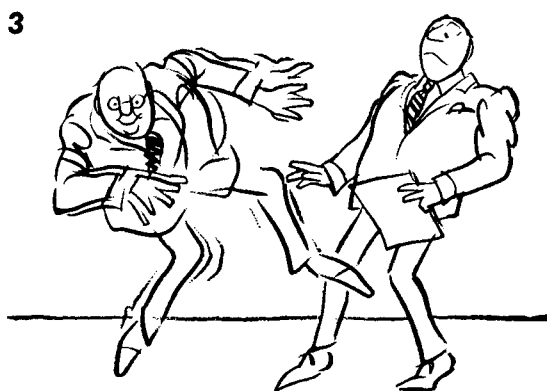
Pretty neat, huh?

What on earth are you doing?



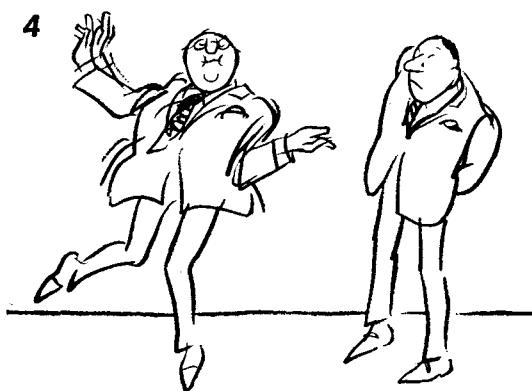
Practicing the Watusi.

The Watusi?



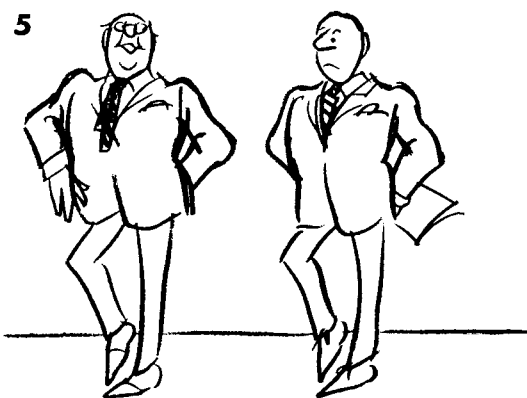
I already know the Cat and the Monkey.

What's up with you?



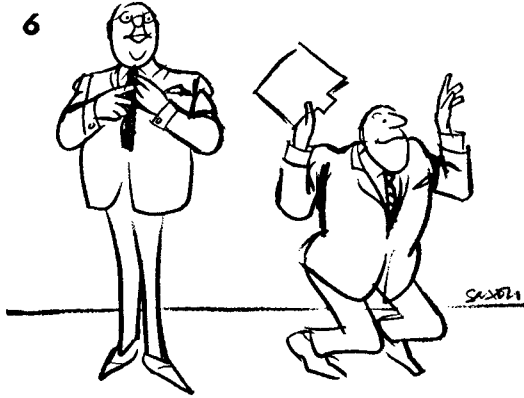
Getting ready for retirement. You should see Emma do the Surf.

I thought you two were strictly two-steppers.



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I wonder if Pam knows about that annuity? She's been practicing La Bostella.



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MARY PAT GREGERSON
Member of House of Representatives
Des Moines, Iowa

SIR:

Mrs. X avoids the philosophical issues in the question. Her discussion simply asks whether we ought to continue laws which forbid a practice she alleges to be widespread. To rephrase it in an unflattering way, she employs the "everybody's doing it" argument. She calls the statutes and our maintenance of them "hypocritical" because she believes that violation of them is widespread. On the same grounds, one may make the same criticism of laws against many other practices. Surely Mrs. X does not view the law as merely a consensus of practice; if she does, then segregation in the South is justified, for example. By ignoring the philosophical and ethical questions involved, she has made her case appear as strong as possible; but these questions cannot and should not be obscured by appeals to convenience.

I should like to challenge the *basis* of Mrs. X's assertions about the incidence of abortion. I do not challenge the assertion that this incidence is high, though I doubt seriously if it does "parallel the live birth rate in the United States" (whatever *that* means quantitatively). Mrs. X is correct when she states that her acquaintance is limited; this is not an argument for her, but against her, if I may also suggest that it is hardly likely that her acquaintance is a statistical sample.

I am a professor of science in a large university and also worship at a Protestant church in a Boston suburb. I have no doubt that the sample from the intellectual academics I know would parallel her experience, while from my fellow Christians I would find a rather different result. My guess is that Mrs. X and her friends belong to a certain set culturally. They are probably children of the modern age to whom philosophy and ethics must be a pragmatic rather than an absolute matter.

The real question is not merely, Shall we make it possible for those choosing to have an abortion to do so openly, before the law, with the most modern medical means? It is,

As a society do we consider abortion to involve the taking of a human life, and if we do, do we wish to allow the choice to take it to be freely made by the parents responsible for the conception of that life?

WALTER R. THORSON
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

I was shocked at the reaction of Mrs. X's doctor in your article. Under similar circumstances our obstetrician still felt a responsibility to his patient, and rather than have me "shop around" and perhaps fall into evil hands, he put me on the track of a "proper person."

He suggested that having an abortion in a large metropolitan U.S. hospital was safe enough and could be done, but one was always open to gibes of hospital personnel who did not approve. It would cost \$1000 approximately. The alternative was a clinic in Havana where this was done regularly and with no judging of patients by the staff. The cost, \$350 plus plane fare. I was given a few facts about the doctor and had to go to Havana and ferret him out myself (obviously a way of ruling out people with low motivation who might later regret their action).

I have never regretted this action. Our happy, healthy children are a testimony to our unborn child.

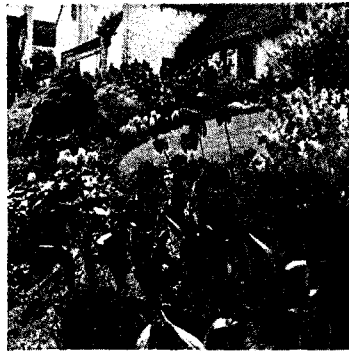
NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST

SIR:

Mr. and Mrs. X could have saved themselves a good deal of mental anguish and money if they had planned the end of their childbearing days more rationally and had acted accordingly. An increasing number of people in the above situation resort to voluntary sterilization as a measure to prevent situations like the one faced by Mr. and Mrs. X.

I would, however, like to commend Mrs. X and her husband for their responsible and farsighted attitude toward their family. Unfortunately, our legal structure and much of our so-called moral one still reflect the old days in which mass reproduction and natural selection controlled the survival of the human race. This fact certainly doesn't make things easier for those, like the X family, who are primarily interested in the quality rather than the quantity of their offspring.

JETSE SPREY
Cleveland, Ohio



By the yard
or by the country



Holland is your best buy.

A tulip festival right in your own backyard, or front yard for that matter, is easy enough to arrange. Just drop some Dutch bulbs into the ground this Fall and hang around till Spring. Note we said *Dutch* bulbs. Only the Dutch have put more than four hundred years into breeding tulips. And it shows in every flower, whether it be white, orange, delicate pink, the almost pure black or any of a hundred other delightful colors.

And because they're thrifty sorts, the Dutch figured out how to keep the price of their bulbs down. Way down. Sort of like how you plant them.

Of course, if you want to see a tulip festival that's as big as a whole country, start planning your trip to Holland now. The sight of Holland in the Spring is so incredible you'll never forget it. Mile after mile in bloom.

But there are a lot of things in Holland that you'll never forget beside tulips and canals, windmills, and pretty girls.

Things like fairy tale castles and surprisingly swinging beaches. Charming inns where you can spend the night, breakfast on fresh breads, sliced meats, a tray of cheeses, coffee, tea, milk or a big steaming pot of creamy Dutch cocoa and pay a tab that amounts to only about \$5. (Remember, we told you the

Dutch were thrifty sorts.) And, most important of all, people who speak English—3 out of 4 Dutchmen do.

By the time you've spent a couple of glorious weeks in Holland, you probably won't want to come home. But there is a consolation. When you do, your yard will be full of tulips to remind you of the nicest vacation you've ever had.

Find out how a punctual, reliable KLM jet or luxurious Holland-America Line flagship can start you off on a better European Holiday by starting you in Holland, Europe's hospitable entrance. Clip this coupon for a free, colorful copy of "Welcome to Holland."

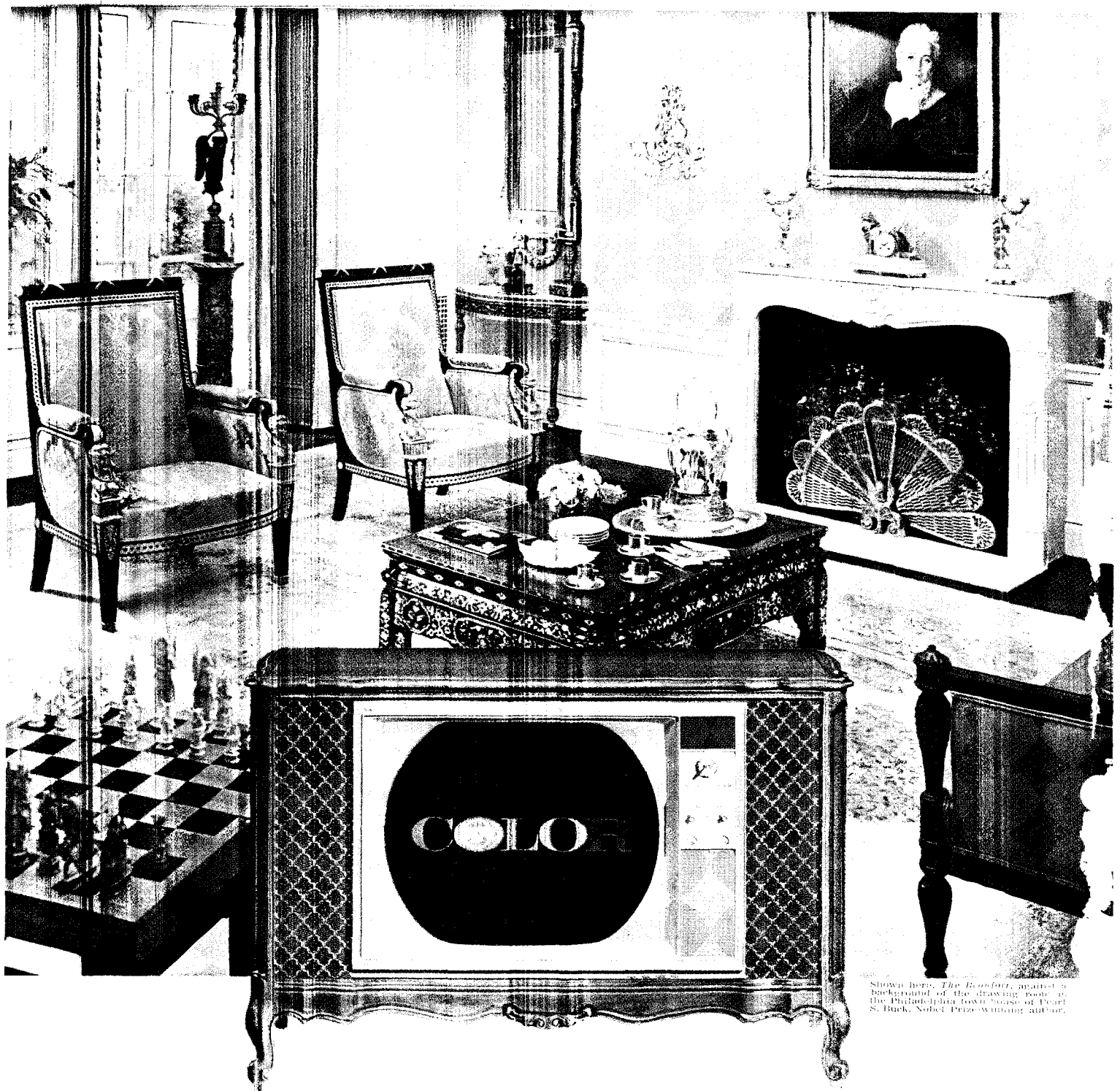
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Shown here, *The Banquet*, against a background of the drawing room in the Philadelphia town house of Pearl S. Buck, Nobel Prize-winning author.

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RCA pioneered and perfected Color TV—has had more experience making Color TV than many manufacturers have in making black and white sets.

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Two love poems

SIR:

It took a bit of doing to get three or four pages out of the August *Atlantic* without leaving it in ruins, but the thing was finally accomplished. I have never met our garbage man and have no idea what his literary tastes may be, but he is about to have the priceless privilege of reading what Papa Hemingway thought about love ("Two Love Poems" by Ernest Hemingway). Also it is your privilege to know what I think about you, sir, and it isn't much.

BESSIE NOBLE
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

SIR:

There was not much point in making public what Ernest Hemingway kept private for almost twenty years. The poems to Mary are material for scholarship and biography perhaps, but they add nothing to his reputation as a writer.

REV. HARRY T. HUTCHINSON, JR.
Seewickley, Penn.

SIR:

What a scoop to have the Hemingway poems. How did you do it?

GEORGIANA STEVENS
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR:

I have never written a letter of any kind in response to magazine articles. However, I enjoyed "Hemingway in Cuba," by Robert Manning, so much that I felt I should tell you. Perhaps I feel a little like the high school teacher who wrote to Hemingway, giving him credit for teaching her tenth-grade classroom. Through the *Atlantic's* conversations with him, and then the printing of them, I have finally learned something that has always been taught — read as much as you can.

JENNIFER JOHNSON
Prairie Village, Kan.

SIR:

I have just this minute finished your Hemingway article, which delighted and in other ways rewarded me. A splendid and very evocative job. The texture is wonderfully rich, and absolutely convincing.

PROFESSOR PHILIP YOUNG
Pennsylvania State University

The burning

SIR:

I have just finished reading "The

Burning" (August *Atlantic*) with tears in my eyes, gratitude to the *Atlantic* for publishing it and to Jack Cady for writing it, and rage in my heart for the stupidity of drivers, like the girl who kept moaning "I had room," who cause mass murder all over our highways.

As the driver, for the past twelve years, of a Volkswagen, I am, of course, a defensive driver, and many a time I have been the beneficiary of a friendly arm gesture, telling me it was safe to pass, from the driver of a tractor high above the road — and a friendly grin of derision (or sympathy) as I chugged past and tooted my appreciation. In other words, I have always regarded the "rig" drivers as my friends, rather than my enemies, on the road. However, until I read "The Burning," I had never understood why one truck would try to pass another on a hill (leaving me fuming behind!).

FRANCES N. SHIVELY
Alexandria, Va.

SIR:

I have never written a letter of appreciation before — not so much as a fan letter; but after reading Jack Cady's story, "The Burning," it took me no longer than three minutes to pick up pen and paper.

DAIVA VIDZIUNAS
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

"The Burning" is one of the most powerful stories I have ever read. I agree with your introduction: Jack Cady is going places. When so many magazines are publishing short stories which would qualify only as little slices of nothing, I think he has, and you have, given us a story which will be discussed, read, and reread. In my opinion, it is the best short story I have read anywhere in some time, and comparable to "The Killers" and "A Rose for Emily."

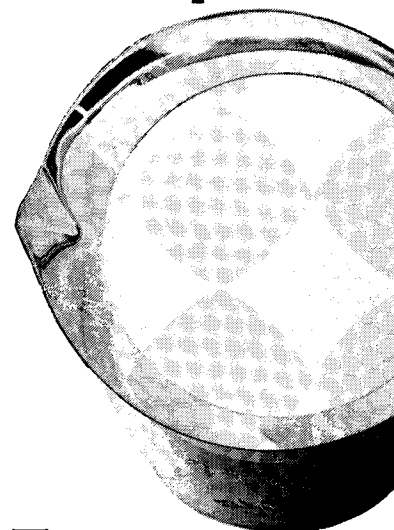
LILLIE D. CHAFFIN
Pikeville, Ky.

Behind the magnolia curtain

SIR:

Mr. Richard Boeth takes us on a rather sprightly tour "Behind the Magnolia Curtain" in the August *Atlantic* and makes some points worth making. However, he is guilty of a bit of "Con" himself when he tells his Bolivar County neighbors to fear not because they outnumber the Negroes 57 percent to 43.

If you want good coffee, you need a clean pot.



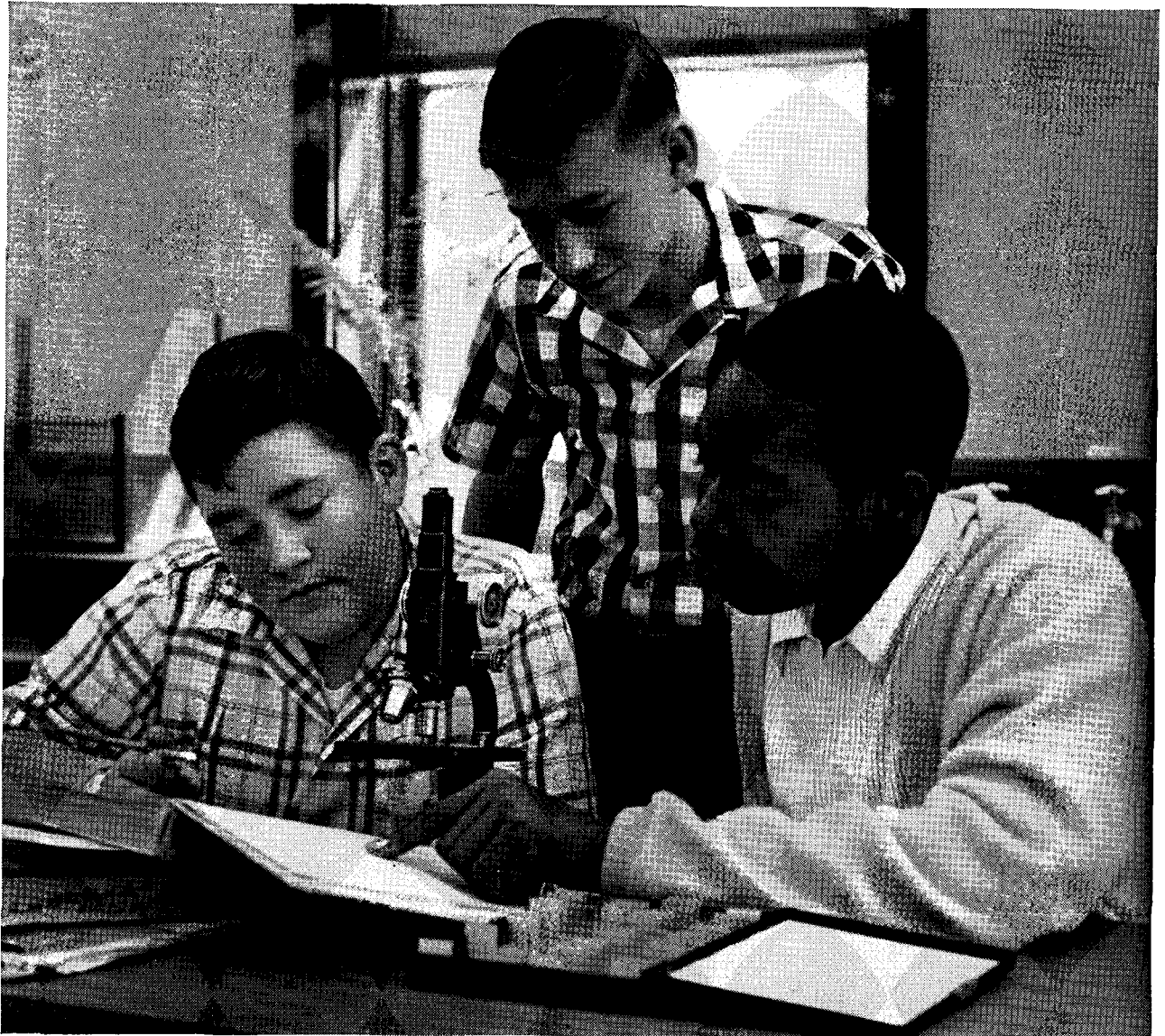
Ever see a cleaner 3-year-old pot?

The Corning Ware® Electromatic percolator is made of smooth non-porous Pyroceram® brand ceramic. Stale coffee oils simply can't adhere to it. So there's never anything in the pot to spoil the taste of the coffee. The percolator pictured above is owned by Mrs. R. B. Chamberlin of Horseheads, New York. It's been making her coffee automatically, perfectly, for nearly three years. Keeps her coffee hot without re-perking, too. It's a great gift. For yourself or someone else. 10-cup percolator, \$27.95.



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Are your busy students becoming mealtime drop-outs?

ALL TOO OFTEN, teen-age breakfast skippers grab candy bar lunches and bolt down only a quick bite of dinner in an effort to cram even more activities into an already busy day. Don't let your children's crowded schedules rob them of the vitality they get from regular, well-balanced meals.

The teen years are especially important. They are years of accelerated growth and activity when most nutritional needs are greatly increased. Your children look to

the example you set for a healthful diet. Encourage their good eating habits. And remember, well-planned meals, balanced with plenty of milk and other dairy foods, are important vitality boosters for adults as well as for young children and teen-agers.

It's up to you!

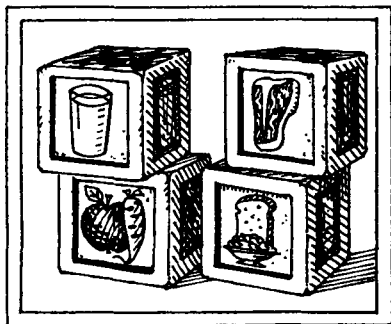
In most families, what, as well as how, children eat is determined largely by the food habits and the supervision of the parents. Teen-

age girls in the United States, a country noted for its great abundance of healthful foods, often damage their own health and deprive themselves of a full measure of the pep and vitality they want because they have not learned to eat right.

Far too many parents either do not realize or overlook the damage that can occur when children do not learn good eating habits. Some children do not achieve all that they might in school and in other

activities simply because their bodies are not properly nourished, and this happens in high income homes as well as in low income homes.

There is nothing complicated about establishing a family meal pattern if the Daily Food Guide is followed. The Guide suggests four major food groupings to provide a foundation for a balanced diet.



The foods are grouped on the basis of the kinds of nutrients they supply. The groups are: (1) Milk and Other Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads. Foods not included in these four groups may be selected to round out the diet and to provide adequate calorie intake.

Milk and Other Dairy Foods

Three to four glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers; at least two glasses daily for adults (or equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream). Milk is a very versatile food and can be used in many ways. For those family members who insist they do not like the taste of plain milk, it is easy to incorporate milk into cooking, or milk's flavor may quickly be changed by adding any of a wide variety of flavorings.

Here is why milk and other dairy foods are suggested as one of the four major food groupings in the Daily Food Guide: two 8-ounce glasses of milk each day provide for the moderately active adult man about 25% of his daily recommended protein allowances (high quality protein, too, with the amino acids needed for repairing and building body tissue); more than 70% of his calcium (calcium is recommended for the adult diet as well as for that of growing children); about 45% of his riboflavin (which is vital in the body's metabolism); about 15% of his vitamin A (which helps prevent night blindness and is involved in skin health); and 10-15% of his calories.

For an adult woman, the percentages of these nutrients are slightly higher because nutrient allowances for women tend to be slightly lower than those for men. The four glasses of milk recommended for teen-agers provide substantially higher percentages of all these important nutrients. We call milk's calories "armored calories" because milk does provide so many essential nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories.

The Daily Food Guide makes it possible to enjoy America's abundance of good food because wide choices in food selection are possible. If some family members don't like one kind of fruit or vegetable, for example, many other varieties are available and should be tried until the family tastes are satisfied.

For more information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

With full voting rights — and literacy tests will now be suspended — the Negroes can take over all local government, including law enforcement, courts, schools, and taxation, whenever they wish to (and why should they not wish to after all these years?).

The law is the law, and perhaps it will work out somehow, but there may well be some painful adjustments that will test even Mr. Boeth's lively sense of humor, if he stays on in the Delta long enough to watch the fun.

CHARLES R. CHAPPELL
San Marino, Calif.

SIR:

Here is a nonresident white writer for liberal Northern magazines who goes to Mississippi and flaunts their actions and ideas, most repugnant to most Mississippians. That is, taking part in street demonstrations for so-called civil rights, associating indiscriminately with Negroes, and advocating unrestricted voting by the ignorant and the politically unfit.

As a New Yorker who moved to Mississippi three years ago, I have found its citizens a lovely and kindly people in the main who possess racial experience where Mr. Boeth has theory. They have lived with the racial situation as best and as wisely as they could with its all but insoluble problems.

ARTHUR K. AKERS
Northport, N.Y.

SIR:

During the five years my family lived in Biloxi, Mississippi, my brother and I, both high school students, were shunned by the majority of Southerners, as were most of the other Air Force "brats" we knew, because of our racial and religious beliefs. We hardly dared venture off base after dark, and by mutual consent, we and our Negro friends did not speak to each other off base. Our fears were strengthened after two white airmen were murdered on the Biloxi beach by white hoodlums merely because they were federally employed, and a Negro airman and his girlfriend were killed on the highway near Ocean Springs.

In school we were fed propaganda by our teachers very much like the remark made by the Methodist lady in Mr. Boeth's article.

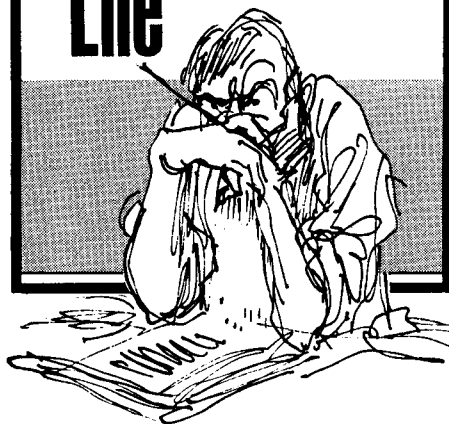
We also had a problem with newspapers. It was nearly impossible to



a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association

A TWO-PART SUPPLEMENT
BEGINNING IN THE
OCTOBER
Harper's
magazine

The Writer's Life



Thousands of Americans—young and old—aspire to become writers. Few of them will write deathless works, yet a surprising number will, in the end, earn their livelihood through their skill with words. Why? What is the mysterious thing called “writing talent”? What other qualities must a man or woman have to make the grade in the tough, complicated, and sometimes devious literary world? Does a writer measure “success” by the size of his bank account or are there hidden rewards? Where is his place on the status totem pole? These—and a dozen other questions—are discussed candidly, sharply, and wittily by some of the foremost inhabitants of the writer's world: Norman Podhoretz, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Bruce Jay Friedman, Alan Pryce-Jones, Alan Levy, John le Carré, Gore Vidal, Louis Simpson, Stanley Kauffmann, David Dempsey, John Weightman and others.

Also in the October issue: Tom Wicker on *Johnson and Moyers*, Maya Pines on *The Coming Upheaval in Psychiatry*, Murray Morgan on *The Most Powerful Governor in the USA*, Bud Davis on *Football's Galloping Disaster*, a look at the new campus movies, plus a full complement of reviews and features.

All in the October issue of
Harper's
magazine

find one that published any news that was not embellished with Southern tradition. At first, we innocently bought Jackson's *Clarion-Ledger*, available anywhere in Mississippi, only to find it to be nothing more than a propaganda sheet, reporting not unbiased fact but mere public opinion. It was a disgusting display of racial bigotry. We finally settled on a small local paper, contenting ourselves with weekly relief from *Time* and the Sunday edition of the *New York Times*.

It would be well if Mr. Boeth's article were read in the South, but during those five years in Mississippi I never set eyes on a copy of the *Atlantic*.

CHERYL A. SMITH
Lompoc, Calif.

SIR:

When we Southerners see an article such as “Behind the Magnolia Curtain,” we hopefully think, Finally the liberals are going to let us have our say. Sure enough, it is the same old line you and the rest of the establishment have been pursuing for years—the South portrayed through the eyes of the old crowd of renegades: Ralph McGill, William Faulkner, Hodding Carter—who speak for the South as much as the Pope speaks for the Baptists. The only other voice of the South that penetrates your paper curtain is that of the dumbest and most arrogant Southern sheriff or police chief you and M. L. King can find.

For the liberal establishment just isn't going to hear the testimony of forty million white Southerners who, in the nature of things, should be capable of giving worthwhile facts after living with the “Negro problem” for three centuries. No, the Southerner is turned upon as the villain in the plot, and it is he who is responsible for all the ills of the blacks. I am waiting now to hear the riots in Chicago and the city of the Angels blamed on him. What the Southerner recalls is that the Negroes were not brought from Africa here to be American citizens. They were torn, screaming, from the jungle (often sold into slavery by their own people) to sweat in the fields like the mules they worked with. Welfarism, free medical care, and the indulgence of a bloc-vote-loving group of politicians, sick-minded South-haters, and misguided churchmen are heaping troubles upon us. The

Southerner can testify, for example, that it is not civil rights and opportunity that the Negro wants. Doesn't he have these now (if he didn't already) after the annual bills passed by Congress and the interminable decisions by the courts in their favor? No, he wants the end results—fine homes, cars, luxuries, big income, without effort on his part.

Yes, the argument goes like this: We should all work for the good of the Negro because the white Southerners are racial bigots. Whoop-de-do! Let's let the South have it in the teeth again. This time you drew a bead by an English Princetonian. Someday enough level-headed readers will demand of your magazine an article that probes deeply into the Negro problem and examines its heart.

CLARENCE L. YANCEY
Shreveport, La.

THE EDITOR AND RICHARD BOETH:

Damn your individual and collective souls to hell.

CHARLES E. BERSINGER

“I, personally . . .”

SIR:

As one who spent some years as a university research director (Engineering Center, University of Southern California), I find it gratifying that Donald Fleming (“The Big Money and High Politics of Science,” August *Atlantic*) has called a spade a spade; and I hope articles like this will stimulate considerable dialogue on the subject.

Professor Fleming aptly compares today's science pork barrel with the old but still alive, and equally socially useful, pork barrel of dam building; but he fails to draw another comparison. When dam building became an end in itself—as so well described in another recent *Atlantic* article, “The Plot to Drown Alaska,” by Paul Brooks in May, 1965—America began losing some of the best of its natural heritage. In the same way, American universities face the loss of their reason for existence—to teach—in their headlong stampede after the wealth and prestige of research.

RAYMOND L. CHUAN
Altadena, Calif.

SIR:

Without becoming disputatious over the article by Donald Fleming, I should like to call attention to

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in your
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**is
smaller-**

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In addition to your monthly statements, you pay a power bill in virtually everything you buy, whether it's a new car or a bottle of milk or a pair of shoes. Helping to keep that power bill fair and reasonable is one of the jobs of America's consumer-owned rural electric systems.

Rural electric co-ops and other consumer-owned systems make up one of the elements in the "consumers' electric yardstick" which furnishes competition-by-example in the nation's largest industry, electric power. Together with other non-profit generation, transmission and distribution systems, they make it possible for us to know the true cost of providing electric service, so the amount of profit in commercial power can be seen.

Today, most modern farmers depend upon rural electric power for the efficient operation of their farms. Processors use electric power to wash, package, process and freeze the meat, produce and fiber they buy from the farmer. The retailer uses electric power to keep the food the consumer buys fresh and safe.

Yes, there's a power cost in every food bill you pay. Thanks in part to America's rural electrics and the Consumers' Electric Yardstick, the cost of electricity can be measured . . . and everybody benefits.

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the misstatement in the blurb, presumably not the fault of the author.

Mr. Fleming states that "the federal science budget is approaching \$15.5 billion a year." This is correct (though the figure covers mostly applied research and development, which cannot properly be called scientific research). However, the blurb refers to "more than \$15 billion a year in federal funds for scientific research in the universities." Actually, the universities receive only some \$1 billion a year, and, a university professor himself, Mr. Fleming makes no claim that this is for pork.

FRANCIS E. WYLIE
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

As a regular reader of your magazine, I have come over the course of time to have the highest regard for the quality of its contents and for the scrupulous care usually exercised in checking the material included in your reports from various countries. I was therefore dismayed to note errors in that portion of your Report on Poland last month which dealt with the American presence there.

The statement that "figures for the number of visas granted each month are not readily available, but the average runs around sixty to eighty" is quite badly in error. Thus far this year the average number of visas issued per month is 789, and this information is readily available to anyone with a legitimate interest who might inquire at the Embassy.

Our consular section is an extremely busy one, since not only does Poland have the fourth largest immigration quota in the world under the current Immigration and Nationality Act, but assistance must be provided as required to over 10,000 American visitors to Poland each year, and there is an ever increasing amount of work in the estate, veterans, and social security fields.

JAMES L. GREENFIELD
Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs
Department of State
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

Thank you for publishing an account, sketchy though it is, of the boyhood of J. P. Marquand ("The

Young John Marquand" by Josephine P. Driver, August *Atlantic*).

ELSA HENZEL
La Jolla, Calif.

Misdeal in Appalachia

SIR:

Henry M. Caudill's "Misdeal in Appalachia" (June *Atlantic*) is a commentary of genuine interest. With some points I find myself in agreement. But there are also some "Misdeals in Caudillia" that need correction. For example, we read:

"The power of the region's economic overlords was demonstrated in the West Virginia legislature in 1953. Governor William Casey Marland struggled unsuccessfully to persuade the assembly to levy a general fund tax on the privilege of severing coal and other nonrenewable resources from the state. Today an indigent coal miner must pay a tax for the privilege of removing a loaf of bread from a grocer's shelf, but the world's largest steel corporation can remove trainloads of coal daily from the Appalachian hills without paying a tax for the right to do so."

This statement is so utterly and completely inaccurate as to impeach acceptance of any other of the author's sweeping and unqualified delineations of miserabilia in Appalachia.

In the thirty-one-year period 1933-1964, the coal producers of West Virginia have paid into the state's general fund, solely for the privilege of "severing" coal from the state, the sum of \$198,905,378. (Biennial Reports of the State Tax Commissioners; also West Virginia's Annual Statistical Blue Book.) This payment for the privilege of severance is in addition to all other federal, state, and local taxes, including *ad valorem* property taxes. On 4.2 billion tons of coal extracted from West Virginia's Appalachian hills in this thirty-one-year period (Annual Reports, West Virginia Department of Mines), this production privilege tax yield averages out at approximately 4.7 cents per ton.

This is a sharply differing picture from Mr. Caudill's projection of "trainloads of coal" being removed daily from West Virginia's Appalachian hills without payment of any tax "for the right to do so."

Mr. Caudill apparently does not include mine union leaders in the "economic overlords" who he de-



[Crib Notes from Paul Masson]

How to cheat at wine-tasting though blindfold

THE cheating occurs *before* you pour the wine; by elimination. Even with the blindfold labels you can tell quite a lot.

Aside from the obvious division into Red, White, and Rosé, there are three traditional bottles, depending on the wine type: Rhine-Moselle (tall and skinny), Claret (high-hipped), and Burgundy (the other one).

So, confronted by the above, for instance, you would know that the right bottle is either Paul Masson's California Pinot Chardonnay, Pinot Blanc, or Chablis; that at the left is one of our two Sauternes; that the center bottle

is either our Emerald Dry, Rhine Castle, Riesling, or Rhine Wine.

Of course, beyond this point you will have to depend on your palate to tell you the delicious differences.

The same visual aids apply to our Reds and Rosés as well. Should you care to rush the cribbing season we will be happy to send you a form chart for all 14 Paul Masson table wines, together with the labels of each so you will know what to look for at the restaurant or wine store. Happy tasting, and don't try it on the same people twice.



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clares rule Appalachia's coal industry. He does not even mention the 40-cents-per-ton union levy as a factor in the development of what he describes as an abrupt collapse in the industry resulting in scores of companies going out of business in the 1950s.

Nevertheless, many competent observers are convinced that no single factor did more to hasten mechanization of the coal industry than this 40-cents-per-ton union levy in the 1952 union working contract. It generated mergers and consolidations among producers to ensure adequate financing for the high costs of complete mechanization, designed in turn to eliminate thousands of jobs and keep coal competitive in the fossil fuels market.

Nothing tells the story better than the official figures. More than 75,000 mine employees in West Virginia lost their jobs in the fourteen years 1950-1964. More than 55,000 of them lost their jobs within the first five years of that period.

It is noteworthy in this picture of sharp employment decline that the annual output of West Virginia's coal remained fairly steady, ranging from a 111-million-ton low to a 145-million-ton high in the 1950-1964 period.

We no longer dig coal. We mine it. The minds and hands of men direct and guide the extraction and handling processes rather than performing the physical execution. Consequently, the miners that remain employed are the cream of the crop. Employers cannot afford to entrust numbskulls with equipment whose unit cost ranges from \$25,000 to as high as \$1 million. These men receive the highest wages and enjoy the steadiest peacetime employment the industry has been able to provide in more than a half century.

There has been no industry-wide work stoppage for more than eight years; in fact, none of any consequence whatever. The industry has attained a greater stability than it has known for many decades, thus firming up the economic reliance of communities and financial institutions that are related to, or wholly dependent upon, this segment of the state's economy. The outlook for coal in the fuels market of the future is highly encouraging.

Mr. Caudill is not impressed by any of these omens. Instead, he is

obsessed with the specter of absentee ownership and robber barons from afar plundering our resources and paying nothing for the privilege. Our plight is "worse than a banana republic receiving U.S. foreign aid," and he finally concludes that the "region's main source of income, its coal industry, borders on anarchy" and that "state and local governments [in Appalachia] are little more than fronts for the absentee corporations which control the economic destinies of the region."

Such stylized prose, so sweeping in its inclusiveness and so completely without documentation in its assertiveness, leaves the impression of having been composed more for effect than for fact.

CHARLES E. HODGES
Charleston, W.Va.

SIR:

Mr. Charles E. Hodges' letter demonstrates with greater power than anything I might have written the need for basic tax reform in Appalachia.

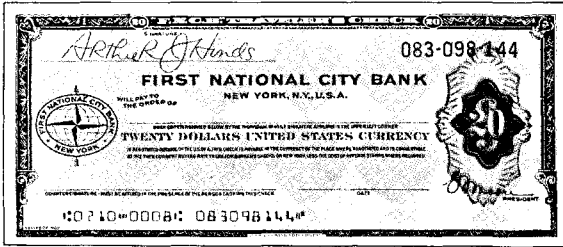
West Virginia is the nation's prime source of coal. The thirty-one-year period 1933-1964 includes the war years and the post-war boom. During these years West Virginia contributed immensely to the nation's welfare. Under the circumstances the sum of \$198,905,378, which was paid by the coal industry to the state, is pitifully small, amounting to less than \$6,500,000 annually. In the same years the damage to West Virginia's streams, soil, timberland, and natural beauty has exceeded that amount by a substantial sum.

To boast that coal pays 4.7 cents per ton to the West Virginia government is an absurdity. Its contribution to the welfare of the state should be at least three times that figure.

West Virginia, like Kentucky, has delivered its wealth and its resources into the hands of anyone who will cart them away. The state governments and the national treasury have had to pick up the bill for the human waste and the land destruction that has ensued. These two states have become synonymous with poverty, not because their lands lack natural wealth, but because their governments have lacked the foresight to tax the wealth.

HARRY M. CAUDILL
Whitesburg, Ky.

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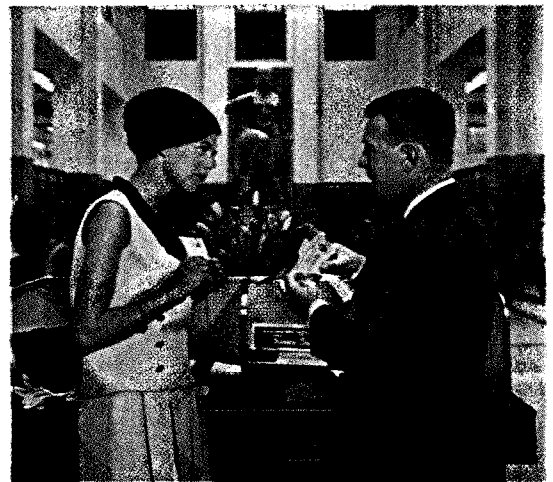
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Robert F. Cina of Brooklyn, N. Y., honeymooning in Puerto Rico, made this test by burning \$250 in First National City Travelers Checks. Directed by his hotel to the nearest of First National City's 11 Puerto Rican branches, he received a full, on-the-spot refund.



Test No. 2—Acceptability—in Geneva

American businessman Robert L. McEwen and his wife are shown shopping at Switzerland's famous Patek Philippe. They found First National City Travelers Checks good here as everywhere.

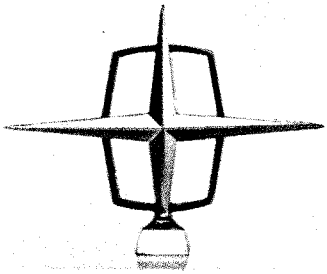


Test No. 3—Availability—in Amsterdam

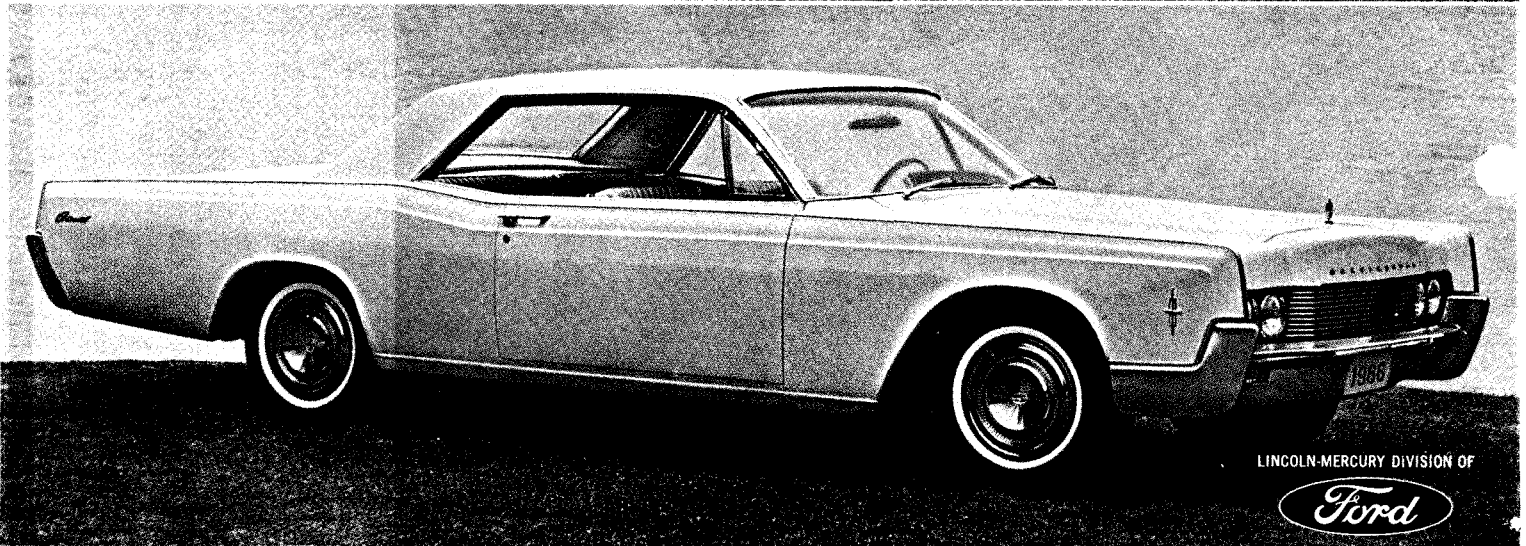
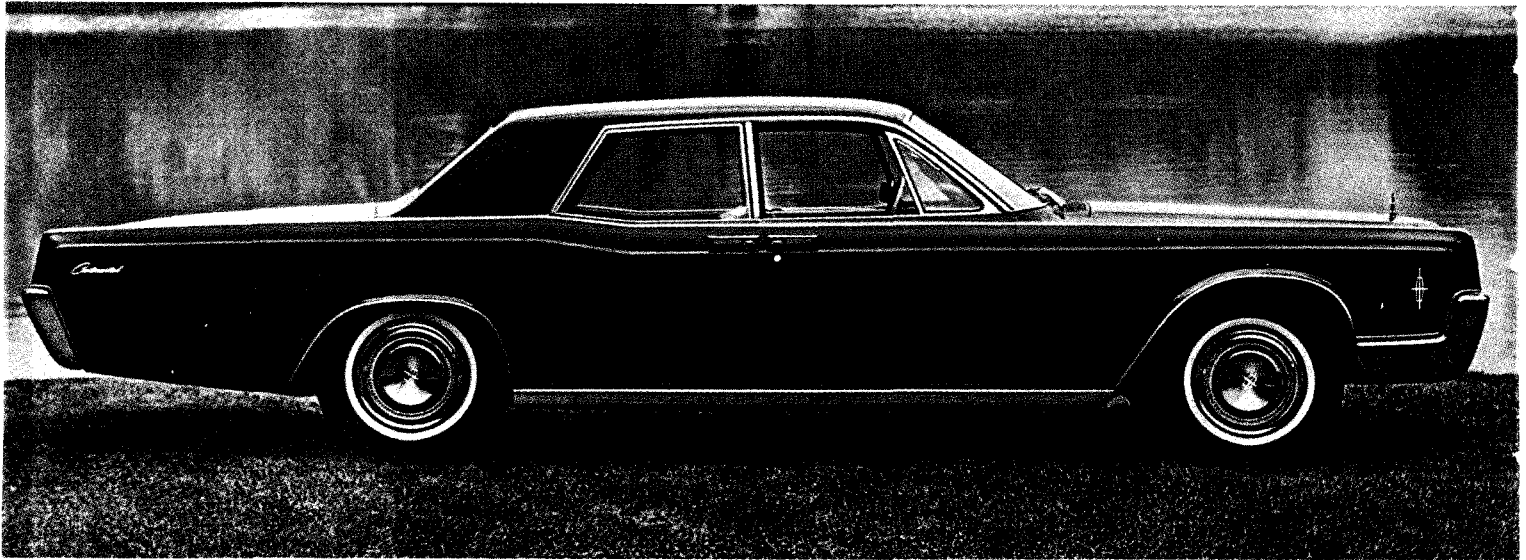
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YOUNG DYLAN THOMAS

The Escape to London

BY CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON

Since the death of Dylan Thomas at the age of thirty-nine, a legend has grown up about the poet and his life unsurpassed since the days of Byron, Keats, and Shelley. Constantine FitzGibbon, novelist and historian, and a friend of Dylan's, was selected by the trustees of the Dylan Thomas estate to write his biography. This first of two excerpts from THE LIFE OF DYLAN THOMAS, to be published this month by Atlantic-Little, Brown, reveals several hitherto unknown facets of the poet's early years.

SWANSEA, the town in which Dylan Thomas spent his first twenty years, or more than half his life, was in three ways a frontier: geographically, in that it is a seaport, and here was the junction between land and ocean; culturally, in that this was the meeting point of the Welsh and English languages, and it is to this that Dylan was referring when he wrote of Swansea's "two-tongued sea"; socially, in that here lies the dividing line between the ancient, agricultural Wales of "the good, bad boys from the lonely farms" and the Wales of the mining valleys with their own particular and very vivid life. Such deep-seated conflict can be destructive and stultifying, especially if it leads to mutual hatreds. On the other hand, it can also be highly stimulating to the questing mind. One of the functions, perhaps the most important and fruitful function, of the artist is to make a pattern out of chaos, to find an imaginative synthesis for the antitheses about him. And it was in the very nature of Swansea and of the Wales he knew that Dylan found one of his principal themes, for the divisions of the town passed, as it were, through his own body. He was a Welshman, but he was an English poet; no major English poet has ever been as Welsh as was Dylan. His instincts were those of a countryman, as is most of his imagery, yet he was happy only by the sea.

Dylan's earliest education was a haphazard af-

fair. According to his mother, she used to read to him when he was ill in bed, but she could not really spare the time. He more or less taught himself to read, she said, from the innocent English comics of the day, *Puck*, *Rainbow*, and *Tiger Tim*. Then, in stark contrast, there were the hours with his father, whom everybody called "D.J." When D.J. came home from the grammar school where he taught, he would read to his little son, and what he read him was Shakespeare. Mrs. Thomas has said, "When he was very small I used to say to his daddy: 'Oh, Daddy, don't read Shakespeare to a child only four years of age.' And he used to say: 'He'll understand it. It'll be just the same as if I were reading ordinary things.' So he was brought up on Shakespeare."

D.J.'s pupils have never forgotten the passion, humor, and conviction with which he read Shakespeare to his English classes. One of them has told me that if D.J. missed his real vocation, it was not that of poet but of actor. The effect upon the little boy, in his sickbed or before sleep, was profound and lasting. The greatest poetry in the English language, perhaps in any language, flooded into an open, receptive, and above all fresh mind. Mr. Colin Edwards, who tape-recorded an interview with Mrs. Thomas shortly before her death, asked her at what age Dylan started to write. She replied,

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when he was about eight or nine. And what did he write?

"He started with poems. And, you know, he would ask his sister sometimes: 'What shall I write about now?' and you know what sisters are, not very patient with their brothers, and she'd say: 'Write about the kitchen sink.' He wrote a poem, a most interesting little poem, about the kitchen sink. And then another about an onion. That kind of thing."

Did he write prose at that age too?

"No, poems, always poems."

At ten, when he entered the grammar school, he suddenly found that he was one of the youngest, smallest, and weakest among four hundred boys. He was also one of the worst educated — but he had this one talent: he could write poems, and a poem of his appeared in the school magazine during his first term there. He was extremely sensitive and perhaps even more self-centered than most artists. To this must be added the fact that, like so many undersized men, he was determined to excel, to beat the record. (Was not one of his last recorded remarks "I've had eighteen straight whiskies. I think that's the record.") His ambition was enormous, but at this early age quite undirected even in regard to the sort of poetry he wished to write. In another family or at another school this clever boy's flamboyant idleness would have been punished. He would have been compelled or at least encouraged to conform. But such compulsion, such encouragement, existed neither in his home nor at his school. Besides, he was so very good at English. And he was so lovable and small and odd that nobody had the heart to be hard on him. From the very earliest age he expected, and usually got, the treatment that was to be his throughout his life: there were always people to "look after" Dylan, to be delighted and astounded by him, to pick him up and dust him off, to accept him at his own idiosyncratic value. And if, as has so frequently been said, he never grew up, his friends too must bear some of the responsibility for this. He was so obviously vulnerable, and Dylan soon learned how this could be turned to his advantage.

His father frequently said that Dylan would never see forty. When he was eighteen, a "damned, diabetic doctor" told him that unless he drank and smoked less, he would be dead in four years. So of course time was short, too short for study. On the other hand, he did not die as soon as he had expected. And by the time he was thirty-five there is evidence that he was regretting his lack of education. It was one cause of insecurity, even of fear. He said to Randall Swingler, and to others, "One day they'll find me out," "they" being the clever, educated ones; he was afraid that he would be intellectually unable to cope with the

opera he was to write with Stravinsky; he was afraid above all that he had exhausted his first lyric sources and that he was unequipped to move on. For by then the damage had been done, and it was done early. At the end of his life he said to John Davenport, "I can't go on. I've already had twice as much of it as Keats had."

Apart from the mysterious maladies which afflicted him when due to sit for examinations, his health was satisfactory during the grammar school years: had he then been tubercular, he could hardly have won the races he did. Dylan's father wanted him to go to the university after the grammar school, though it is hard to see why. Perhaps he hoped that Dylan would get a degree which would enable him to fall back on teaching English should he fail to survive as a poet. But Dylan had every intention of surviving as a poet. Also, he had no wish to go on studying, and in view of his miserable academic record, he was surely right. Besides, with his usual timidity and his skill at self-protection, he must have feared that he would make a fool of himself at a university and be mocked. Cunningly he played on his father's hero worship of Bernard Shaw: Shaw had had no higher education, and look what a fine, successful writer he had become! So why should Dylan go on studying? He only wished to be a poet, "as good as Keats," he told his mother at the time, "if not better." His parents seem, as usual, to have surrendered quite easily to this rather specious argument. And if he were not to go to the university, there was no point in his continuing at the grammar school, where, in his last year, he had really done nothing save act, and edit and write most of the school magazine. Why not edit a proper magazine? Why not write poems all the time? In the summer of 1931, when he was sixteen and a half, he left Swansea Grammar School. His formal education was over.

DYLAN THOMAS first went to live in London in November of 1934. Until then his home remained his parents' house at No. 5 Cwmdonkin Drive, in Swansea. The three years from the time he left grammar school until he went to London were the most important period of his life as a poet.

It was in Swansea, living the somewhat anomalous life of an adolescent still at home but no longer at school, that he wrote all the poems in his first volume, *18 Poems*, most of those in his second, *Twenty-five Poems*, and, in embryonic form at least, a considerable number of his later ones. Not only was this his most productive period, but it was also the one in which his style became set, and it was to be scarcely modified until about the middle of the war. Thereafter he wrote about twenty poems in

all, and these seem to me to mark a new departure. It is therefore no exaggeration to say that three quarters of his work as a poet dates in style, in concept, and often in composition from this Swansea period. Its importance is thus obvious.

Yet it is a difficult period about which to write biographically. The basic facts of his life are known: that he worked as a journalist, first on a paper and then free-lance; that he acted a great deal; that he began to drink, and did not fall in love; and above all, that during these years he created not only his own poetry but also his own image of the poet, upon which the Dylan Thomas legend is based. But to clothe these bare bones with human flesh I have had to rely on the memories of others, inevitably unreliable after thirty years and often contradictory. Until the long series of letters to Pamela Hansford Johnson begins, in September of 1933, there are very few written records or letters.

Swansea in 1931 was not a happy place. What town was in that year of political crisis, of deepening depression, and of widespread unemployment? And South Wales was among the areas worst hit: the mining industry had never recovered from the terrible strikes of 1925 and 1926, and to this was now added the shutdown, partial or complete, of many steel mills and factories and the further closing of coal mines. This was the time when young men with good degrees from Oxford or Cambridge were lucky to get jobs as shoe salesmen; when shoe salesmen whose shops had gone smash were lucky to get jobs as unskilled laborers; when unemployed laborers were lucky if the Means Test allowed them to draw a dole. Dylan was therefore lucky to be taken on, first as a reader's boy and then as a very junior reporter, by the *South Wales Daily Post*, now the *South Wales Evening Post*, when he was not quite seventeen.

He seems to have realized this, and, in the beginning at least, to have taken his career as a journalist seriously. For a few weeks he even took shorthand lessons, about twelve in all, on the advice of his friend Charles Fisher, who also worked on the paper. Mr. Jeffreys, who tried and failed to teach him shorthand, has written, "I remember him as of medium height, a chubby, round red-faced boy. He used to come into my middle room and try to take an interest in what I was teaching him, but he seemed to be miles away — far off in a dream world of his own." And Miss Phoebe Powell, a telegraphist on the paper, remembers him as he then was: "nice, quiet boy. You couldn't get a word out of him. He was always well dressed — nice linen — and he had darkish curly hair. It was obvious his mother kept him beautifully turned out." His pay on the paper was of course very small, but since he lived at home, it was all pocket money.

"For two years," he wrote to Pamela Hansford Johnson, "I was a newspaper reporter, making my daily call at the mortuaries, the houses of suicides — there's a lot of suicides in Wales — and Calvinistic 'capels.' Two years was enough." Indeed, it was considerably too much. His job on the *Post* lasted in fact for some fifteen months, during the first part of which he was employed reading proofs, and spent a considerable portion of his time writing doggerel on the back of the long green galley sheets. Mr. Eric Hughes, who worked on the same paper at the same time, has told me that when Dylan was promoted to reporting, he was without doubt the worst newspaperman there ever was. Not only was he totally inaccurate, getting the names of the suicides wrong and bringing back false information from the mortuaries and the chapels, but he rapidly developed the habit of writing what he, rather than what his editor, wanted. Thus when ordered to report a choral rendition of *Hiawatha*, he devoted two lines to the performance and the rest of his piece — which should, of course, have gratified the singers and their relations by listing all their names — to a sustained attack on the poetry of Longfellow.

As if this sort of thing were not enough, he soon made a discovery which will eventually prove fatal to almost any cub journalist — namely, that one hockey match, one bazaar opening, one auction, one local wedding is very like another, and that it is possible to report them without having actually attended them, the time thus saved being devoted to billiards in the YMCA. Nor did he always take the rudimentary precaution of checking with someone who had attended. As was bound to happen sooner or later, he filed, and the *Post* published, a report of a sporting event — a lacrosse match, I believe — which had in fact been canceled. On another occasion he forgot to put in the routine telephone call to the fire station, and the paper thus missed the news of a big fire at the hospital. Mr. R. M. Jones, who is still with the *Post*, has recalled, "In those days Dylan's chief beverage was coffee which he and his cronies would drink in the Kardomah while they put the world to rights after a morning's reporting in the police court. On arriving they would ask the girl at the cash desk where Malcolm Smith, the paper's manager and a regular client, was sitting. If he was upstairs they would go down: if he was down, then they went up."

By Christmas of 1932 it was agreed between the editor, Mr. J. D. Williams, and himself that it would be as well if his employment on the staff of the paper were terminated. To Pamela Hansford Johnson he wrote, late in 1933, "I, too, have a wicked secret. I used to write articles for the Northcliffe Press on 'Do Novelists Make Good Husbands?' and 'Are Poets Mad?' etc. — very

literary, very James Douglas, very bloody. I don't do that any more now: I ran the Northcliffe Press into a libel suit by calling Miss Nina Hammett (who wrote the book called *Laughing Torso*, I don't know whether you remember it) insane. Apparently she wasn't, that was the trouble."

There were other troubles. For the *Post* he wrote a series of articles on the poets of Swansea. This was considered quite safe, and Dylan was given a free hand to say what he wished about the local bards, long dead and usually long forgotten until he dug up their literary remains for brief examination before final reinterment. Unfortunately, though, one local worthy was not dead. A Mr. Howard Harris arrived in an immensely bad temper at the *Post* offices. His anger was not lessened by the discovery that the critic who had so airily dismissed his life's work was himself not yet age nineteen.

WE KNOW a great deal about what Dylan was writing during this Swansea period because his poetry notebooks have, with one exception, survived. There are four of these, starting in April, 1930, and ending in April, 1934. One, covering the period July, 1932, to January, 1933, is missing, but typescripts of some of the poems it contained were left with Trevor Hughes, who has deposited them with the British Museum. Assuming that during these six months he wrote about the same number of poems as in the previous and subsequent half-year periods, we find that during these four years, between the ages of fifteen and a half and nineteen and a half, he wrote over two hundred and fifty poems which he considered successful enough to transcribe into his notebooks.

From those notebooks that have survived he published, in his lifetime, fifty-four poems, sometimes in their original form but more frequently in a revised form or even almost totally rewritten. It is again permissible to assume that some of the published poems, other than those in the British Museum typescripts, existed at least embryonically in the missing notebook. This means that of all the poems he chose to publish, over half were written, in at least their original form, before he ever left Swansea. During this same period he wrote all the "poetical" short stories which together formed the unpublished volume called *The Burning Baby* (1938).

In these four years the poet's style shows a progression toward an ever greater density of meaning as he twisted syntax, piled image upon image, and juxtaposed unexpected adjectival nouns in his determination to produce maximum effect and the greatest possible measure of poetic truth. While experimenting in the boldest way with the sound

and meaning of words, his rhythms at this time were cautious, almost monotonous, the five-beat line or some minor variant thereof being his usual meter. And almost all these early poems are short. Nor does he seem to have been as preoccupied with rhyme as he was later to become when writing longer poems with a far more ambitious rhythmic structure. In the early days it was really all words; it was, as he put it, the color of saying.

One early theme, or set of themes, of which he quite quickly wearied was madness, witchcraft and diabolism in general; he soon recognized this type of morbidity as adolescent and essentially derivative. He disliked it when he encountered it, wearing new feathers, in the work of the surrealists. And out it went. His preoccupation with death, however, grew stronger and more profound with the passing years. The subjective basis for this preoccupation — his belief that he had not long to live — was in some ways transcended by his own sort of pantheism, by the identification of himself and his mortal body with all nature:

The force that through the green fuse drives the flower
Drives my green age: that blasts the roots of trees
Is my destroyer.

This famous poem was first written in the summer of 1933, but the concept remains central throughout his work. Even earlier is "And death shall have no dominion," in the original version of which occurs the line:

Though lovers shall be lost love shall not.

Finally, there is what might be loosely called a Freudian synthesis in his poems between the death wish and the urge to procreate, expressed now through one set of images, now another, often through several sets simultaneously, physiological, biblical, even astronomical: death and life cease to be antitheses, but are the yin and the yang of one great, mysterious process that the poet shares through his own body with all nature. Such, in crude oversimplification, was Dylan Thomas' principal contribution to English poetry. And it is already present in many of his earliest poems.

IN THE spring of 1933 Dylan's sister, Nancy, had married Haydn Taylor. They were living on a houseboat in the Thames Valley, and in July of 1933 Dylan wrote to Trevor Hughes:

I will be in London for a fortnight, from Bank Holiday on, staying on the Thames with Nancy, my sister, who married some months ago. Write and tell me where I can come to see you, or where I can meet you sometime. We might go to the ballet together. Or we might sit and talk. Or sit.

Bank holiday in that year was August 7. Either just before this visit or immediately after his return to Swansea, he wrote to Geoffrey Grigson, who had earlier that year begun publication of *New Verse*, probably the most important poetry magazine, with the exception of *Poetry* (Chicago), to be published in the English language so far in this century. To him he wrote:

I am sending you some poems to be considered for publication in *New Verse*. . . . Out of a large number of poems I found it extremely difficult to choose six to send you. As a matter of fact, the enclosed poems were picked almost entirely at random. If you think the poems unsuitable for publication, and if, of course, you are sufficiently interested, I could let you see some more. I probably have far better ones in some of my innumerable exercise books.

A considerable period lies between the writing of some of the enclosed poems, as perhaps you will be able to see. Whether time has shown any improvement I find it hard to say, as I have developed, intellectually at least, in the smug darkness of a provincial town, and have only on rare occasions shown any of my work to any critics, generally uninterested or incompetent. If you could see your way clear to publish any of these poems, or find in them sufficient merit to the reading of some more, you would be doing me a very great favour. Grinding out poetry, whether good or bad, in such an atmosphere as surrounds me, is depressing and disheartening.

In fact, this visit had for Dylan a far more important purpose than merely to see his sister. (There he fell into the Thames after a long session in the local pub. He could not swim, but fortunately his brother-in-law managed to fish him out with a boathook.) It was a sort of reconnaissance into literary London.

He had then had only one poem and no prose published in London. The poem was "And death shall have no dominion," in its original form, which he later revised drastically before including it in *Twenty-five Poems*. It had appeared the previous May in *The New English Weekly*, of which A. R. Orage was then editor. Politically rather eccentric — Orage advocated a sort of guild socialism and also Major Douglas' ideas on Social Credit — the *N.E.W.*'s literary side was very good. Ezra Pound kept a benevolent eye on it, and later George Orwell was its unofficial literary adviser. But unfortunately it could not afford to pay its contributors anything at all. Other outlets were essential.

During this August visit Dylan saw Orage, who, Dylan claimed, opened the conversation by asking him if he were a virgin; whatever his reply, it was apparently satisfactory, for the first of his stories appeared a few months later in *The New English Weekly*. He also saw Sir Richard Rees, who had recently taken over the editorship of the *Adelphi* from Middleton Murry. Rees accepted a poem

"No man believes, when a star falls shot" and published it in the next edition of his magazine, the first of Dylan's poems to be bought in London.

Trevor Hughes believes that it was at this time that Dylan took some of his poems to T. S. Eliot, who then edited *The Criterion* and who, from Faber and Faber, was already publishing virtually all the good young English poets. The meeting, which may have taken place a few months later, was not a success. Not only did Eliot fail to find merit in Dylan's poems, but Dylan mistook his somewhat distant, though courteous, manner for condescension. He told Trevor Hughes that Eliot had treated him as if he were a case "of pitboy to poet," a curiosity in a raree-show. Anyone who ever met T. S. Eliot will know that this can only have been a gross misunderstanding on Dylan's part, resulting from timidity and from an inferiority complex. Eliot had himself no recollection of this first meeting. He wrote to me, shortly before his death:

I remember being shown a number of his poems before his work was taken on by Richard Church for Dents and I remember discussing the poems with Sir Herbert Read. I think he agreed with me but I will not swear to this, when I came to the conclusion that I wished all the poems were as good as the best. I regret having been so fussy because Dylan Thomas's work was always hit or miss. It was a peculiarity of his type of genius that he either wrote a great poem or something approaching nonsense and one ought to have accepted the inferior with the first-rate. I certainly regarded him always as a poet of considerable importance. I do not remember who or what brought him first to my attention. It may have been Herbert Read or someone else or he may have brought them to me himself.

I never knew Dylan Thomas well. I always liked him. . . .

This first visit to London was neither an unqualified success nor a total failure. He had discovered which magazines and papers might publish his poems, and he had had at least a whiff of the literary atmosphere in the capital. One editor besides Sir Richard Rees accepted his poems. This was Victor Neuburg, who ran "Poets' Corner" in a newspaper called *The Sunday Referee*, of which Mr. Mark Goulden was editor, and Mr. Hayter Preston literary editor. "That sanity be kept" was published there on September 3, 1933, and was described by Neuburg as "the best modernist poem I have yet received." On October 29 he printed "The force that through the green fuse," which he called "cosmic in outlook . . . a large poem, greatly expressed." And before "Poets' Corner" was wound up two years later, Dylan had had five more published there; by then he was famous in literary circles and could publish his poems almost where he wished. But it was "Poets' Corner" that gave him his start as a poet, and it was indubitably Victor Neuburg, with Mark Goulden's backing,

who set him on the path that was to make him, within twenty years, the most widely read English poet of the age — indeed, perhaps the most widely read since Byron.

BACK in Swansea, Dylan felt frustrated and depressed. His friends were leaving or had left, Fred Janes to London to study painting, Dan Jones soon to Budapest on a music scholarship. Nancy had gone, and 5 Cwmdonkin Drive was an unhappy house, for Dylan's father now had cancer of the tongue, for which he was undergoing painful and protracted treatment with radium needles.

Dylan's correspondence with Pamela Hansford Johnson would seem, during this sad winter, to have been almost his sole intellectual outlet. To the girl whom he had then not met he poured out his heart and soul, or at least such parts of them as he believed suitable for her inspection. It was she who had begun it all, writing him a fan letter when his first poem appeared in "Poets' Corner" on September 3. Neuburg had already published several of her poems, and Dylan was clearly delighted by his first letter of appreciation from the great world. That she was both a poet and a young woman — he hoped an attractive one, and was soon reassured when she sent him the photograph he had asked for — helped enormously. Writing to Pamela in October, 1933, from Blaen-Cwm, he described what it was like to be a boy who has tasted briefly the freedom and excitement of the city but has been forced back by frosty circumstance upon his own dull roots:

I am staying, as you see, in a country cottage, eight miles from a town and a hundred miles from anyone to whom I can speak on any subjects but the prospect of rain and the quickest way to snare rabbits. It is raining as I write, a thin, purposeless rain hiding the miles of desolate fields and scattered farmhouses. I can smell the river, and hear the beastly little brook that goes gingle-gingle past this room. I am facing an uncomfortable fire, a row of china dogs, and a bureau bearing the photograph of myself aged seven — thick-lipped, Fauntleroy-haired, wide-eyed, and empty as the bureau itself. There are a few books on the floor beside me — an anthology of poetry from Johnson to Dryden, the prose of Donne, a *Psychology of Insanity*. There are a few books in the case behind me — a Bible, *From Jest to Earnest*, a *History of Welsh Castles*. Some hours ago a man came into the kitchen, opened the bag he was carrying, and dropped the riddled bodies of eight rabbits on to the floor. He said it was a good sport, showed me their torn bellies and opened heads, brought out the ferret from his pocket for me to see. The ferret might have been his own child, he fondled it so. His own eyes were as close-set as the eyes of the terrible thing he held in his hand. He called it "Billy fach."

Later, when I have finished this letter, I'll walk down

the lane. It will be dark then; lamps will be lit in the farmhouses, and the farmers will be sitting at their fires, looking into the blazing wood and thinking of God knows what littlenesses, or thinking of nothing at all but their own animal warmth. . . .

It's impossible for me to tell you how much I want to get out of it all, out of narrowness and dirtiness, out of the eternal ugliness of the Welsh people and all that belongs to them, out of the pettiness of a mother I don't care for and the giggling batch of relatives. What are you doing? I'm writing. You're always writing. What do you know? You're too young to write. (I admit that I very often look even younger than I am.) And I *will* get out. In some months I will be living in London. You shall call every day then and show me the poetry of cooking. I shall have to get out soon or there will be no need. I'm sick and this bloody country's killing me.

In his letters Dylan soon was adopting what he must have regarded as a masterful, masculine tone. It is typical that he should have done this through poetry, or rather through his sensitive, intelligent, kind, but extremely firm criticism of the poems she sent him. Poems were his world, and here he was the dominant male. Although Pamela was then a much-better-known poet than he, and was soon to have a book of her poems published, this literary relationship was established almost at once and lasted as long as their friendship. It surely says much for her, both as a woman and as a writer, that she accepted it without hesitation.

She had recently escaped from a youthful love affair which had collapsed because the man had shown insufficient comprehension of her emotional requirements, which were finding expression in her poems. Her life in Battersea, an office worker by day and a poet by night, was not an exciting one. Nor did Victor Neuburg and the *Creative Livers* satisfy her eager and curious mind, which is presumably one reason why she wrote to Dylan in the first place. There was thus, on her part as on his, every reason to welcome the huge correspondence that passed between London and Swansea before ever they met. It is sad that her side of it has been lost. We can only be grateful that she has preserved his and that it is now in the Lockwood Memorial Library of New York University in Buffalo. Seldom can there have been such literate pen pals, and seldom had a poet on the very threshold of his career written as much about what he was and how he lived and what he hoped to do. In late 1933 he wrote to her:

Swansea.

Night and Day: a Provincial Rhythm.

At half past nine there is a slight stirring in the Thomas body, an eyelid quivers, a limb trembles. At a quarter to ten or thereabouts, breakfast, consisting of an apple, an orange, and a banana, is brought to the side of the bed and left there along with the *Daily Telegraph*. Some five minutes later the body raises

itself, looks blindly around it, and, stretching out a weak arm, lifts the apple to its mouth. Waking is achieved between bites, and, over the now more or less clear scrutiny of the fruit, the webs of the past night's dreams are remembered and disentangled. Then, still weakly but with increasing certainty of touch, the banana is peeled and the newspaper opened. At the last bite I have taken complete possession of the Thomas body, and read the criminal court cases on page three with great concentration. The orange, incidentally, is never touched until I get downstairs, the process of peeling and pipping being too cold for such an hour of the morning. When the reports of rapes, frauds, and murders have been thoroughly digested, I light a cigarette, very slowly lay my head back on the pillow, and then, without any warning, leap suddenly out of bed, tear off my pyjamas, scramble into a vest and trousers, and run, as if the fiends of winter were at my heels, into the bathroom. There, holding the cigarette, I scrape the beard from my face and dab about with a futile sponge. And then downstairs where, after another cigarette, I seat myself in front of the fire and commence to read, to read anything that is near, poetry or prose, translations out of the Greek or the Film Pictorial, a new novel from Smith's, a new book of criticism, or an old favourite like Grimm or George Herbert, anything in the world so long as it is printed. I read on until twelve or thereabouts. . . . Then down the hill into the Uplands — a lowland collection of crossroads and shops, for one (or perhaps two) pints of beer in the Uplands Hotel. Then home for lunch. After lunch, I retire again to the fire where perhaps I shall read all afternoon . . . or continue on a poem or a story I have left unfinished, or to start another or to start drafting another, or to add a note to a letter to you, or to type something already completed, or merely to write — to write anything, just to let the words and ideas, the half-remembered half-forgotten images, tumble on the sheets of paper. Or perhaps I go out, spend the afternoon in walking alone over the very desolate Gower cliffs, communing with the cold and the quietness. I call this taking my devils for an airing. This takes me to tea-time. After tea I read or write again, as haphazardly as before, until six o'clock. I then go to Mumbles (remember the woman of Mumbles Head) a rather nice village, despite its name, right on the edge of the sea. First I call at the Marine, then the Antelope, and then the Mermaid. If there is a rehearsal I leave there at eight o'clock and find my way to the Little Theatre, conveniently situated between the Mermaid and the Antelope. If there is no rehearsal, I continue to commune with these two legendary creatures, and, more often than not, to conduct metaphysical arguments with a Chestertonian toper (last night it was "Existence or Being") who apparently makes a good living out of designing scanty and dirty costumes for provincial revues. Then a three mile walk home to supper and perhaps more reading, to bed and certainly more writing. Thus drifts an average day. Not a very British day. Too much thinkin', too much talkin', too much alcohol.

The basic patterns of our lives are set at an early stage. This was to remain his: mooning about in

the morning, writing in the afternoon, drinking and talking or writing at night. Later, though, he gave up writing at night; once he had left Swansea, his evenings became more complicated, and besides, he soon realized that there is no purpose in a writer's trying to do any serious work if he has been drinking.

EARLY in November he was unwell, suffering from insomnia probably introduced by hypertension. My guess is that Dylan was extremely worried and unhappy on his return from London, that he had been drinking and smoking too much, and that he had a minor nervous breakdown, to use a phrase current at the time, perhaps combined with an attack of gastritis, or bronchitis, or both. (Ten years later, talking about a friend who was alleged to have a "nervous breakdown," I asked Dylan what exactly that phrase meant. He replied, "Constantine, it is the way we feel always.") His mother called in a doctor, to whom Dylan explained that he drank in order to sleep. The doctor then prescribed valerian, and mistaking the symptom for the cause, told the boy that if he continued to drink and smoke at that rate, he would be dead within four years.

If this is the explanation, it leads only to a further question: Why was Dylan so worried and unhappy in the autumn of 1933? In the first place, there was his father's cancer. Dylan was always remarkably dependent on his father; his father's death was to be the event that probably upset him most in all his short life; and it is perhaps significant that he died less than a year after his father's death. In his letters he complains sometimes about his mother, never about his father. Now, in 1933, his father had cancer, and it is not hard to imagine how that dread word reverberated through Cwmdonkin Drive, nor the effect on Dylan.

Second, there was the frustration, in every sense and not the least sexual, of his own young life. Third, and perhaps most important of all, his own real work seemed to him then at best unappreciated, at worst a failure. His poems were not being received as he had hoped they might be after his London visit. Meanwhile, Pamela Hansford Johnson, whom he quite rightly considered his inferior as a poet, was, late in October, awarded *The Sunday Referee's* big prize, which meant that her poems would be published in book form. Though Dylan wrote her a charming letter of congratulation, it is easy to sense the underlying jealousy.

Since September he had had one poem, and one poem only, "The force that through the green fuse drives the flower," accepted for publication, and that by *The Sunday Referee*. His letters to Pamela Hansford Johnson show that he despised "Poets'

Corner," all the more when they chose her poems for the big prize rather than his own. His hopes had been pinned on Sir Richard Rees and the *Adelphi*, but now he received a rebuff from that quarter too, and one which, to a boy as uncertain of his intellectual equipment as Dylan, was particularly painful. This was almost certainly accompanied by the return of some of his poems. The pain it caused him is shown in two letters. To Pamela he wrote, on November 11:

I received a rather disquieting note from Richard Rees of the *Adelphi*, who, last week, asked me to send him some recent poems. He compliments me upon the high standard and great originality exhibited, and said my technique was amazing (One Up for Formal Me), but accused me — not quite in so many words — of being in the grip of devils. "The poems have an unsubstantiality, a dream-like quality," he writes, "which non-plussed me." He then goes on to say that the poems, as a whole, reminded him of automatic or trance-writing.

Automatic writing is worthless as literature, however interesting it may be to the psychologist and pathologist. So, perhaps, after all I am nothing but a literary oddity, a little freak of nature whose madness runs into print rather than into ravings and illusions. It may be, too, an illusion that keeps me writing, the illusion of myself as some misunderstood poet of talent. The note has depressed me more than the usual adverse criticism. It shows not dislike, or mere incomprehension, but confession of bewilderment, and almost fear, at the method by which I write my poetry.

But he is wrong, I swear it. My facility, as he calls it, is in reality tremendously hard work. I write at the speed of two lines an hour. I have written hundreds of poems, and each one has taken me a great many painful, brain-racking and sweaty hours.

This must have hurt all the more, for it was roughly what his father, in other words, was saying to him. D.J. was proud that Dylan wrote poems, but saddened that these were poems which he could not understand. In his January letter to Trevor Hughes, Dylan was still upset by what Sir Richard Rees had written:

No, the great Eliot has not damned me, but he has been cautious. Rees, on the other hand, though printing two poems of mine and taking a peculiar interest in all I write, has made one very startling accusation: that much of what I write is not written consciously, that any talent I may have is clairvoyant, and my fecundity is accounted for by "automatic writing." Charles

Williams of the Oxford University Press, and author, as you know, of several mystic books, has read many of my poems but confesses that he does not understand them. And so we go on, meeting nothing but courtesy and interest, and nothing but a rather bewildered refusal to print.

It was failure, it was the grammar school exams all over again, and since sickness, real or, more usually, feigned, had provided the refuge then, so sickness was again to be the hiding place. But now it must be on a larger scale, as suited London editors rather than Swansea ushers. It had to fit his self-created character, which was that of the doomed, damned, and dissolute poet. It had to be TB. Pamela Hansford Johnson has told me of his delight, in the following year, when he managed to cough up a minute speck of blood into his handkerchief. And Rayner Heppenstall in his *Four Absentees* has described setting off to a pub with him, on the morning of February 12, 1936: "As we went out into the cold Dylan began to cough and spit. He looked down at his spittle in the roadway and said: 'Blood, boy! That's the stuff.'"

How much of this was conscious trickery and how much subconscious response to a hostile environment is irrelevant, since the two are inextricably intermixed. Furthermore, how much did he believe in his own TB? I suspect that he half persuaded himself that he had this sickness, and that his relief to find, from the X rays that Wyn Henderson saw, that he had not was partly true pleasure at being pronounced healthy, partly relief that he could now drop a pose that had become wearisome.

Dylan sent Pamela Robert Graves's poems for Christmas, and when, in late February of 1934, he made what I take to be his second visit to London, he stayed with her and her mother at their house in Battersea. He had written to her:

I shall be coming up to stay with my sister during the next few weeks, but the sister is merely an excuse. There are only two reasons for my visit: one is to see you, and the other is to look for a job. I have suddenly decided that I must earn money. If not I shall very soon be on the streets. I am going to look for a job in a publisher's office, though God knows what I have to offer any publisher in return for a living wage.

I hope I won't cut my throat before this reaches you. If I do cut it, I shall start with a neat saw at the side and cut through and through till my head is hanging down my back.

(To be continued)

BOOKS and MEN *Author of many articles and books (including AMERICA COMES OF MIDDLE AGE) on the American scene, Mr. Kempton was born in Baltimore and studied at Johns Hopkins. He lives in New York and is a columnist for the New York WORLD TELEGRAM AND SUN. He here gives his appraisal of Theodore Sorensen's KENNEDY.*



SORENSEN'S KENNEDY

by MURRAY KEMPTON

MANY of us will come away from his recollection of his twelve years with John Kennedy unexpectedly fond of Ted Sorensen. To be liked was not always his experience and seldom his intention. These two men were an uncommon juncture of the Roundhead and the Cavalier, so dissimilar that it becomes possible to think that Sorensen's great service to Senator Kennedy was as mask.

The President seems to us now to have been born for command. He was not. He was a Catholic politician in a country so Protestant as to have turned many of its Catholics dourly Presbyterian in its atmosphere. Not having inherited, Mr. Kennedy had to seize, as revolutionary commanders do, in disguise and after forced night marches.

Sorensen remembers how in the last week of his 1960 campaign Senator Kennedy said, "I am going to last about five more days, and that is time enough." For the spectacle of a guerrilla in the exhilarating exhaustion of combat, we might hope for a little of the spirit of Bunyan: "I fought till the sword did cleave to my hand and, when they were joined together, as if the sword did grow out of my arm; and, when the blood ran through my fingers, then did I fight with most courage." Instead, Sorensen can rise only to the tone of one inspecting a piston after strenuous service: "Actually he seemed to gain strength and *steam* with each

new audience." (Italics mine.) That imagery of the machine is as near as Ted Sorensen comes to poetic flight; to have come closer in the low church litany appointed for this republic would have been dangerous. And so Sorensen can at once jar us by describing his principal as a "brainy man" and assert that they both abjured words they considered hackneyed — like, it turns out, "glorious." The test for style then is not what is hackneyed but what is unsettling: "brainy" is safe; "glorious" is risky.

Sorensen's service was peculiarly useful because he was trite in a secure way, habitually inhibited, never off guard, unvaryingly sober. "I learned," he remembers, "to keep a *Bartlett's* and similar works handy." The President, while preparing his Inaugural, asked Sorensen to study the secret of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address: "My conclusion, which his Inaugural applied, was that Lincoln never used a two- or three-syllable word where a one-syllable word would do, and never used two or three words where one would do."

The difference between Kennedy and Sorensen is illuminated by an early conversation about what place in the Cabinet each might take if any place were ever offered him. Senator Kennedy cared only for State or Defense; Sorensen wanted Health, Education, and Welfare.

Sorensen had come to Senator Kennedy from the

Photograph by Ollie Atkins, the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

joint congressional subcommittee on railroad retirement; he was induced to serve by the thought that Massachusetts "had neither responded to the growing competition of other regions nor made the most of postwar industrial developments." The master was a man upon whom the social problem intruded; the servant's was a nature which would have needed to invent the social problem if it had not been there.

The intruding social problem of the Kennedy term was, of course, civil rights. Sorensen does his best to remember a deepening moral involvement in Mr. Kennedy's attitude on the subject, but, at its climax, he does not make it easy for us to discover any engagement more heartfelt than to the public peace: "The Kennedy commitment was designed to preserve the fabric of our social order — to prevent the unsatisfied grievances of an entire race from rent[ing] that fabric in two. . . . His obligation was not to the Negroes but to the nation."

IN SORESEN we are never away from a presence for whom to be casual for one hour at a time was to risk feeling oneself not a serious person for all time. Yet Senator Kennedy allowed himself to be casual much of the time, and President Kennedy compounded the indulgence to a point where we treasure his informalities far above his formalities and value his chroniclers according to the degree of their indiscretions. There was a private John Kennedy who was more like William Lamb, Lord Melbourne, than any other American politician has ever been; his spirit, too, survives better in his conversation than in his rhetoric. There is that same wry deprecation of human wisdom; Melbourne on Ireland ("What all the wise promised has not happened and what all the damn fools said would happen has come to pass") is echoed by Kennedy on the Bay of Pigs ("The advice of every member of the executive branch brought in to advise was unanimous — and the advice was wrong"). There is the same preference for order over change; Kennedy was never quite able to say with Melbourne: "When in doubt what should be done, do nothing," but he would dearly have liked to preside over a world where it could plausibly be said; he never sounds more lonely in Sorensen's memory than when he sat looking at the photographs of the Soviet missile bases in Cuba and said at last, "The worst course of all would be for us to do nothing."

Sorensen gives us less of that Mr. Kennedy than the massive girth of his work would seem to promise. He will be blamed for indiscretions, of course, but these are as few as the pieties would demand.

In this case the pieties have become even more

rigid than Sorensen's natural inhibitions had already dictated. The wrath which has descended upon Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., for being so personal a memorialist seems indeed to have forced Sorensen deeper into that impersonality into which he had already too far withdrawn.

There has, as an instance, been excised between drafts of these memoirs a private remark of Mr. Kennedy's which would otherwise support Schlesinger's assertion that the President would have begun his second term with a new Secretary of State.

There is, of course, an argument for deletions of this sort. That argument is strongest when it asserts that the public is foolish enough to believe that any private utterance of a statesman, once accepted as having been made, is thereupon established as an announcement of fixed purpose. The public may not be this foolish, but Schlesinger's experience would indicate that the publicists certainly are.

The notion of the absolute historical authority of the offhand expressions of historical personages seems especially foolish when we are dealing with the private John Kennedy, who must have carried the habit of saying different things to different persons to an unusually cheerful extent. He did this, one thinks, less from any low desire to be agreeable than from that natural curiosity which made the exploration of alternatives not just a matter of common sense but of genuine enjoyment to him. One remembers him, even from slight experience, for the particular pleasure he took in accepting the assistance of guides down paths he had no intention of traversing even halfway.

It is important to bear in mind, therefore, that whatever judgments about Secretary of State Rusk have so far been publicly remembered as his were offered in conversation with Schlesinger and with Sorensen, who were representatives of a common and particular viewpoint and whose complaints about Rusk must have been very much the same. Foreign policy is a resolution of the quarrel between the diplomat and the soldier; and how a state makes that resolution is a critical point in its health. There are natures which prefer the military weapon and natures which prefer the political. Schlesinger's intellectual disposition was heavily toward the political, and Sorensen had the additional emotional bias, founded on a childhood in a Nebraska household of which George Norris was god, to dispose him even further against the military. Both Sorensen and Schlesinger then would want a Secretary of State measurably outweighing the Joint Chiefs of Staff; they could be expected to judge Rusk with special harshness for every inch he fell short of such a measurement, and neither would be human if he did not credit a President he so obviously revered with the same standard.

But if Mr. Kennedy's judgment of his State

Department was not quite so harsh, there are reasons to feel that it may well have been rather severe indeed. There is, for example, Sorensen's exposition of what he sees as Mr. Kennedy's problem in South-east Asia:

"But as President, unfortunately, his effort to keep our own military role in Vietnam from overshadowing our own political objectives was handicapped by the State Department's inability to compete with the Pentagon. The task force report in the spring of 1961, for example, had focused almost entirely on military planning. A five-year economic plan, (a long-range plan for the economic development of Southeast Asia on a regional basis), a diplomatic appeal to the United Nations and other miscellaneous ideas were somewhat vaguely and loosely thrown in to please the President." (Italics mine.)

This is a serious comment, and whatever the bias of the observer who makes it, one which is fortified enough by exterior evidence to be hard to dispute. Now, if Sorensen wanted a State Department whose views could override the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Mr. Kennedy may very well have disagreed with him. But that is not to say that Mr. Kennedy wanted a Department of State too weak to resist overmastering by the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

There is every evidence that the President was, like every sensible politician, a trimmer. That word, in its political connotations, has been pejorative for more than a century; it remains a fundamental principle of navigation that to trim can be the only way to get the ship across the water. Mr. Kennedy could very plausibly have thought that his Department of State was a weak piece of rigging indeed.

The problem of the imbalance of the military over the political in our foreign policy is the most important one in government today. The need for balance has not often been more precisely defined than in the remarks attributed to President Johnson at the Cabinet meeting where he is reported to have told Secretary of Defense McNamara that he was expected to keep us in the Vietnam war and to have told Secretary Rusk that he was expected to get us out of it.

So then, when Schlesinger prints and Sorensen excises what each remembers of the President's observations on the weakness of Secretary Rusk, the one is not publishing gossip and the other withholding it; each is dealing in his special way with information useful enough in our present predicament to be described as a piece of national property because it is one expression of what has been learned from a unique public experience. One's preference would therefore have to be for the Schlesinger way.

Still, Sorensen is what he is, and we must take him as he is, as altogether true to the habit, formed early on, of protecting his principal. The triumph of

loyalty over candor or even common sense is one of the more depressing checks on his memory. He insists that we believe that "there is no truth to the allegation that [the President's] father was responsible for the formal draft of brother Bob" as Attorney General. (This seems to have been, clearly, if not Joseph P. Kennedy's entire responsibility, at the least his second-dearest and second-most-often-expressed desire.)

He even plunges back to that dead time when an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation awakened a journalist in the night to question him for ammunition in the President's lightning raid on the steel companies, a feeble enough piece of tyranny at best and one long since submerged in the common sorrow. "As usual," Sorensen explains, "neither of the Kennedys would publicly blame the underling responsible, but the Attorney-General's deputy had in fact specified that all those to be interviewed should be telephoned at their place of business for an appointment in the usual hours." (Here Sorensen first stretches and then quite overmasters the detached imagination. It is hard enough to believe that an emergency order to find the witnesses would be accompanied by a stipulation to suit their convenience. And it is impossible to believe that, etiquette having been stipulated, the always careful — when told to be — FBI would disregard it.)

His infrequent citations of the private Kennedy are generally those of the sort of man who remembers better what he reads than what he hears. Much of what he remembers turns out therefore to be what has been printed before. What is interesting is not often new, and what is new is not often interesting.

He instructs us, for example, that the President "thought the New York Times one of the most influential newspapers in the nation" and that the Senator never took seriously Wayne Morse's candidacy for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1960.

"The nature of their responsibilities and the competence with which they did their jobs," Sorensen tells us in a paragraph which is a fair instance of his general tone, "brought six senior national executives particularly close to the President: Vice President Johnson, Secretary of Defense McNamara, Secretary of the Treasury Dillon, Secretary of State Rusk and Secretary of Labor Goldberg. The other Cabinet officers — Secretary of Agriculture Freeman, Secretary of Labor (II) Wirtz, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Ribicoff, Secretary of the Interior Udall, Secretary of Commerce Hodges, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare (II) Celebrezze, and Postmasters General Day and Gronouski — all enjoyed, for the most part, the President's full-

est confidence, though he necessarily spent less time with them."

The appointed color scheme is then the gray of Royal Gazettes, but every now and then it is blessedly relieved by flecks of brighter, more illuminating hue:

The President, with his peculiar detachment, looking across the river at the Custis Lee Mansion at the worst of the Cuban missile crisis and saying to Sorensen, "You have to admire Adlai. He sticks to his position when everyone else is jumping on him."

The President, with his particular intimacy, considering the renewal of nuclear testing, at his desk talking about radioactivity with Jerome Wiesner, his scientific adviser, and watching the rain outside his office window and asking suddenly, "You mean it's in the rain out there?" "And I said, 'Yes,' " Wiesner remembers, "and he looked out the window, looked very sad, and didn't say a word for several minutes."

The President, with his special loneliness, overruling the advice of his Secretaries of State and Defense, his Vice President, and the heads of his Special Mission to South Vietnam and refusing to commit American troops to Southeast Asia.

The President, giving way to that temper he never lost except on inconsequential matters, coming out from an hour's harassment by congressional leaders who wanted him not to blockade but to invade Cuba and saying to Sorensen, "They can have this — job. There is no joy in it."

The President on the Sunday morning of the thirteenth and last day of the Cuban missile emergency entering a Cabinet room where the director of the Central Intelligence Agency had but lately confessed that when he heard the news of Khrushchev's retreat, "I could hardly believe my ears."

"John F. Kennedy entered and we all stood up. He had, as Harold Macmillan would later say, earned his place in history by this one act alone. He had engaged in a personal as well as national contest for world leadership and he had won. He had reassured those nations fearing we would use too much strength and those fearing we would not use it at all. . . . Yet he walked in and began the meeting without a trace of excitement or even exultation."

We can, in that picture, be grateful for the virtues of men to whom the word "glorious" was

hackneyed. After Mr. Kennedy died, Sorensen tried dutifully to fit his implements — it is too much to call them talents — as a speech writer to the new President's service. He failed, and not only, one thinks, because he had no heart for it, but because his inhibitions did not suit Mr. Johnson's taste. The President has said that he likes his words to be put in order for him by writers who can cry a little.

Mr. Kennedy was not one of your great reformers, those unwearying managers of everything, like Chairman Khrushchev or Mr. Johnson. He was no more and no less than what the war made him, the line officer, bored at the mere housekeeping of the base, essentially at home only with the crew on the great occasions in the small boats. Then and only then, command became his whole nature; other moments were only duty; this alone was life. We treasure such men not for what they do for change but for what they do for order. For such men to cry a little or to rant a little is alike to give way to a failure of nerve. Once Mr. Kennedy wrote Clinton Rossiter that to him the most appropriate lines in Shakespeare were

GLENDOWER: I can call spirits from the
vasty deep.

HOTSPUR: Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call
for them?

The special change he brought to all our lives was the example and the atmosphere of his affection for order and his hatred of cant.

BLACK FURROW, GRAY FURROW

BY GEORGE MacKAY BROWN

From the black furrow, a long
Whisper of dust,
From the gray furrow, a sudden
Gleam and thrust,
Crossings of net and plowshare,
Fish bone and crust.

I NTERRACIAL MARRIAGE AND THE LAW

BY WILLIAM D. ZABEL

In the past decade, the law and the Supreme Court have done a great deal to ensure the equality of all races and to guarantee equal civil rights. But in the area of interracial marriage, the statutes of nineteen states continue to deny the individual the freedom to marry the person of his choice. The vagaries of these statutes and the failure of the Supreme Court to act are here set forth by William D. Zabel, a practicing lawyer in New York.

WHEN a reporter asked former President Harry S. Truman if interracial marriage — miscegenation — would become widespread in the United States, Mr. Truman said, “I hope not; I don’t believe in it.” Then Mr. Truman asked the reporter that hackneyed question often spouted at anyone advocating racial integration, “Would you want your daughter to marry a Negro?” The reporter responded that he wanted his daughter to marry the man she loved whoever he might be. “Well, she won’t love someone who isn’t her color,” the former President continued, and, as if he had not said enough, added that racial intermarriage ran counter to the teachings of the Bible.

The question of miscegenation can make a man like Truman, whose past support of integration in other respects is not open to question, appear unthinking if not bigoted. The fact of interracial marriage can cause a young Radcliffe-educated “liberal” to refuse to attend the wedding of her only brother, or a civilized, intelligent judge to disown and never again speak to his daughter. How many persons are repelled or at least disconcerted at the mere sight of a Negro-white couple? Perhaps their number tells us how far we are from achieving an integrated society.

If usually tolerant and rational persons can react this way, it is not surprising that many experts consider the fear of miscegenation the strongest reason

for the desire of whites to keep the Negro permanently segregated. Next in importance in the “white man’s rank order of discrimination,” according to Gunnar Myrdal in his classic study, *An American Dilemma*, are other social conventions, the use of public facilities, political franchise, legal equality, and employment. On the other hand, the social and legal barriers to miscegenation rank at the bottom of the Negro’s list of grievances; quite naturally, he is more concerned with obtaining a job, decent living accommodations, and an education than with marrying “your daughter.” A recent Ford Foundation study of more than seven hundred Negro families in Chicago concluded: “There is no evidence of a desire for miscegenation, or even interest in promoting it, except among a tiny minority.”

Even though the Negro has finally attained equality under the law in most areas of American life, a Negro and a white still cannot marry in nineteen states having antimiscegenation statutes — mostly Southern and “border” states, but also including Indiana and Wyoming. No other civilized country has such laws except the Union of South Africa.

The United States Supreme Court has never ruled on the constitutionality of these statutes. In 1954, a few months after its historic decision prohibiting segregation in public schools, the Court refused to review the case of Linnie Jackson, a Negro

woman who had been convicted under the Alabama miscegenation statute. Later, in 1956, the Court again avoided the issue, dismissing an appeal in a miscegenation case from Virginia. This dismissal was termed "wholly without basis in law" by a leading authority on constitutional law, Professor Herbert Wechsler of the Columbia Law School, because there was no appropriate legal reason for avoiding the decision.

In December, 1964, the Court upset the conviction of Connie Hoffman, a white woman, and Dewey McLaughlin, a Spanish-speaking merchant seaman from British Honduras. They had violated a Florida criminal law punishing extramarital cohabitation only if the offending couple were a Negro and a white person. The Court invalidated this statute as a denial of equal protection of the law guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment but refused to express "any views about [Florida's] prohibition of interracial marriage."

The Court may again be confronted with this question in a case instituted by a white construction worker and his part-Negro wife, Richard and Mildred Loving. They are seeking to have the Virginia miscegenation law declared unconstitutional so that they and their three children may reside in the state from which they have been banished. The Lovings have no connection with the civil rights movement and are not represented by attorneys of a Negro civil rights organization. Both had spent all their lives in Caroline County, Virginia, south of Fredericksburg. They were married in Washington, D.C., in 1958 and returned to Virginia. Five weeks later, they were charged with the crime of marrying each other, and because of this crime were convicted and sentenced to one year in prison. But Virginia County Circuit Judge Leon M. Bazlie suspended the sentences and provided instead that the Lovings leave Virginia "at once and do not return together or at the same time" for twenty-five years.

Should the Supreme Court avoid deciding this question because Negroes as a group are not concerned with it and because a decision of unconstitutionality might harm the civil rights movement? Before concluding that such a decision ought to be avoided if possible, or alternatively, how the question ought to be decided, we should consider the history and content of the miscegenation laws.

THE use of laws to ban marriages between persons of different races developed primarily in this country as an outgrowth peculiar to our institution of slavery. Neither the common law of England nor its statutes provide precedents for America's miscegenation laws.

A Maryland statute of 1661 is generally considered the first miscegenation law in America, even though it did not prohibit interracial marriage and was motivated not by a theory of racial superiority, but by economic considerations. Socioeconomic conditions in the colonial period encouraged racial mingling. There was a severe shortage of Negro women in the colonies, and to a lesser extent, of white men of the same social class as the white female indentured servants. These indentured servants and Negro slaves, who often worked together in the fields and lived near each other in similar tenant huts, intermixed and intermarried. By the general custom of the time, a child of such a marriage would be a freeman because he acquired the status of his mother. "And forasmuch as divers freeborn English women . . . do intermarry with negro slaves" by which "a great damage doth befall the master of such negroes," the Maryland statute was passed to stop such marriages by making the female miscegenator a slave for the lifetime of her husband and all children of such marriages "slaves as their fathers were."

According to some historians, after this law was passed, plantation owners encouraged or forced white women, usually indentured servants, to marry Negroes in order to increase the number of slaves. Lord Baltimore, shocked by this practice, had the law changed in 1681 to penalize any master encouraging an interracial marriage and to make such women and their issue free. Masters stopped encouraging these marriages, but they still occurred. And the children of the interracial couples were the financial burden of the masters during their minority because they were the legal children of male slaves. Such children were, however, freed upon reaching maturity. New laws became necessary to compel the servant girls to reimburse the masters for the cost of supporting these children. These laws did not achieve their purpose, and so, finally, all Negro-white marriages were prohibited.

In 1691, Virginia passed a law prohibiting miscegenation to prevent "spurious issue." Any white person marrying a Negro was to be banished from Virginia forever. Considering the banishment of the Lovings in 1959, Virginia's policy has not changed much since 1691.

Eventually, miscegenation laws were passed in nearly all the colonies, including Massachusetts in 1705, which also was one of the first states to repeal its law, in 1843. During the nineteenth century, as many as thirty-eight states prohibited interracial marriages. In the period surrounding the Civil War, nine states repealed their statutes. But through the years, Southern states made their laws harsher, Georgia and Virginia going so far as to require all citizens to register and identify their "race" although never establishing a practical

means for enforcing the requirement. By 1951, there remained in effect twenty-nine miscegenation statutes. Ten states since 1951 have repealed their statutes. Of these, most were Western states, such as South Dakota (1957), Colorado (1957), Nevada (1959), Nebraska (1963), and Utah (1963), acting at least partially in response to the Negro social revolution.

All nineteen states with miscegenation laws prohibit Negro-white marriages. Other "races" which have been included in the various laws are Mongolians, Chinese, Japanese, Africans, Malaysians, American Indians, Asiatic Indians, West Indians, mulattoes, Ethiopians, Hindus, Koreans, mestizos, and half-breeds. The laws border on burlesque. The Arizona law, repealed in 1962, at one time so defined a mulatto that he could not marry anyone, even another mulatto; then it was changed so that a mulatto could marry an Indian but could not marry a Negro, a Caucasian, or another mulatto.

WHO is a Negro under such laws? There is no uniform definition, so it is difficult to know. The different definitions create racial chameleons. One can be Negro in Georgia because he had a one-half Negro great-grandmother, and by crossing the border into Florida, become a white because Florida makes him a Negro only if he had a full Negro great-grandmother. The most common definition uses an unscientific percentage-of-blood test usually classifying a Negro as "any person of one-eighth or more Negro blood." If a blood test is to be used and one-eighth Negro blood, whatever that means, makes you Negro, why does not one-eighth white blood make you white? Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, and Virginia make anyone a Negro who has any ascertainable trace of Negro blood. The Delaware, Kentucky, Louisiana, West Virginia, and Wyoming laws provide no definition of a Negro, and Tennessee has two conflicting definitions. Oklahoma and Texas prohibit marriages between whites and Africans or descendants of Africans without defining an African.

It should not be surprising that in the usual case a jury may decide that a person is a Negro from his appearance — a test authorized by statute in Missouri. Neither the statutes nor science provides a method to determine whether a person is one eighth Negro or one of the other statutory formulas of fractionalized racial membership. Terms such as "octaroons," "quadroons," and "half-breeds" are misleading except in a fictional or social sense. Genes are not transmitted in predetermined or culturally labeled quantities as the draftsmen of these statutes thought. Detailed genealogies might be used to try to make the statutory racial calculus work-

able. But even where genealogies are available, they may be unreliable or insufficiently informative on the racial composition of the great-grandparent whose blood allegedly makes the accused a Negro. After all, from one third to three fourths of U.S. Negroes have some Caucasian ancestry.

In short, the statutory definitions of Negro are sometimes contradictory, often nonexistent, and usually a combination of legal fiction and genetic nonsense nearly impossible to apply as a practical matter. None of the statutory definitions seems sufficiently precise to meet the constitutional requirement of due process which nullifies a criminal statute that is so vague that men of common intelligence must guess at its meaning and differ about its application.

And the penalties under these statutes can be quite severe — ten years imprisonment in Florida or North Carolina. Georgia, South Carolina, and other states impose criminal penalties upon anyone issuing a license to a miscegenetic couple or performing their marriage ceremony. Virginia levies a fine on anyone performing such a marriage ceremony "of which the informer shall have one half." Because these laws make the proscribed marriages void, a spouse may be prevented from inheriting from his or her mate by other heirs who prove the forbidden interracial nature of the marriage; spouses have even lost the right to workmen's compensation benefits otherwise payable. In many states, children of such marriages are declared illegitimate and are thereby prevented from inheriting under intestacy laws.

Mississippi, not surpassed in its crusade to maintain segregation, has a unique law supplementing its ban on interracial marriage, making a crime the publication for "general information, arguments or suggestions in favor of social equality or of intermarriage between whites and Negroes," and punishing the violator by imprisonment or fine or both. This law could be invoked against me for writing this article, or the *Atlantic Monthly* for printing it.

The rule voiding miscegenetic marriages creates another disturbing problem. A mixed couple legally marries in a state where their marriage is valid, and later, quite innocently, enters a state with a miscegenation statute. This couple would be subject to criminal prosecution for miscegenation, fornication, or cohabitation in the state which will not recognize the validity of their marriage even though it was valid where celebrated. Delaware, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Texas actually declare such marriages invalid by statute.

Is it not alarming to know that in 1965 the new U.S. congresswoman from Hawaii, who is of Japanese descent, and her Caucasian husband could be criminally prosecuted under Virginia law if they were to reside there while Congress is in session?

These laws are completely contrary to the undeniable trend in this country to ensure Negroes equality under the law. They continue to exist even though the Fourteenth Amendment was intended to eliminate racial discrimination fostered by state legislation. Yet, surprisingly, fifteen state supreme courts and several lower federal tribunals have upheld these laws. Only the Alabama Supreme Court in 1872 (which reversed itself in 1877) and the California Supreme Court in 1948 have declared miscegenation statutes unconstitutional.

WHAT are the legal issues? How does a state justify making a marriage between two competent, consenting adults a crime solely because one is Negro and the other white?

Some decisions without any reasoning sanction the statutes simply by referring to "laws" of nature or of God which interdict amalgamation of the races. In an early decision, the Missouri Supreme Court approved a miscegenation law because of the "well authenticated fact" that the issue of miscegenetic marriages "cannot possibly have any progeny and such a fact sufficiently justifies those laws which forbid the intermarriage of blacks and whites. . . ." This "fact" is pure fiction.

Other courts have reasoned that these laws do not discriminate by race because whites and Negroes are treated equally in that both races are prevented from intermarrying. This so-called "equal application" theory is supported by reference to a now discredited 1883 decision by the U.S. Supreme Court affirming a conviction of a Negro man and white woman for fornication even though the penalty was more severe than for the commission of the same act by two whites or by two Negroes. But the decisive question is not whether different races, each considered as a group, are treated equally. Races do not marry, individuals do; and the Fourteenth Amendment protects the personal right of an individual to marry. When a Negro is denied the right, solely because he is a Negro, to marry a white woman who wishes to marry him, the law discriminates against him and denies him a fundamental right solely because of his race, just as it denies the same right to the white woman.

Defenders of miscegenation laws maintain that the right to marry is subject to regulation by the state, and that the state has the power to ban miscegenetic marriages in order to prevent the violence and tension that will result from their legalization. Even if violence were certain to occur, this fact would not justify the statutes. No court should accept the reasoning that race tension can be eradicated by perpetuating by law the irrational prejudices that cause the tension. This reasoning not

only is circular but also suggests that local law officials are unwilling or unable to maintain order — clearly not a rational basis to support a law depriving persons of constitutional rights. In fact, racial violence is almost nonexistent in areas where miscegenation is common, as in Brazil and Hawaii.

Virginia's highest court, in sustaining a miscegenation statute in 1955, emphasized the state's legislative purpose "to preserve the racial integrity of its citizens" and to prevent the creation of "a mongrel breed of citizens." Assuming racial purity to be a legitimate purpose, the only race kept "pure" is the Caucasian, because these laws do not prohibit, for example, Negroes from marrying Mongolians. If racial purity is a desirable goal, then why are only Caucasians protected, and why should a "pure Negro" be allowed to marry a person who is seven eighths Caucasian and only one eighth Negro? This occurs not from a lack of logic or from ignorance, but because these laws are designed to preserve the purity of the majority Caucasian race — which in itself is one aspect of their larger, unexpressed goal of preserving what many think of as our "white American culture."

Of course, the maintenance of racial purity is a meretricious basis for these laws. There is no evidence to support the existence of so-called "pure" races. Even the idea of a pure race has been termed a subterfuge to cloak ignorance of the phenomenon of racial variation. Race mixture has occurred extensively throughout history.

Often courts have accepted, either explicitly or implicitly, two erroneous assumptions in order to find a rational basis for the laws: (1) the white race will be harmed by intermixing because of its innate superiority over the Negro race and (2) the progeny of Negro-white marriages are inferior.

There is no scientific evidence to sustain the assumption that the white race is innately superior to the Negro race. One can still find "studies," such as those by Carleton Putnam in 1961 and W. C. George in 1962 (commissioned by the Alabama legislature), to support the theory of an inferior race. Most serious students of anthropology do not even consider this question a present problem for research, agreeing that the races of the world are essentially equal in native ability and capacity for civilization and that group differences are for the most part cultural and environmental, not hereditary.

As for the progeny of racial intermixing, there is not a single anthropologist teaching at a major university in the United States who subscribes to the theory that Negro-white matings cause biologically deleterious results. On the contrary, some conclude that because of a certain hybrid vigor, interracial marriage may be desirable and the offspring su-

perior, citing the Hawaiian population, among others, to support this view.

In addition to their "scientific" arguments, defenders of the laws maintain that a state has an obligation to protect both the couples and their children from the psychological harm of social adjustments necessitated by miscegenation. Upholding the Louisiana miscegenation law in 1959, that state's supreme court stressed, without citing factual or other authority, that a state could prohibit miscegenetic marriages to protect the children of such marriages from "a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone." (The quoted language used by the Louisiana court, with, I think, a touch of sarcasm, was taken from the 1954 U.S. Supreme Court decision prohibiting segregation in public schools.)

Even if one assumes there are findings of fact to support the legislature's judgment that miscegenation will cause social harm, must the U.S. Supreme Court bow to its judgment? The Court, consistent with its appropriate function in our political system, has developed a salutary presumption in favor of the constitutionality of state legislation. But if a law discriminates solely on the basis of race, then the Court considers the law constitutionally suspect and requires the state to justify the racial classification by some overriding legislative purpose.

There may yet be racial classifications which are constitutional, such as the use of different mortality tables for whites and Negroes or the keeping of racially segregated public records for statistical purposes. Nevertheless, the guarantee of equal protection of the laws must mean at the very least that there can be no valid legislative purpose for a state law which denies two competent, consenting adults the right to marry because of the color of their skins or the imagined racial composition of their blood. No legal scholar of note considers these laws constitutional nor thinks that a declaration of their unconstitutionality will require a new interpretation of the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment.

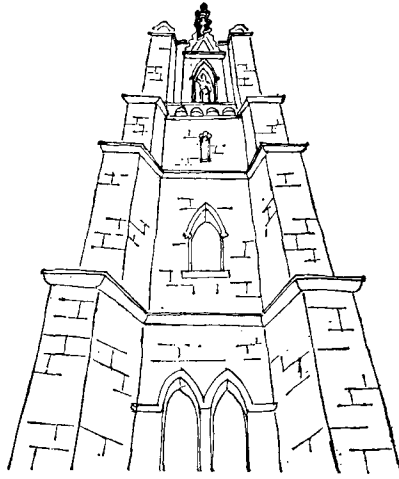
TODAY interracial marriage is opposed because of social considerations by the majority of both Negroes and whites. Even those who approve in principle would find it difficult to advise their sons or daughters to enter into such a marriage knowing the unavoidable social problems which confront an interracial couple.

However, the number of interracial marriages does seem to be increasing. Andrew D. Weinberger, a New York lawyer who has studied mis-

cegenation, estimates that there are one million such couples in the country, including a large number of light-skinned Negroes who pass for white and whose marriages — estimated at 810,000 — are not generally known as mixed marriages. He estimates known mixed marriages at 190,000. Neither their number nor the personal reasons for these interracial marriages may be significant. It may be significant that many leading Negroes in public life are partners in mixed marriages, including Edward W. Brooke, Republican Attorney General of Massachusetts, the highest Negro public officeholder in the United States, and James Farmer, national director of CORE. More mixed marriages will occur as integrated education spreads, and generally, these laws will be no obstacle. For example, after the disclosure of the marriage of Charlayne Hunter, the first Negro girl to enter and graduate from the University of Georgia, to a white Southerner and fellow student, they left Georgia and now reside in New York City.

Although an argument can be made that the Supreme Court would make a serious error if it now struck down these laws, it misstates the question to ask whether a decision should be deferred because the issue is incendiary to some whites and insignificant to most Negroes. In their apparent lack of concern about the existence of these laws, Negro spokesmen may underestimate both their symbolic meaning and their psychological force in the states which have such laws. Consider the efforts in Alabama to remove Garth Williams' book for children, *The Rabbits' Wedding*, from the shelves of the public libraries because the picture of the two little rabbits who "were wed and lived together happily in the big forest; eating dandelions" indicated that one was white and the other black. White racists point to these laws to support their appeal to the ultimate superstition fostering racial prejudice — the myth that Negroes are innately inferior to whites — and to demonstrate that even the Supreme Court (by its silence) still deems the Negro inferior in his right to enter into the most private and personal of relationships. There are no laws more symbolic of the Negro's relegation to second-class citizenship. The fact that legislation cannot end prejudice does not mean that laws which foster it should continue to exist.

The elaborate legal structure of segregation has virtually collapsed with the exception of the miscegenation laws. Whether or not the Supreme Court was wise to avoid this question in 1954, it should now invalidate these laws. A free society cannot tolerate legalized racial prejudice, unsupported by reason or morals and capable of causing incalculable hurt to those designated inferior by law.



GOD AND THE TOWER AND THE BOY

A Story by JEREMY KINGSTON

A playwright and critic now in his early thirties, Jeremy Kingston was born in London and was a clerk at a firm making marmalade, at a firm making asbestos cement, and in a factory making shavers. Now he devotes his time to the writing of plays and stories.

THIS is your crew?" Father Bodley said to Father Palgrave. They were standing outside the chapel door watching the boys hurry in for Benediction.

Father Palgrave gently pressed the palms of his hands together.

"Stop that!" Father Bodley said to a boy who had rubbed a foot against the edge of the grass verge. "Keep to the path, boy!" The boy, who was about eight years old, glanced timidly at the Father and hurried into the chapel.

"I have hopes for O'Meara," said Father Palgrave. "He seems to have a natural piety."

Father Bodley listened to the scuffling of the preparatory school boys out of sight on the terrace below. They were fighting, he supposed, and treading on the grass. As they climbed the steps to the chapel lawn and came into view of the two Fathers, they smoothed back their ruffled hair and began to walk dutifully two by two. Little evidence of natural piety there.

"Yes," said Father Palgrave. "With careful guidance, I think we can make a priest of him. And God willing," he added.

A small stone fell from somewhere on the tower above them and bounced off the bald oval on Father Bodley's head. He looked up immediately.

Drawing by Russell Carpenter.

Surely no boy — ! Surely none would dare — ! He stepped into the porch to make certain the door to the tower steps was locked, and then returned to Father Palgrave, rubbing the top of his head.

"And your boys?" Father Palgrave asked. "Early days, I know."

"Stop that!" said Father Bodley. A small boy with a smut on his cheek quickly swerved off the grass and hurried past. "Natural hooligans," Father Bodley said. "But give me time."

The last of the boys climbed the steps from the terrace. Father Palgrave clapped his hands. "Come along!" Father Bodley called. He held his arm up in front of his face and looked across his wristwatch at the now scampering laggards. He swiped at the last one as he passed by, and then preceded Father Palgrave into the porch. He tried the handle of the tower door again, but it was still fast. Father Palgrave overtook him at the inner door and stood waiting by the painting of the Last Judgment while Father Bodley closed the door and straightened the purple curtains. Father Bodley gave another gentle rub to the top of his head and accompanied Father Palgrave up the aisle. Father Mavrodacci entered the chapel at the north door, and Benediction began.

The corridors and classrooms and playing fields of Oakhill College and St. Ignatius Loyola Preparatory School for Boys were quiet for half an hour. Blades of grass on the grass verges straightened themselves. Dust settled on the wooden seats and desk lids. The blue-black ink on the nibs of the pens dried swiftly, the film across the slit thinning and at last parting with a faint pop. Another small stone dropped from the tower and bounced harmlessly on the gravel path.

When the final praise had been uttered and repeated and the closing prayers intoned, the boys stood up, filed pew by pew into the aisles, and left the chapel for their classrooms. Father Bodley stood with Father Palgrave again at the outer door and watched them jumping down the steps and out of sight.

AT ONE end of the arched colonnade in the preparatory school, three eight-year-old boys were discussing miracles. In a niche of the stone column beside them stood a statue of St. Francis Xavier, and beneath it a conical green metal vase containing some marigolds and a double daisy. On the brick wall across the colonnade hung a painting of St. Ignatius Loyola Wounded at the Siege of Pampeluna. The conical vase below this was empty of flowers.

The first boy, whose elder brother was a monk and one of whose aunts was a nun, said, "God saved the choirboy who fell off the chapel tower, because his surplice held him up and he floated down."

The second boy sniffed critically and pulled one of the marigolds out of St. Francis' vase. Father Oblake, passing by at that moment with a bunch of white lilies, stared at him.

"What are you doing, boy?"

The boy hastily put the marigold back in the vase. "I'm sorry, Father," he said.

"What did you think you were doing?"

The boy lowered his eyes. The other two boys turned their heads away. Father Oblake stared at them, stared at the green vase below St. Francis and then at the empty vase below St. Ignatius at the Siege of Pampeluna. He took the double daisy from St. Francis' vase, walked across the colonnade and put it into St. Ignatius' vase, looked around at the boys (motionless beside St. Francis), transferred the lilies to his other hand, and went on his way.

"It's true, Francis," said the third boy. His name was Stopforth. "That's what happened."

"What happened, then?" said Francis.

The boy whose aunt was a nun said, "He'd climbed to the top of the tower and fell over. But God saved him by making the wind blow his surplice out, and he came down like that, like a parachute."

Francis said firmly, "I don't believe it."

"What do you mean, you don't believe it? Don't you believe in God?"

"When did this happen? What was the choirboy's name? Who saw it?"

"Hey — listen," the first boy called to two other boys walking in the colonnade. "Francis says he doesn't believe in God!"

Francis raised his voice. "I said —"

"What's that? What's that?" Father Bodley

had come striding down upon them. "Little boy, come here! You" — he regarded the others — "why aren't you at the playing fields?" The boys scattered. Father Bodley looked at Francis.

"What I said, Father, was I didn't believe *God* saved the choirboy when he fell off —"

"You know it's a sin not to believe in God?"

"Yes, I know, Father."

"You know it's a mortal sin? You know what a mortal sin is? Did our own St. Francis Xavier deny God? Did St. Francis of Assisi? Did St. Francis de Sales? *Better men than you.*"

"Father —"

Father Bodley's cheek twitched. "Go to the chapel," he said, "recite two decades of the Holy Rosary calling to mind the Prayer and Agony of our Blessed Savior in the Garden and the Scourging of our Blessed Lord at the Pillar."

"Father."

The boy turned and walked away along the arched colonnade. Father Bodley watched him, realized he was walking in the wrong direction, and strode after him. As soon as the boy was at arm's length, Father Bodley stretched out his right arm and placed his fingers and thumb on the boy's head. He took hold of the scalp and hair and firmly directed the boy through a half revolution until he was facing the opposite way.

"I have to go to the playing fields, Father," said the boy.

"Now," said Father Bodley, "we are going to the chapel." And he accompanied the boy back along the colonnade, across a corridor, down four steps to the hall, and out to the main drive of the preparatory school. Still with his hand firmly on the boy's head, Father Bodley turned a sharp right, pushed the boy away from his side, again to a full arm's length, and walked with him along the first terrace.

The boy said, "What I mean is, Father, did God actually send a puff of wind *just to save* the choirboy from killing himself?"

"What's that?" said Father Bodley.

"I mean, was he a saint? Were you there when it happened, Father?"

The boy moved his head suddenly and looked up at the tower they were passing. Father Bodley straightened the boy's head, but he looked up at the tower himself. He thought: When *what* happened?

"Because it must be two hundred feet high, and it would be a miracle, wouldn't it, like at Lourdes or Fatima or the loaves and fishes."

"A hundred and forty feet," said Father Bodley, conditioned to correcting error. Why was the boy talking of saints and miracles? And what had choirboys to do with it? And the tower? Father Bodley became uneasy. Had he acted hastily?

"Do you doubt God?" he asked.

"No, of course not, Father," said the boy.

I have acted hastily, thought Father Bodley. There is no need for me to keep my hand on his head. I am not a blind peddler to be led by an urchin! He took advantage of the steepness of the last flight of steps to remove his hand; and to still those doubts concerning his wisdom in rebuking the boy, he said,

"Trust in God, child, and in me."

The boy noted the change in address from "boy" to "child," but since he did not know Father Bodley was concerning himself with his own doubts and not with this matter of the choirboy, he felt the reply was unsatisfactory. He did not ask another question.

IN THE chapel the boy Francis obediently recited the twenty Hail Marys. It took him just over three minutes, but he knew he could not appear at the playing fields for at least another quarter of an hour or he would be criticized for gabbling his duty. He stared at the statue of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin beside which Father Bodley had left him, and read the writing on the placard below it.

Pardon, Lord, we beseech thee, the
transgressions of thy servants;
that we, who by our own deeds are
unable to please thee, may be
saved by the intercession of the
Mother of thy Son our Lord.

Father Oblake, walking down the central aisle with a vase of dying lilies, glanced at the boy as if he had seen him before somewhere and passed on out of the chapel.

Francis stood up from his pew and walked to the next statue, which was of Christ. Christ was shown wearing a long crimson cloak and holding between the forefinger and thumb of his right hand a cushiony stuffed heart made of scarlet velvet. Next to the statue of Christ stood a statue of St. Francis Xavier Preaching in Japan, and it was probably while the boy was walking toward this statue that the thought which had been seeking expression for some time finally emerged into consciousness. It had perhaps been in his mind ever since he stood beside the other statue of St. Francis in the arched colonnade. The only obstructions to the manifestation of this thought in the form of action were, Where could he find a choirboy's surplice? and How could he get up the tower?

The dying lilies that had been on the altar at Benediction had now been replaced by fresh ones.

Father Oblake had carried all the old ones away and would presumably not return to the chapel for some time. Francis walked across the chapel (genuflecting dutifully at the center aisle) and knocked at the north door in case Father Mavrodacci was still on the other side of it. Nobody answered his knock, so Francis opened the door and went into the room.

He was surprised to find it so bare of furniture. Only a wooden bureau, a table, and a line of deep cupboards. A crucifix hung above the door, a bowl of holy water was screwed to one side of it, and a number of keys hung from a wooden board. The label of the first key he looked at was marked Tower Door, and the second cupboard he opened contained the small cassocks and surplices of the altar boys.

Francis wondered if it was sinful to wear a cassock and surplice if one was not going to serve at the altar. Before putting the garments on he made a sign of the cross as an indication that his intentions were honorable. Having straightened the folds of the lace under his arms, he made a second sign of the cross, walked back into the chapel, looked around for Father Oblake, genuflected, and made his way to the porch. The door to the tower unlocked easily, and after making yet another sign of the cross, he began the climb up the spiral staircase to the top.

FATHER PALGRAVE was showing the boys in his class how broad beans could be seen to sprout root and stem in a jam jar filled with blotting paper and damp sand. As he set the jam jar back in its place on the windowsill, he happened to look up at the chapel tower and saw a figure standing by one of the pepper-pot turrets at the top. Assuming the figure to be that of a workman, he turned back to his class and proceeded to show them how, no matter which way around the bean was placed in the jam jar or in the earth, the root always grew down and the stem always grew up. The class noted the fact with interest, and Father Palgrave took the jam jars back to the windowsill. Glancing up at the tower again, he was this time astonished to see that the figure at the top was obviously wearing the surplice of an altar boy and appeared — Father Palgrave's eyes widened — to be *dancing*. There could be no doubt of it; the figure was jumping up and down and holding his cassock out like a skirt.

Father Palgrave turned from the window, told his boys to draw a broad bean, warned them to be quiet while he was away, and left the room. He looked out of the round window halfway down the stairs in time to see the boy — it was a boy, he

supposed — push his head and shoulders through one of the circular embrasures of the parapet and peer down at the wall of carved stone falling perpendicularly below him.

Father Palgrave was a cautious, naturally gentle man; crises agitated him, and he tended to vomit afterward. Sweat broke out on his hands as he ran down the rest of the stairs and into the drive, but his principal emotion at this moment was anger. As he drew near to the chapel he decided to conceal from the boy the fact that he had been observed. He slowed his pace to that of a walk. But he was anxious to see if the boy was still at the dangerous edge of the tower, so he took out his handkerchief and held it in front of his face. In the course of flurrying it around his nose, he glanced quickly upward. The boy could just be seen, peering down at him from beside one of the pepper pots. Father Palgrave put his handkerchief away, climbed the last flight of steps, and saw Father Oblake walking ahead of him to the chapel door.

Father Oblake carried a flat basket filled with marigolds.

"Someone is on top of the tower," said Father Palgrave. "An altar boy."

"An altar boy," Father Oblake echoed feebly.

"He is dancing," said Father Palgrave, "and he is pushing his head through the stone circles."

He pushed Father Oblake away and stepped toward the door to the tower. As he did so, the boy whose elder brother was a monk and one of whose aunts was a nun entered through the outer door. Both Fathers started at his sudden appearance, and Father Palgrave hesitated with his foot on the first step.

"Good afternoon, Father," the boy said to Father Oblake. "Good afternoon, Father," to Father Palgrave.

The two Fathers looked at him, at each other, and back again to the boy as he walked toward them.

"Father Bodley," said the boy, "sent a boy to the chapel to recite two decades of the Holy Rosary and sent me to find him. Have you seen him, Father?" He had looked from one to the other of them while speaking, but he addressed his question to Father Oblake.

"What is your name?" asked Father Oblake.

"Donovan, Father," said the boy. "My brother is Brother Donovan."

Father Palgrave interrupted impatiently. "Find out how that boy got hold of his cassock. And see if anything else is missing. Candles. I don't know."

Father Oblake's mouth opened. Fearful thoughts of a sacrilege being committed at that moment on the top of the tower assailed his mind. Now he recognized the boy in front of him as having been

one of the group standing in the arched colonnade. With that he remembered that the boy he had seen in the chapel — and who was presumably now on the tower — was the one who had pulled out the marigold from the vase below the statue of St. Francis. "Not that!" he cried, his fears for a sacrilege reinforced. He hurried into the chapel and made for the north door.

"What is this boy's name?" Father Palgrave asked.

"Has he climbed the tower, Father?"

"I asked for his name," snapped Father Palgrave.

"Morfeý, Father. Francis Morfeý."

"Thank you, Donovan," said Father Palgrave, and turned again to the tower steps.

"Father — if he's gone up to the top, he might be going to jump off, Father."

"What?" said Father Palgrave. He came down the steps again. "Why might he?"

"He might be," Donovan said.

Father Palgrave stared at him. "Go and tell Father Bodley," he said, and was gone, climbing the steps of the tower two at a time.

Donovan left the porch and walked backward from it looking up at the narrow yellow cliff face of the tower. Sure enough, Francis Morfeý was there at the top, wearing a cassock and surplice, crouched now on the outer side of the parapet. His right hand clutched the edge of a stone circle, and his left arm was pressed against the pepper-pot turret at the corner.

"Francis!" Donovan called. "Francis!"

Francis looked down.

"Father Bodley says you're to —" Donovan stopped. He had intended to say "come down at once!" but found he could not utter the words. If Francis jumped and God did not work a miracle, he, Donovan, would be blamed for sure. Stop-forth would say the three of them had talked about the matter in the colonnade, and Father Bodley would say — Donovan did not dare to think what Father Bodley would say. He turned and ran down the steps and ran all the way to the playing fields.

Father Oblake came out of the chapel and looked up at the tower. When he saw the boy crouched on one of the ledges at the top, he gasped in horror. He stationed himself directly beneath the boy, as if to catch him in his arms should he fall.

"Help!" he cried. "Help! Help!"

FATHER PALGRAVE was now climbing the last spiral staircase that would bring him out to the tower roof. His intention was to surprise the boy by his sudden appearance and grab hold of him before

he tried to climb onto the parapet. He did not know that Francis had already climbed over it and was staring thoughtfully at the distant ground. "Surprise," Father Palgrave muttered. "Surprise is of the essence." And he held his handkerchief once again to his face to muffle the sound of his panting breath.

He climbed the last turn of the spiral and paused by the small door to recover a little of his composure. He then jumped up the last two steps, flung himself through the door (in the southeast pepper pot), and found himself alone on the roof. After a moment of astonishment he looked over the south edge of the parapet, then over the east edge, turned, and saw the boy at the other side of the west parapet, looking at him through a stone circle.

Francis had not yet jumped because he was waiting for a gust of wind. If God intended to work a miracle through him, he wanted God to have the material to hand. He was prepared to stay where he was for the time being, but when he heard Father Palgrave fling himself onto the roof, he knew that he was not prepared to be dragged back over the parapet and taken downstairs. After he had floated to the ground the Fathers might or might not punish him. If he were taken beforehand, punishment would be inevitable.

He started to climb down the carvings below the parapet.

Afterward, Father Palgrave declared himself unwilling to discuss the emotions that had filled him on seeing the boy's head suddenly disappear from view. His intention had been to seize the boy harshly and speak to him with all the anger he could command. Disobedience, theft, possibly sacrilege, trespassing, egotism, and pride were offenses that immediately came to his mind as he pounded up the stairs. Not to mention scaring the wits out of his superiors. But when the boy's head sank in front of his eyes, fear bordering upon nausea possessed him.

"My child!" he cried, "child!" and ran to where Francis had been.

Francis cautiously felt his way downward and sideways across two ledges and found himself at the edge of the tower below the pepper pot. He presumed that the side of the tower around the corner was much the same as the side he was clinging to, and since his spread-eagle position against the stone was impossible to maintain, he began to climb farther down.

Father Palgrave watched him silently and thanked God that the chapel's often-abused architect (dead these fifty years) had cluttered his work with so much fussy detail.

Francis climbed down the carved bosses below the pepper pot as down the broken stumps of the lower branches of a fir tree. At last he found him-

self perched on a narrow saddle-shaped piece of stone, with his face pressed against the corner of the tower and the short spike of the saddle pressing against his buttocks. Realizing it would be difficult to jump from such a position, he brought his legs up to the saddle again, shuffled around, and sat down once more, facing the other way. The spike was now at his front, and he gripped it firmly as if it were a saddle's pommel. He stared at the view.

Father Palgrave licked his dry lips and leaned over the parapet.

"What are you doing?" he said.

Francis looked up. "I have to jump off, Father, because God wants to work a miracle through me and make me float down to the ground."

"Not at all," said Father Palgrave. "Come up here at once."

"I don't think I can," said Francis.

"Come back at once," Father Palgrave repeated.

"I don't think it's possible, Father," said Francis.

"You climbed down; you can climb up. Climb up."

"I don't think I can," said Francis.

Father Palgrave looked down at the boy eight feet below him and wondered indeed if it was possible. "I will give you a hand," he said. He crouched down on the roof and pushed his right arm through the nearest stone circle. But now he could not see how close he was to the boy, so he withdrew his arm and stood up again.

"Your hand was a long way away," said Francis when Father Palgrave looked over the parapet.

Father Palgrave tried a second time. He lay down flat on the roof at right angles to the parapet and pushed both arms through the stone circle as far as they would go. Finding he could not now bend either arm downward unless he stood on his head, he withdrew his left arm and was able then to bend his right arm down at the elbow.

"I still can't touch you," said Francis.

Father Palgrave stood up and brushed the dust from his soutane. He wondered what to do next. To his left at the bottom of the hill were the first houses and shops of the town. Farther away, the three tall chimneys of the factory stood outlined against the distant hills and sky. Somewhere in that area there would be fire engines with extension ladders, ordinary ladders, decorators' cradles. In the school itself there might be some rope. A sound he had been hearing for some time on the periphery of consciousness identified itself as being Father Oblake's intermittent but frequent cries for help. Father Palgrave looked down over the parapet and saw that considerable activity was taking place below. Half a dozen boys had gathered at the foot of the tower and were staring up. Others were hurrying to the college buildings, and many

more were arriving from the preparatory school. Bounding up the final flight of steps to the chapel came a soutaned figure immediately recognizable as Father Bodley. Behind him came a mob of small boys, many of them in football shorts and boots.

Father Bodley arrived at the foot of the tower and said to Father Oblake, "Is that Father Palgrave?"

Father Oblake nodded. Droplets of sweat were collecting beside his eyes and trickling down his cheeks.

Father Bodley bent his neck back. "Father Palgrave!" he called.

Father Palgrave leaned farther over the parapet. "Yes?" he said.

"Can you reach him?" called Father Bodley.

"No," said Father Palgrave.

"Father," said Francis.

"Yes?" said Father Palgrave.

"I don't think God wanted it to be a *public* miracle."

"How do you know?"

The boy thought. "I don't know," he said at last. "But He didn't say anything about doing it in front of a lot of people."

Father Palgrave considered how best to reply to this. "What did He say?" he asked.

"He just said I was to come up here and jump off, and He would send a puff of wind to float me to the ground."

"Father Palgrave?" called Father Bodley from below.

"What is it?" called Father Palgrave.

"What are you doing?"

"Because," said Francis after more thought, "if He does want it to be a public miracle, perhaps I should wait till there are more people watching."

"That is a good idea," said Father Palgrave firmly. "Yes. Wait there. Stay where you are."

"How will I know when He wants me to jump?"

Sweat broke out once more upon Father Palgrave's hands.

At the foot of the tower Father Bodley had sent some boys to find a blanket, others to find the Father Rector if he had not yet been found; and he was asking for rope.

"Is there one in the potting sheds?" he asked Father Oblake.

"I don't know!" said Father Oblake. A dazed look had come into his eyes. "Perhaps. There might be. I don't know! Perhaps."

Father Bodley sent half a dozen boys to the potting sheds. "If there's no rope there," he said, "we shall have to cut one down from the gymnasium."

Small pieces of stone and grit were falling down the tower from where Francis was sitting.

"I don't like the look of that," said Father Bodley.

Francis, though he did not know it, was sitting on top of the pointed canopy of a six-foot statue of Our Lady Queen of Heaven. A statue stood beneath each of the corner pepper pots of the tower in a deep niche. Francis' feet were resting on the crown above her head.

"Those carvings aren't meant for that," Father Oblake complained. "For the weight of a starling, perhaps, for a starling's nest, but for —"

Father Bodley cut him short. "I am going up to Father Palgrave." He addressed the boys nearby. "Does anyone know why he's up there?"

"He's trying to speak to Morfey," said Donovan.

"Oh! Oh! Why *Morfey* is up there!" said Father Bodley crossly. "Obviously I know why Father Palgrave is there."

"He might have been going to jump off," said Stopforth. "To see if God would save him."

Father Bodley stared at Stopforth.

"Merciful Heaven!" said Father Oblake.

Donovan stared intently at the ground.

More pellets of stone fell down the tower.

THE Father Rector sat in his room rereading the life of St. Jerome, a man whose erudition and occasional wit always delighted him. After the dream in which he had cried out, "Lord, if ever I touch profane books again, I shall have denied thee!" St. Jerome, that classical scholar, avoided reading them for many years. Twenty-five years later, however, not only was he reading them but teaching them and having others copied at a high price. When reproached by Rufinus, St. Jerome retorted that if we are to go by dreams, he had had plenty. "I have assuaged my thirst with the ocean, but on waking I have still been thirsty." The Father Rector chuckled to himself and said "Come in!" to a knock at the door.

"Please, Father Rector," said a boy in football shorts, "Francis Morfey has climbed up the chapel tower and Father Bodley says please will you come."

"Cannot Father Bodley bring him down by himself?" inquired the Father Rector.

"Please, Father Rector, he's climbed over the top of the tower, and he's sitting on one of the statues."

For the instant of a second the Father Rector pictured Father Bodley clinging to the wall of the tower like a black fly. Then the picture was replaced by one of a small boy crouched against the carvings and whimpering for help.

"Very well," he said. "I am coming."

Father Bodley had by this time joined Father

Palgrave at the top of the tower and was in conversation with Francis.

"I said my two decades of the Holy Rosary, Father, and I was about to say an extra prayer in front of the statue of St. Francis Xavier when God spoke to me and said —"

"What makes you think it was the voice of God?" asked Father Bodley.

"I was in the chapel, Father! The Devil wouldn't be able to speak to me in the chapel!"

"The Devil speaks to us all the time, child. Now come back up here."

"He can't," said Father Palgrave.

"Can't you?" asked Father Bodley.

"No," said Francis.

Father Bodley said to Father Palgrave, "I have sent some boys for a blanket. When they arrive the *danger* will be over."

"Will they know how to hold it?"

"Father Oblake will show them."

"Do you think?"

Father Bodley drummed his fingers on the edge of the parapet.

"Father?" Francis said. Father Bodley and Father Palgrave leaned over the edge of the parapet.

"Yes?" they said.

"Father, how do you know it was the voice of the Devil that spoke to me?"

"Because that is how the Devil works," said Father Bodley. "Would God, who loves you like a father, tell you to come up here and kill yourself by jumping over?"

"But He was going to save me, Father. That's why He told me to put on this cassock, so He could open it out like a parachute, and I would float down under His special care."

"That's exactly what the Devil would tell you. That's his style of approach exactly."

"But if it *was* the voice of God, Father — and I had just said two decades of the Holy Rosary, so I was in a state of grace — I would be disobeying Him if I didn't jump off. Wouldn't I, Father?"

Father Bodley gritted his teeth. "Francis," he said. "Now listen carefully —"

Father Palgrave said, "You're not going to instruct him in apologetics when he might fall to his death any second!"

"When else should I do it?" retorted Father Bodley.

Francis said, "What shall I do, Father, if this stone I'm sitting on breaks?"

"What?" said the Fathers.

"Because it is breaking."

"Pray," said Father Bodley. "We will all pray. Pray," he said to Father Palgrave.

"I'm praying, Father," said Francis.

"We are all praying," said Father Bodley.

A few moments later Francis said, "It seems to have stopped breaking."

"God has heard our prayers," said Father Palgrave. Father Bodley glared at him irritably.

"God told me to move myself a certain way, and when I did the stone stopped cracking."

Father Bodley knew where this line of reasoning would end. He leaned over the parapet and called out in a loud voice, "Stand clear down there!" The audience below retreated from the foot of the tower at once, even Father Oblake. Father Bodley saw that a blanket was being brought from the college; and could that be the Father Rector hurrying behind?

Francis spoke again. "I think God must have saved me from *slipping* off because he wants me to jump. Don't you think, Father?"

Father Bodley did not reply. He was silently urging the boys with the blanket to hurry.

"They're bringing a *blanket*!" Francis said suddenly. "They don't trust God! Father, why aren't they trusting in God?"

"We all trust in God," said Father Bodley.

"But if they bring a blanket, God might not want to work the miracle because everyone won't be trusting in Him!"

"Say something," said Father Bodley to Father Palgrave.

"What shall I say?" said Father Palgrave.

Before he could think of anything, Francis said, "God has just told me that when I float down, the wind will carry me some distance away, and so the blanket won't be under me when I touch down."

"Is that possible?" Father Palgrave asked Father Bodley.

"How can I tell!" said Father Bodley. "I have no idea at all!"

THE Father Rector had now arrived at the chapel. He considered the scene at the top of the tower, ordered the small boys holding out the blanket to be replaced by eight stalwart monitors from the college, and went into the porch with the head monitor to climb the tower.

While they were climbing, a piece of the canopy on which Francis was sitting broke under its unaccustomed weight and plunged down. It fell smack into the center of the blanket and bounced several times. The boys cheered.

Halfway up the tower the Father Rector was pausing for breath. He was sixty-two and had never climbed the tower before. "What are they cheering?" he asked. "Because if he has come down, we need not go up."

The head monitor squinted through a narrow

window. "They're still looking up at the top," he said.

"Then we shall have to go on," said the Father Rector, and did so.

Francis was finding his position athwart the much reduced saddle difficult to maintain. "But I can't jump yet, Father, because I must wait for God to tell me when."

"I will tell you when," said Father Bodley. Now that the blanket had arrived he wanted the whole business over as quickly as possible. "Ready? Get steady. Jump!"

Francis didn't jump. "There's no wind," he said.

"God will provide," said Father Palgrave, adding, "there is a little breeze up here." The strain was beginning to tell on him.

"I do wish they'd take the blanket away," said Francis. "It's working against my perfect trust."

The situation had arrived at this point when the Father Rector, panting quite a lot, and the head monitor, panting rather less, arrived at the roof of the tower. The Father Rector looked over the parapet, and the boys below, impressed by his speed, cheered. The noise was suppressed by Father Oblake and Father Mavrodacci.

"Well, Francis," said the Father Rector, "I am glad you are still here. I would not have liked to climb all this way to no purpose."

Francis wobbled awkwardly on his saddle as he looked up at him. "I didn't want all this attention, Father Rector," he said. He explained what he was doing.

"But why are you still up here?" asked the Father Rector. "Why aren't you now on the ground again? I mean, what delays you?"

Francis explained that since the blanket had been spread below to catch him, God had stopped speaking. "I don't know whether to wait for Him to speak again, Father Rector, or not."

"He does not always speak to us in a voice at once recognizable as His."

"Father Bodley made me wonder if it was the Devil who spoke to me. But I don't see how that could be because it was in the chapel I first heard him."

"The Devil, alas, can speak to us even there," said the Father Rector. "Though whether it was he who spoke to you in this case" — he smiled at Father Bodley and then looked down to Francis again — "neither Father Bodley nor I would be able to say with certainty."

"Then why has He stopped speaking to me, Father Rector? I thought He would tell me when to jump."

The Father Rector looked meditatively at the boy. "Possibly He no longer needs to speak to you about this matter. He speaks to us in His wisdom from His own time. But we have to obey Him in our time."

Francis stared at the boys gathered around the blanket below. He looked at the buildings of his school to the left, the playing fields, the town spreading from the foot of the hill. Above him, Father Bodley, the Father Rector, Father Palgrave, and the head monitor leaned on the parapet, watching.

"He expresses Himself to us in all manner of ways," the Father Rector continued. "All the time. He urges us to do one thing and not another. He helps us to do one thing and not another. But our deeds are our own to perform."

"Then I could jump in my own time," said Francis. "When I want to."

"Why, yes, my son."

Francis thought for a moment. "I will jump when I have counted to three," he said. He counted, to himself, to three and jumped.

One of the senior boys had calculated that the fall, at thirty-two feet per second per second, should take rather less than two and a half seconds. The fall by his stopwatch took fractionally longer, and he attributed this to the resistance offered by the boy's cassock and surplice. Francis fell into the center of the blanket. He was pounced upon by Father Oblake and carried into the porch to await the Father Rector. The rest of the school crowded by the chapel door.

The four at the top of the tower watched his descent attentively.

"Like a stone," said the Father Rector, "I am relieved to see. He will blame the presence of the blanket for that," he said to Father Bodley, "and reproach us."

"He ought to thank us he's alive!" Father Bodley burst out.

"Well, yes. And we must be thankful there was no strong wind. If he had floated —" He raised his eyebrows and lowered them again. "Reproach we can bear, I think, but a happening that looks like a miracle —!"

Father Palgrave was vomiting in the northwest corner.

"When Father Palgrave is ready, we can begin the descent, perhaps."



JOHN E. BOOTH

Veteran Against Veteran

A UNITED STATES civil servant was honored recently at a White House ceremony for saving the Veterans Administration, and thereby the taxpayer, \$63,410 in laundry bills. The savings accrued as a result of her suggestion that percale rather than muslin sheets be used at U.S. veterans hospitals. Unhappily for the taxpayer, this estimable lady is a rarity in what may well be the most extravagantly wasteful expenditure in the nation's history — the veterans program as it is presently constituted.

The fifth largest item in the national budget, with an outlay of about \$5 billion annually, the veterans program is inflated by hundreds of millions of dollars in waste. Most of these funds go to veterans whose claims can in no way be justified by wartime injury or present unique need. The largess is funneled out to the accompaniment of overwhelming congressional approval, pleadings of the powerful veterans groups who lobby for it, and the heedless enthusiasm of a public mesmerized by the word "veteran" and largely uninformed on the basic issues.

The man who has been seriously injured in line of duty to the extent that he cannot assume a normally rewarding life merits every consideration a grateful nation can bestow upon him, as do the widow and children of a soldier who has given his life for his country. But to what extent beyond readjustment benefits are we to provide for a man simply because he wore the uniform?

The major veterans programs today include compensation, pensions, and hospitalization. Compensation is money paid to a veteran with a disability which was either incurred or aggravated by his military service — in other words, a service-connected disability. The amount of compensation

The American government spends roughly \$5 billion yearly in benefits to war veterans and their families. Many millions of these dollars, believes John E. Booth, are wasted on veterans who no longer need assistance or who are better off than the average taxpayer. A veteran of World War II, Mr. Booth is assistant director of the Twentieth Century Fund.

is dependent upon the degree of his disability or his physical loss.

Compensation payments to World War II and Korean War veterans, the chief beneficiaries of this type of benefit, amount to \$1.33 billion annually and go to 1,716,961 veterans. Conservative estimates indicate that more than half of these veterans should not qualify for any compensation. These are for the most part the veterans who are rated as having a disability of 10 to 20 percent. A report on veterans benefits in the United States issued in 1956 and signed by General Omar N. Bradley — a report which still stands as the most thoroughgoing and enlightened study of veterans affairs ever compiled — noted that a 10 to 20 percent disability rating does not represent any impairment of physical vitality. The Bradley report recommended that consideration be given to terminating a majority of these claims by making a lump sum settlement. Since the claimants were collecting compensation at the rate of more than \$300 million a year, the suggestion seemed extravagantly generous and is typical of the magnanimity of

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spirit of the Bradley report. These veterans, of course, would continue to be eligible for medical attention for their service-connected ills. It is worth noting that of all the service-disabled, only 25 percent have disabilities which were incurred in combat zones. Many are on the rolls because of liberal presumptions of service connection and would probably have developed their disabilities without military service.

Even the disability rating of 100 percent, measured in terms of mortality rate or impairment of earning capacity, was not a reflection of actual total disability, the Bradley report found. For example, it reported that 41 percent of the "100 percent" disabled were employed sometime during the year and that 11 percent indicated that they were working substantially full time. Doubtless as the years go by, these men will be less favorably situated. But as the Bradley report delicately puts it, "When so-called 100 percent disabled veterans engage in highly remunerative employment, the Veterans Administration program becomes susceptible to misunderstanding and criticism."

THE PARAPLEGICS

While we provide hundreds of millions of dollars to veterans who probably do not deserve it, we refuse to provide adequately, let alone generously, for the paraplegics, who face a life lacking most of the dimensions of human fulfillment. They include veterans paralyzed below the waist, with accompanying serious circulatory difficulties and other internal problems such as loss of procreative powers, improper functioning of bowels and bladder, and danger from pressure sores.

For a housebound paralyzed veteran who is confined to a wheelchair or bed, the government provides \$5280 to \$6300 a year, plus an allowance of \$276 a year for a wife and \$192 for a child, with lesser amounts for additional children. For the veteran requiring constant attention, there is a \$200 monthly allowance for an attendant — if such can be found for that money. Since he cannot use public transportation, he is given \$1600 toward the purchase of a car. He also receives a \$10,000 one-time grant toward a specially equipped house. The Veterans Administration takes care of his medical needs, although in the opinion of the executive director of the 700-member Eastern Paralyzed Veterans Association, rehabilitation programs are entirely inadequate and psychiatric counseling for the critical psychosocial problems of the paraplegic is virtually nonexistent. The special needs of the paraplegic are not met by his allotments, and he is invariably reduced to a standard of living below normal. The official reason for the inadequate funds? Economy!

World War I veterans are now the major beneficiaries of the pension system, which was designed for veterans with non-service-connected disabilities who are unemployable and have limited incomes. For all practical purposes, a veteran is considered to be "permanently and totally disabled" at age sixty-five if he is retired from full-time employment and has 10 percent permanent disability. Few persons of this age are unable to prove a 10 percent disability. As a consequence, in 1964 a million men were receiving pensions amounting to more than \$1 billion per year.

Inherent in the pension system are implications for present and future taxpayers which are staggering. The pressure is relentless to extend pensions on an ever grander scale, increasing present rates and extending coverage. The current goal of some veterans organizations is to provide a pension for every World War I veteran whether or not he needs it. The same pressures will doubtless be felt for the World War II veteran as he approaches retirement age. In fact, many World War II veterans are already on the pension rolls.

In the formlessness, and often mindlessness, of veterans legislation over the years, one of the few discernible threads is that of precedent. The benefits given to one generation of warriors are automatically used as building blocks for the next, need or reason notwithstanding. The extension of pensions to the 2,226,000 World War I veterans will serve as precedent for the 20,756,000 veterans of World War II and Korea, who will, of course, have infinitely greater political power.

Indisputably, the veteran disadvantaged in life from his period of military service deserves help. But it is the leitmotiv of nearly every emotional argument in Congress for increased veterans benefits that every veteran is so disadvantaged. The very opposite is true.

Veterans of World War I have a median income (including pensions) half again as high as that of nonveterans in the age group of sixty-five and over: \$2368 for veterans to \$1509 for nonveterans. The point here is not that \$2368 is a desirable level of income, but that the veteran *without* a service-connected disability does not rate special treatment over the nonveteran. Should not all government programs for the aged be placed on a common basis?

A favorite argument of those pressing for wider pensions for World War I veterans is that they are inadequately covered by social security. The fact is that 90 percent of them *are* covered. The bonus awarded to World War I veterans was in lieu of the kind of benefits received by World War II veterans under the G.I. Bill of Rights, and the amount was roughly commensurate in buying power with awards under the G.I. Bill, although the latter was certainly planned more advantageously for the

veteran. World War I veterans have already received a total of \$35 billion in benefits, and expenditures per man have averaged \$7400.

In the case of the World War II veteran, the facts are even more compelling. Not only is he in the mainstream of the American economy, but by 1956 his income had moved about 20 percent ahead of the nonveteran's in the same age group, and it continues to be higher than the median income of \$5465 for nonveterans. World War II veterans are better housed, have more education and better opportunity for employment than nonveterans. Ninety-six percent of all World War II veterans are covered by social security.

Their fortunate status has been achieved in large part through the G.I. Bill of Rights and other laws which offered far-reaching benefits: mustering out pay for every man, cash income during unemployment, assistance in obtaining new jobs or reinstatement in former jobs, opportunities for education or training at government expense, and special loans to assist in purchasing homes, farms, or businesses.

NOT LESS, BUT MORE, MORE, MORE

Considering the generally favorable economic status of the veteran compared with that of the non-veteran, the universally applicable social security benefits, and the considerable waste already in the program, a policy of reason would call for a curtailment of benefits. But of the six hundred or more bills introduced last year by various members of Congress before the House Committee on Veterans' Affairs, a great number called for multi-million-dollar increases in benefits. Frequently, the sponsors know that their bills will be turned down, though this nominal effort will win the affection and votes of veterans groups back home.

A bill potentially catastrophic to budgetary considerations or to any semblance of prudent policy came perilously close to passage recently. It called for pensions of \$100 a month to all World War I veterans with ninety days of service whose income did not exceed \$4800 if married and \$3600 if unmarried. There would be no requirement that the veteran be disabled or unemployable. The program would cost about \$1 billion in the first year alone, with a cumulative cost of nearly \$20 billion. A particular irony of the bill's concept is that while the top limitation on an eligible veteran's income would be \$4800, the median income for all families headed by a sixty-five-year-old individual is only \$2897 per year. Moreover, half the male population of the country has an income of \$4081 or less a year. In short, some twenty-three million taxpayers would have to contribute to tax-free pensions for veterans with no service-connected disability and with incomes *higher* than their own.

When the bill was held up in the Committee on Veterans' Affairs, two hundred and one congressmen signed a discharge petition to force the measure onto the floor over the committee's objections. Only eighteen more signatures would have been required to get it there. It was widely recognized that if the bill should reach the floor of the House, it would be extremely difficult to defeat because of election-year pressures. But the pressure for this bill could be but a dim foreshadowing of pressures to come. With 44 percent of the nation's population composed of men, women, and children potentially eligible to receive benefits as veterans or members of their families, it is evident that as the 20,756,000 veterans of World War II and Korea approach retirement age, pressures will be overwhelming.

HOSPITALS UNLIMITED?

Of all legislation recently passed, a bill signed into law last fall by the President perhaps set the most destructive precedent. It provides for nursing-home care for aging veterans regardless of service-connected illness. Limitations on eligibility and duration of stay are imprecise, and care is permitted not only in veterans hospitals but, on an extensive scale, in private and public nursing homes at government expense.

Last year the Veterans Administration operated 168 hospitals with a total capacity of 120,000 beds and more than 700,000 patients annually. This vast hospital system was set up primarily for the treatment of war-disabled veterans. As such it would have been less than one third its present size. But a proviso was accepted which quickly turned it into the largest hospital system in the nation. If there were empty beds, Congress decided, needy veterans with non-service-connected ills could use them. An oath of inability to pay is considered sufficient evidence, but the oath is often taken lightly. In any event, the admittance of veterans with non-service-connected ills to the hospitals resulted in a classic example of bureaucratic expansion. As soon as a hospital was built, qualified veterans with service-connected ills would enter it; the empty beds would then be filled by those without service-connected ills, and so there would be no more room for veterans *with* service-connected ills! The result? In the vast and growing system of VA hospitals, approximately 70 percent of all patients have *no* qualifying service-connected disability.

The number of living veterans over sixty-five will climb to eight million toward the end of the century, or six out of ten males over sixty-five in the United States. From 80,000 to 120,000 nursing-home beds will be required, at an annual cost of \$300 million to \$500 million and with cumulative

costs ranging up to \$10 billion. The Bureau of the Budget, whose voice runs through countless hearings on veterans affairs like a rare thread of reason in the wilderness of self-seekers, political opportunists, and the irresponsibly or willfully misinformed, put the matter into perspective at a congressional hearing in May, 1963:

"The fundamental question raised," a representative of the Bureau testified,

is whether the Federal Government should enter the field of providing nursing home care for a special group of our citizens — veterans with illnesses or disabilities not caused by wartime service — or whether it should instead rely on more broadly applicable Federal, State and local programs which are designed to help make available such care for all our citizens.

Basically the needs of veterans which do not arise out of their military service are in the same category as the needs of other citizens who are infirm, chronically ill or without income. Moreover, since veterans as a group are better educated, have better jobs and higher incomes than nonveterans there is no economic justification for singling them out for additional special benefits. It is particularly significant that even those over age 65 have substantially higher incomes than nonveterans.

LEGIONS IN THE LOBBY

The word "veteran" carries with it a national air of sanctity, and the veterans lobbies appreciate the fact. At congressional hearings on veterans bills the lobbies invoke the glories of every single son who wore the uniform and plead for never-ending tribute (mostly cash) to him. "I feel confident that the Congress at this time will not be party to the creation of doubt, fear, despair, pessimism and cynicism in [support for] the after years of our war veterans" is but a restrained sample. But emotion works. It induces in Congress and elsewhere a state of Orwellian doublethink: ". . . the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them."

There are a number of veterans lobbies. But the 2,600,000-member American Legion is the most powerful and most effective. It doubtless has been of service to numbers of veterans who have needed guidance in getting their benefits, and it is responsible in large measure for the G.I. Bill of Rights. But to its discredit is an endless pressure for endless benefits, a pressure rarely relieved by moderation.

The Legion in 1963 ranked seventh among 286 national organizations which under law must report their lobbying expenditures. It spent \$105,000 for legislative purposes. Its budget also included \$143,000 for public relations and \$760,000 for overall administration.

The lobbying effort is not wasted. All too fre-

quently congressional elections are won by margins of only hundreds of votes. Many members of Congress are unwilling to risk the ire of the Legion, knowing that Legion headquarters in Washington can easily request state Legion offices to apply pressures which could spell disaster at the polls.

The leadership in Congress which has made it possible to turn back the most extreme demands of the veterans groups is headed by Olin E. Teague, chairman of the House Committee on Veterans' Affairs. A multidecorated combat veteran himself, Mr. Teague has, with courage and wisdom, and often with little support from his own committee, steadfastly held to a line of reason.

But the pressures are mounting. The veterans organizations are on a collision course with any reasonable veterans program, and they are well armored. Observers in Washington have compared them to old-fashioned labor unions which year in and year out must get added benefits all around or lose their members. The veterans organizations are dedicated to the premise that the very fact of service entitles a veteran to extraordinary rewards for life. They overlook the vast disparity in quality of service among the veterans.

THE PRESENT IMPERATIVE

We need a bold new veterans program. The impetus for such a program can come only from the White House. The responsibility is clearly the President's. His plans for the Great Society and for wise public spending compel his action. A desirable step would be the formation of a presidential commission of distinguished citizens, backed by a research staff, to draw up guidelines for a new veterans program. The President ought to back forcefully a program he approves, and President Johnson's extraordinary mandate from the voters gives him a historic opportunity to act.

The President will have to face more forthrightly the pressure tactics of veterans groups and the demands of politically intimidated congressmen and senators which together recently caused him to make a partial retreat from an Administration order to close eleven hospitals in the vastly overblown system of 168 VA hospitals. In the end the President settled for closing just six hospitals.

A philosophic underpinning for any new veterans program could well be taken from the Bradley report: "Veterans benefits are a means of equalizing significant sacrifices that result directly from wartime military service. . . . Military service in time of war or peace is an obligation of citizenship and should not be considered inherently a basis for future Government benefits. Our national survival requires that every citizen do his part and make whatever contribution is required of him."

BOOKS and MEN In 1959 with her book *MEMENTO MORI*, the Scottish-born Muriel Spark established herself in this country as a novelist of considerable merit. Poet, critic, and biographer as well, Mrs. Spark's new novel, *THE MANDELBAUM GATE*, which Knopf will publish this month, is an ambitious study of the divided city of Jerusalem as a symbol of conflicts in and out of fiction. Frank Kermode, professor of English literature at the University of Manchester in England and widely known critic, here presents a brilliant analysis of Mrs. Spark's latest work.

THE NOVEL AS JERUSALEM

Muriel Spark's *MANDELBAUM GATE*

by FRANK KERMODE

PEOPLE — novelists even — have been heard to say of Muriel Spark that she is gifted and elegant, but a fantasist, a trifler. This at any rate allows one to see why the old topic of the death of the novel is still dusted off from time to time. Mrs. Spark is a novelist; she is not an antinovelist or a philosophical novelist, a realist or a neorealist, but a pure novelist. She is evidently not of the opinion that the possibilities of the form are exhausted, since she is continually finding new ones. Her novels quite deliberately raise difficult questions about the status of fiction, but she has not been driven to violence in her attempts to answer them; she does not cut her books up or fold them in or try to make them random. If there is to be randomness, she wants to be in charge of it. If the characters have to be free, then their freedom will have to be consistent with contexts not of their own devising, as in life. If the reader thinks that the shapes and patterns, the delicate internal relationships, of a well-written novel give the lie to life and suggest impossible consolations, then he must content himself with some other thing, with whatever unconsoling fiction he can find. Mrs. Spark is even somewhat arrogant about the extent of the novelist's power: knowing the end of the story, she deliberately gives it away, and in a narrative which could have regular climactic moments she fudges them, simply because the design of her world, like God's, has more interesting aspects than mere chronological progress and the satisfaction of naïve expectations in the reader. Yet all the elements of this world come from the traditional novel.

The suggestion is, in Mrs. Spark's novels, that a genuine relation exists between the forms of fiction and the forms of the world, between the novelist's creation and God's. At the outset of her career she wrote a novel called *The Comforters*, which is

Photograph by Mark Gerson.



quite deliberately an experiment designed to discover whether this relation does obtain, whether the novelist, pushing people and things around and giving "disjointed happenings a shape," is in any way like Providence. This quotation is actually from *Memento Mori*; Mrs. Spark's later novels are all very different from *The Comforters*, but all are in a sense novels about the novel, inquiries into the relation between fictions and truth. You may treat her last two books, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* and *The Girls of Slender Means*, both very brief and exquisitely formed, as beautiful jokes; they have a constantly varying formal wit, an arbitrariness of incident under the control of the writer's presumptuous providence, that warrant the description. But like the wit of the seventeenth-century preacher, they are jokes for God's sake, fictions which have to do with the truth.

"I don't claim that my novels are truth," she once said in an interview. "I claim that they are fiction, out of which a kind of truth emerges. And I keep in mind that what I am writing is fiction, because I am interested in truth—absolute truth. . . . There is metaphorical truth and moral truth, and what they call anagogical . . . and there is absolute truth, in which I believe things which are difficult to believe, but I believe them because they are absolute." This absolute truth is, of course, the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church. The lies of fiction can partake of this truth, perhaps give it a useful, though imperfect human application. It is, perhaps, inconceivable that the creator of fiction can—insofar as he looks at what he has done and sees that it is good—make shapes and depths utterly dissimilar from those of God. In a sense, this makes his work a daring kind of game. He lies like truth. He simulates the plots of God, even when he plays at being arbitrary and contingent. The tragic aspect of this is the subject of another Catholic novelist, Graham Greene, in *The End of the Affair*; Mrs. Spark is more concerned with the comedy of the situation. The novelist, presumptuous, arbitrary, scheming, and faking, lying like the fiend, makes things like worlds, plots absurdly like God's.

The interest of this for nonbelievers is that even they must make worlds like plots. Even if they reject the Absolute as itself a fiction, they are by nature structure-makers and impose this human need on history, on nature, on poems and novels. They seek and accept images of order. They need not be alienated from a novel because it represents a world designed to possess formal relationships, rhythms, and certainties under the wild muddle we see at first glance. In other words, they are as well equipped as a Catholic to understand the power and beauty of Mrs. Spark's most ambitious creation game, her new novel, *The Mandelbaum Gate*.

Mrs. Spark here tells a story, and a good one; she is a novelist all through, extremely inventive, at ease with complex plots. But she presents the story in discontinuous bits, blurring the climaxes, giving away the surprises. Why? Because in reality this occurs, and it occurs without making any difference to the certainties of the world and its design. She sets the story in Jerusalem because Jerusalem, as the medieval map-makers knew, is the center of this world, the core and paradigm of God's plot. Jerusalem brings the two plot-makers together. The book is a confrontation, or rather a concord of plots. God's plot is Jerusalem itself, the ancient *données* divided by the Mandelbaum Gate. To recognize them is to know something of the ways of God to men; they lie timeless and unchanged under the extraordinary contingencies of

modern Jerusalem. This is the plot the novelist confronts, with which she seeks concord. How does she set about such a task? By taking as a central figure Miss Barbara Vaughan, who is half Jewish, an English Catholic convert, and setting her down in Jerusalem on a pilgrimage to the holy places, which are divided by the Mandelbaum Gate. She is on the Jewish side of the gate; the Arabs will let her pass if convinced that she is a bona fide Christian, but they do not recognize half-Jews any more than they recognize Israel. The story is of the adventures of Barbara on her pilgrimage, and also about her love affair and how it prospered when her lover succeeded in having his first marriage annulled at Rome. It is also about smuggling and spying and smart Arab operators and British consular officials. It is a complicated story. To explain how it is made to match Jerusalem, I shall have to speak in some detail at least about the two opening chapters.

FIRST we meet Freddy Hamilton from the British Consulate, upper-class, talented, agreeable in his fifties, and a bit wet. He is given to composing *vers de société* in archaic verse forms, and is walking back through the Mandelbaum Gate making up a bread-and-butter letter to his weekend hostess on the Jordan side. It is to be a rondeau. He bumps into a Jewish child, then into a Jewish-looking Arab in European dress. He meets Miss Vaughan and hears her chidden by an old Jew for a dress which, though it seems modest enough in the heat of the day, offends the sensibility of two thousand years. Proceeding, he carries on with his thank-you verses as he passes a school where the children are chanting in Hebrew. He reflects on the Greek meters, "pitting culture against culture." At his hotel he calls for a drink, and the Israeli waiter reminds him of a line from Horace. He remembers Miss Vaughan, and the small embarrassment when she told him she was half a Jew; but in spite of that they had contrived to be comfortably English together. Miss Vaughan had complained, as the English will, of un-English activities among the natives. Her guide was interested in modern cement factories and had been reluctant to take her to the top of Mount Tabor, "probable scene of the Transfiguration." Then Miss Vaughan turns up, speaking of her dangerous trip to Jordan to see the other holy places, and of her archaeologist fiancé, who is seeking the annulment in Rome which she, not he, regards as indispensable to their union. Freddy does not know much about Miss Vaughan; she looks spinsterish to him. Later he learns of her sensual nature. Now he learns that her life has a different basis

from his own, for he allows himself to say that he doesn't understand this fuss about an annulment. (Barbara's fiancé, being a scholar, understands it very well. Archaeologists also know that layers of irrelevance cover the original true deposits.) She quotes Apocalypse at him: "I find thee neither cold nor hot; cold or hot, I would thou wert one or the other. Being what thou art, lukewarm, neither cold nor hot, thou wilt make me vomit thee out of my mouth." Surely one ought not to quote Scripture in this way? Freddy departs, thinking about Greek meters.

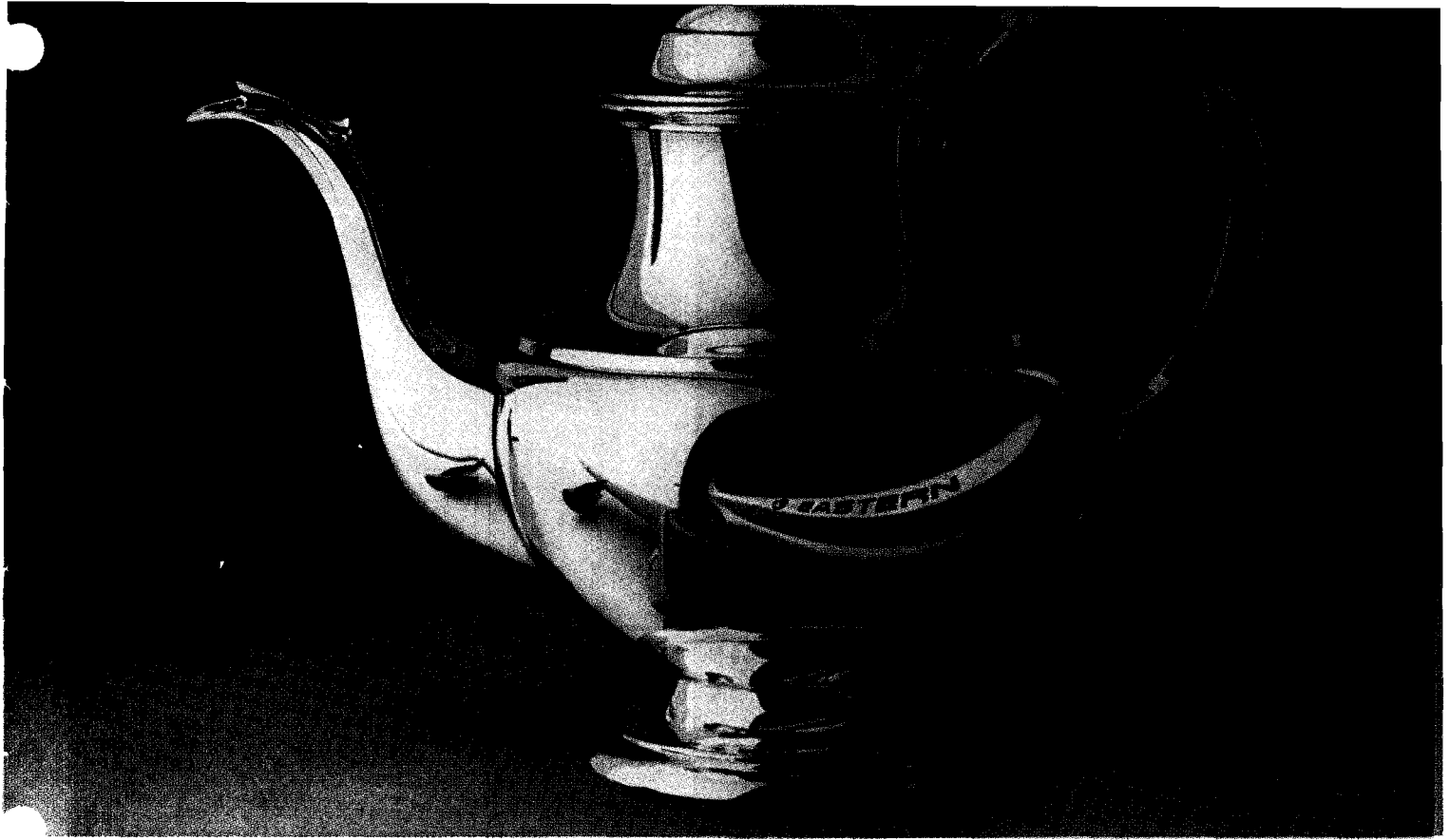
Under the quiet of this opening, which would, I think, delight Mr. Forster, chords are beginning faintly to sound. The second chapter is more decisive. Barbara is on top of Mount Tabor. In her, it seems, everything meets: Jew and Christian, the two testaments, an ability to live in the present without forgetting the historical deposit of holiness, Jewish intellect, and "the beautiful and dangerous gift of faith." Can all these be made one? Intelligently she studies the parts; in faith she recognizes totalities beyond criticism, whether in a person or a poem or a world. On Mount Tabor, where an earthly body was transfigured as a poem is by its totality, she thinks of the Beersheba of Genesis. It is now dominated by a Scotch-tape factory, but it is still the Beersheba of Genesis, where Jacob tricked Isaac into blessing him instead of Esau, and so earned his inheritance and his place among the fathers of Israel. God went along with this; he had not been to Eton. "The mighty blessing, once bestowed, was irrevocable." So, though she doesn't know it, will the College of the Rota in Rome be tricked into annulling her fiancé's marriage. Meanwhile, the Holy Land is Beersheba and Scotch-tape factories, Tabor and cement.

She remembers Jaffa, and the house of Simon the Tanner. If you recall that it was in Simon's house that St. Paul had his vision of the unclean meats, the reminiscences of Barbara's childhood which follow will not need the excuse that the Jewish guide asks her why she is not of her mother's religion. Barbara remembers the double background of her childhood — the hunting Anglicans, the intellectual Jews of Golders Green, "Passover gatherings and bell-summoned Evensongs." She decides that she is not fragments, but a totality; she is what she is, though her parts, like the parts of Christianity after the vision of St. Paul in Simon's house, are Jew and Gentile, as the Old and New Testaments are a concord, the types of one fulfilled in the other. "She then remarked, without relevance, that the Scriptures were specially important to the half-Jew turned Catholic. The Old Testament and the New, she said, were to her — as near as she could apply to her own experience

the phrase of Dante's vision — 'bound by love into one volume.' " Pending the true Transfiguration, which is of eternity, she decides that something of the sort is known in time, since memory, and history, bring health, and this recollection of the *données* of God's plot enables us to do as we must: "what is to be borne is to be praised."

The insight into a totality made up of such different parts is conveyed, in the city of Jerusalem or in a good novel, by an image. Barbara remembers an Easter vacation afternoon, spent with her English family on a tennis lawn, and as she leaves to celebrate Passover in Golders Green, "the drawing-in of an English afternoon . . . with its fugitive sorrow. 'See here, Barbara,' said her grandfather at Golders Green a few hours later, 'these are the bitter herbs which signify our affliction in Egypt.' " The intellectual Aaronsons enacted their Passover ritual as the English rolled their pace eggs in the mild woods. Barbara, shaky on detail, is excluded from the Jewish kitchen. She is neither full Jew nor full Gentile, and so all the better for the purposes of this novel, since her double estrangement mirrors the accidental deviations of the Gentile religion from its Jewish base, the New from the Old Testament. Sitting, like Deborah, on the top of Mount Tabor, she reflects on her own transfiguration in faith and sensuality, in acts of love and recognition. She will go to Jordan and finish the pilgrimage. Whatever Barbara may think of the matter, she *has* been transfigured, for the purposes of the novel, by Mrs. Spark.

IT WILL be seen that these opening pages achieve certain traditional ends. They establish character, tone, background, the last very strongly since the book has to be a sort of map of Jerusalem. They found a plot: the trip to Jordan, the annulment case. If that were all, they might possibly be thought somewhat extravagant; but they have also, to use Mrs. Spark's word, anagogical work on hand. This is sometimes a matter of hints in the texture (the people Freddy bumps into, his clashing Greek against Hebrew) which may be for the moment obscure, as when Miss Vaughan quotes the Book of Revelation. Such hints imitate similar hints in the texture of reality. The structural imitation begins in the second chapter, with Barbara on Mount Tabor. The fraud that serves a divine purpose is associated with Beersheba. The health-giving memory of Easter-Passover happens at Simon's house. The old that has to be remembered underlies the meaningless variety and division of the new: Old Jerusalem, with its shrines calling for recognition, however perfunctory, as focuses of truth, subsisting under the hurrying



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Jews, the unrecognizing Arabs, and fortuitously assembled foreigners of the new city. It is all one and capable of transfiguration when rightly seen. Mount Tabor knew the warlike Deborah and the shining Christ, and now sees Miss Vaughan in love, sitting on the mountain nobody wanted to take her to. Down in the streets wildly deviant people bump each other in divided streets; but on some view they are one, and the city is their happy home.

When Barbara remarks "irrelevantly" that this reminds her of Dante, who at the climax of his vision of Paradise saw the scattered leaves of the world bound into one volume, *legato con amore in un volume*, we may ask on what kind of view she is irrelevant. Only on the impossible view that talk in novels obeys the standards set for relevance in common talk. We may believe, as Barbara and Mrs. Spark do not, that only in a book can the world be shown to be bound together as a book. Mallarmé said something of the kind, that the world exists to end in a book. But whether the shrines, the images, the *données* exist only inside or inside and outside the book, it remains true that in such a book people must say things that transcend simple relevance, and so may appear irrelevant. The use of the adverb is Mrs. Spark's way of making peace with those who think novels ought to be simple, small towns rather than Jerusalems. Or it can be called "faking," so that the simple story gets told while at the same time "a kind of truth emerges." The run of talk must point back to the *données*, just as the fugitive sorrow of an English evening and the bitter herbs of Passover have to be juxtaposed, the time between annihilated. They are together as closely as Jewish mother and Gentile father, in the union that produced Barbara. If the novel is to be bound together in one volume by love, it may be necessary to use the word "irrelevantly" at the point of maximum relevance. Out of the lie "a kind of truth emerges." Mrs. Spark's comfortable expatriate English are fond of saying that the Arabs think in symbols, by which they mean "tell lies." This is a good description of what novelists of Mrs. Spark's stamp know they are doing.

Virtuoso composition of Mrs. Spark's kind tends to make short novels. But *The Mandelbaum Gate* is twice as long as *Jean Brodie* and much more heavily plotted; one can't offer a clumsy commentary on the whole thing. Having established the set of her world, or her Jerusalem, in the opening chapters — the process is quite arbitrary, like God's piling layers of history and holiness onto one small region — she can make or allow the events of her story to fall within it, or even, to show her arbitrary power, outside it. What is required, as a critic once said of Milton, is that the reader should

be continually on duty. It is up to him to see that the annulment plot, which turns, like a lawsuit in some vast Victorian novel, on the dubious circumstances of the fiancé's birth and the absurd intervention of a jealous woman, has to do with Beer-sheba and Isaac, and with human applications of absolute truth. When Scripture is quoted, it is quoted with the same "irrelevance" I've discussed in connection with Barbara's reference to Dante. The cultivation of English wild flowers on the Israel-Jordan border, the obsessive collocation of their popular with their botanical names, and with the holy places where Freddy's friend Joanna finds them, may seem a minor and rather poetic figuration in the book, but it is firmly related to the central theme of Jerusalem, and also to the adventure story which somehow gets told. And when trefoil, lady's-finger, viper's bugloss come from Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, Siloam, these last names are touched, as they ought to be, by the commonplace; the English names rest on the holy places, as history and the world rest on Jerusalem. In the garden where these flowers grow, Freddy writes insincere letters to his terrible mother in Harrogate, and she too will be bound, under the pressure of apocalypse, into this one volume.

In this Jerusalem, as in the real one, there must be variety, confusion, conflict, not only between Semites but between everybody. Indigenous characters soon begin to pour into the story — Orthodox Jews, Orthodox Catholics from Lebanon, Arab operators, smooth Englishmen. The muezzin wakes you on the Israeli side; to touch the Wailing Wall you have to go by the gate to the Arab side. People in England, only remotely concerned, are drawn to Jerusalem, encountered in the polyglot confusion of the holy places. Barbara, Jew turned Catholic, visits the shrines disguised as an Arab. She buys from a Lebanese Christian merchant a chain with the Christian fish symbol but also with Turkish charms to counteract it.

THE adventures of Barbara in Jordan, and Freddy's liberated behavior as, in flight from his mother, he accompanies her, are narrated in discontinuous but amusing fits. The Ramdez family, all charming, all making a good living out of refugees, spying, smuggling, the peccadilloes of English and American government officials, move into the center, as much a part of Jerusalem as the Zionists, the Scots Presbyterians, the priests and nuns. Farce works for Mrs. Spark as heavier irony for other writers; and underneath the story, with its farcical, anarchic, naturalistic incidents and encounters, are the holy places. To recognize them,

even in this fugue, is what makes Barbara "all of a piece," though a "gentile Jewess, a private-judging Catholic." The heart of it all is the memory, the anamnesis, of these places: Nazareth, "where it really began"; Cana and the first miracle, for "everything begins with that"; Capharnaum, where "the spiritual liberation of the human race had begun"; the birthplace of Mary Magdalen. In Jerusalem, observing the "actual Gethsemane passively laid out on the Mount of Olives," she feels the relation of this Jerusalem to that other of poetry and hymn, "my sweete home, Hierusalem." The pilgrimage may well be without emotion; it is essentially a simple act of recognition.

The quality of the book's imagination is suggested by the inclusion of the Eichmann trial among these objects of Christian recognition; if one had to cite a single example to show Mrs. Spark's deepening power, this would serve. All Barbara hears of the trial is a dull day when Eichmann is being interrogated by his own counsel. She sees it, however, as "the desperate heart" of the whole process: the dead mechanical tick of the discourse, words and statements divorced from all reality and all pity; and she thinks of the French antinovel, the discourse dead, the subject living. Barbara here decides, as it were, in passing, that she has to see the holy places on the Jordan side. They are basic to *her* kind of meaning, as to Mrs. Spark's. It is a meaning you may find in a novel,

not in an antinovel. The Eichmann passage is characteristic of Mrs. Spark's sensibility, and of her desperate confidence in the novel. So that we may see how this confidence is based, she includes (as Camus and Iris Murdoch have included) a sermon about the point of the holy places and their involvement with fraud and false emotion. She is telling us that her novel too gets its meaning from truths which can be misunderstood, and that it is an analogue of Jerusalem; but she is also saying that we need to see it as Jerusalem-shaped without forgetting that it contains, like the city, a good deal that may seem hard to relate to that model.

To emphasize this, the quality of observed life, she brings into play the sharp ear and the key-cold charity known from her earlier books. The dialogue is exemplary, Forsterian in its command of dialect. If she describes a cellar in Acre where the Crusader wall is still a foundation, she makes it a real cellar, not a symbol. People act credibly, are funny, make love, or fight like people in the real Jerusalem. To write such a book, one needs to be very inward with the novel as a metaphor for the world. Mrs. Spark is precisely that; the book is, in an age of rather clumsy argument about fiction, a demonstration that great things can be done when a strong imagination determines to take up many aspects of the "kind of truth" that fictions provide and bind them up into one volume.

GIFTS

by Peter Davison

When I was a child, a heart-struck neighbor died
On her birthday. Dying was strange enough,
But what a way to choose to spend your birthday,
I thought, and what sort of a gift was this?
From time to time people have done it since —
Dying in the environs of a celebration
As though they had picked out the day themselves.
Perhaps they had, one way or another,
Prayed for something to happen, and prayed wrong.
Sophocles, when old enough to die,
Suspected prayer and entered a caveat:
"Zeus, act kindly whether or not I pray;
And, though I plead for it, turn harm away."
I keep a wary silence on my birthdays,
Make up no lists at Christmas, lie low
When asked what I *really* want. How should I know?
Best ask for gifts as though I had none coming.



POPE PAUL VI

BY SANCHE DE GRAMONT

Sanche de Gramont is a free-lance writer who lives in Rome and has followed closely the inner and outer workings of the historic Second Vatican Council, now convening for its last session. Sifted from his observations is this sharply drawn portrait of Pope Paul VI, whose complex personality has made his role in the ecumenical movement largely misunderstood.

THE memory of "good Pope John" is still strong. In the twenty-seven months since succeeding him, Paul VI has as yet been unable to establish the kind of rapport with the world that made of his bulky predecessor a nondenominational father figure. When compared with John XXIII, Paul seems stilted and rather bloodless, with his spare five-foot-ten-inch frame, clifflike forehead, beakish nose, and slight but determined chin. In most photographs, his gaze is severe and somewhat reproving, while John's sense of humor made him immune to solemnity.

The press has labeled Paul a Hamlet, inscrutable, equivocal, and hesitant. The Italian priest-editor of a respected ecclesiastical publication has privately criticized him as a weak and ineffectual Pope, a throwback to the Counter Reformation rather than the leader of the most far-reaching renewal in Church history, the Second Vatican Council. "The Pope," according to this editor, "abhors dialogue. Talking to him is a curious experience. He listens attentively until something you say strikes a response. Then he withdraws into himself, his voice gets deeper, his eyes focus beyond you, and you realize he is no longer with you. Distaste for the give and take of conversation makes it difficult for the Pope to say no when he is asked for something directly. He often supports

the viewpoint of the last person he has seen. . . . He is easily swayed by specialists. When a professor of theology like Cardinal Browne [the Irish Dominican] tells the Pope 'Your Holiness, in all conscience I cannot accept collegiality as in harmony with the doctrine of the church' the Pope is impressed. When a distinguished canon lawyer like Cardinal Roberti says that a point of order is contrary to Council procedure, the Pope listens."

Even his friends and close collaborators are puzzled by the complexity of his mind and personality. Cardinal Augustin Bea, the subtle German Jesuit who heads the Secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity, has written that the Pope's "slim and rather austere figure, the vigor which shines in his face, tense in recollection or in reaching for the goals which his will proposes, even the rather dark complexion of his face, do not tend to popular appeal. . . . Again, his long sojourn in the Secretariat of State, whose extremely delicate work demands great prudence and circumspection, too easily leads many to suspect that this or that word, this or that gesture or attitude, is studied and calculated rather than the spontaneous expression of his mind. . . ."

Like any other chief of state, a Pope is known by his words, and in reading over Paul VI's major allocutions, one is easily reminded of André Gide's

Photograph courtesy of THE PILOT.

confession that he could never win an argument because he was always too clearly aware of the merits of the other person's position.

The classic example of Paul's oratory is considered to be his speech to the Curia shortly before the second session of the Council opened in the fall of 1963. He began by showering praise on the Vatican bureaucracy, fondly recalling his own thirty years in its ranks, the friendships he had formed, the importance of its offices, and its long, devoted, and selfless service. He then went on to a systematic denunciation of the Curia, pointing out that it needed a larger vision and better ecumenical preparation. He concluded with a veiled warning that the Curia's powers would be curbed. This dialectical style is less easy to grasp than the forthright homilies of his recent predecessors.

Another key to the Pauline style is his insistence on the dignities of his office. He often sounds like a man who has to keep repeating who he is because he is not quite sure everyone will believe him. At an audience on February 6, 1964, he told the assembled faithful, "This, dearest sons, is what an audience with the Pope should leave in your souls: the impression, indeed the stupor and the joy, of a meeting with the Vicar of Christ." Paul includes several such self-defining phrases in nearly every large audience.

To understand this insistence, one must go back to Cardinal Montini's funeral Mass sermon in Milan's Duomo four days after the death of John XXIII in June of 1963. The sermon was a pledge to continue the Ecumenical Council and the rest of John's work — in other words, a statement of availability as John's successor. "Pope John," said Montini, "has shown us some paths which it would be wise to follow. . . . Can we ever turn away from paths so masterfully traced? It seems to me we cannot."

As long as the Council lasts, Paul's pontificate will be overshadowed by what might be called his "pre-election campaign pledge" to continue the work of Pope John. But while he encourages reforms as John did, he worries lest they diminish the papacy. He has to reconcile the spirit of change that has swept the Church with the protection of the office he has inherited. His greatest fear is that history will record that the papacy began to crumble during his pontificate and with it the structure of the Church as it has been known for two thousand years.

The self-appointed mission to safeguard papal supremacy has resulted in Paul's rather mild interest in the ecumenical movement. He has chosen to emphasize a rigid definition of the papacy which is totally unacceptable to Protestants and Eastern Orthodox. He personally sees little hope at present for Christian unity, for he told the

editor of an English-language Catholic publication in December, 1964, that he did not think ecumenism could go beyond "friendship and a spirit of openness."

Again, to protect his authority, Paul absolutely refuses to side with Council factions even when their cause seems just. It is this that has brought him the most disfavor of all. At the close of the last session he was accused of standing idly by as a small core of conservatives mousetrapped the progressive majority and delayed the voting on the religious-liberty declaration, which recognizes every man's right to choose his religion according to his conscience.

Since the conservatives cannot muster the voting strength to win on the Council floor, they are forced to work behind the scenes. They tried to stop the religious-liberty declaration, claiming that it is contrary to the teachings of the Popes. When none of their stratagems worked, they caught the majority on a point of order as the document was coming up for a vote. About one hundred conservatives signed a petition asking for more time to study the declaration. The ten-man Council presidency granted the delay. The stunned majority appealed to the Pope with a petition signed by eight hundred Council fathers. Paul gently but firmly turned them down.

The Pope refused to take sides in what was clearly a struggle between conciliar power groups, and the disappointed majority left Rome thinking that he had closed ranks with the conservatives. But there are no real grounds for believing this. Tactically, Paul is convinced that the only way to lead the Council without loss of personal authority is to stay above the fray. Philosophically, he is far removed from the conservative mentality, which is governed by excessive caution, suspicion of outsiders, inability to adapt to change, and a polemical spirit that invariably gives way to invective.

IF POPE PAUL is not burdened by this narrow and defensive brand of Catholicism, it may be because he did not follow the usual pattern of Italian youths to the priesthood. At the turn of the century, when Giovanni Battista Montini grew up in the Lombard town of Concesio, it was common for Italian mothers to decide when their sons reached the age of ten that they had the divine call — they were sent to a "*piccolo seminario*" and given cassocks to wear over their short pants. Montini's first inclination, however, was to become a crusading Catholic journalist like his father, Giorgio, editor of *Il Cittadino di Brescia*. He founded his school paper and edited it until he was forced to drop out of school at the age of sixteen because

of coughing attacks. He was tutored at home by a Jesuit for two years, and in 1916 he was turned down by the draft. It was then that he entered a seminary. Again, poor health made him follow the classes at home. As a result, he first wore a cassock only a few months before his ordination in Brescia Cathedral in 1920. By Italian standards, his was a late vocation.

At various times in his career, Montini showed the kind of enthusiasm and openness to new ideas which is totally foreign to the conservative mentality. His qualities of quiet efficiency and single-minded devotion to his work made him rise fast in the Curia, and after World War II he became one of two Substitute Secretaries of State for Pius XII, who served as his own Secretary of State. One of the reasons he fell from Pius' favor was his sympathy with the French worker-priest movement. He defended it even after it had earned the disapproval of the Holy Office, when a small number of worker-priests had fallen away or been arrested in Communist-inspired street riots. His admiration for the work of progressive French theologians like Father Yves Congar and Henri de Lubac made him somewhat of a liberal in the eyes of other Curia men. When he translated the works of the French Catholic thinker Jacques Maritain, he was accused by conservatives of bringing *il Maritanismo* to Italy.

Again, when he was named Archbishop of Milan in 1955, he showed that he was eager to use new ideas. The archdiocese sprawls over five provinces, and its nine-hundred-odd parishes administer to the spiritual needs of nearly four million souls. During the seven and a half years Montini spent there, more than one million immigrants from the rural south arrived to swell its size. His mission in Milan was twofold: to prevent the Communists from recruiting the new proletariat from the south, and to halt the dechristianization of the industrial bourgeoisie. Although he may not have won the love of the Milanese, whose suspicion of things Roman extends even to the Church, and although he may not have convinced the workers he was one of them, Montini accomplished his dual mission in a whirlwind of activity. He visited factories, sipped martinis with businessmen, donned a miner's helmet to visit coal mines, and delivered sermons in industrial suburbs.

As a result, he came to be known by some as "archbishop of the workers," and by others as "the chairman of the board." To help southern immigrants, he recruited Neapolitan priests, created welcoming services, organized low-cost *pensiones*, and assisted the needy. He sold Church land to finance the building of 62 churches and 141 chapels and persuaded Agnelli of Fiat to give him a 30 percent discount on tiny, beetlelike

Seicento cars, which he distributed to priests in remote parishes. He was in fact Italy's first brick-and-mortar bishop.

THE indecisiveness attributed today to Pope Paul was never evident in Milan; there he was known for rash decisions. He gave his imprimatur to a comic-strip Bible, only to withdraw it when he realized the project was in bad taste. He gave a historian access to church archives so that he could study the ecclesiastical trial of a misbehaving medieval nun; the resulting book, spiced with licentious details, carried Archbishop Montini's written permission and signature.

It was not the product of a conservative mentality who was elected to the papacy after vowing to carry out John's program. But it was a man who realized that to preserve unity in the Church hierarchy when it was being put to the stress of the Council, the conservative minority could not be disregarded. Throughout the third session, the conservatives badgered Paul with their misgivings. He listened patiently to their gloomy warnings of a disintegrating Church, and at the same time tried to make them soften their resistance. His efforts were misunderstood as favoritism, and disgruntled bishops, as they left the Council, called him a "power bloc Pope" and a "chess player."

What they failed to grasp is that Paul does not want winners and losers, victors and vanquished. He is sensitive to the precedent of the First Vatican Council in 1870: one hundred bishops deserted it rather than vote against papal infallibility, and liberal Catholics protesting papal infallibility founded the "Old Catholic" religion, which still has several hundred thousand members in Switzerland and Germany. Riding roughshod over the minority would have created a small knot of mutinous, permanently embittered men, lost forever to the currents of reform. Warnings from France last May showed that the danger of schism is real. Bishop André Pailler of Rouen said in a speech at a Catholic Action Congress, "The Council has created a crisis in the French church. . . . I do not think I am being pessimistic in saying that after the promulgation of the texts on religious liberty and schema thirteen [the Church in the modern world] a schism is to be feared. It would affect only a small number . . . but the letters we receive now show a refusal to obey and a loyalty to a certain vision of the church, which could well be the start of a schism."

This kind of alarmist rhetoric, coming from the eldest and least tractable daughter of the Church, may be intended to persuade the Pope that certain reforms should be curbed. It is also an indication

that his efforts to reconcile the Church's rear guard have failed.

Two days before the Council ended last year, Paul received the College of Cardinals in the Consistorial Hall. Discussing the conservative resistance with Cardinal Franciscus König of Vienna, Paul confided, "*Ho tentato, forse fine a accesso, di conciliare questa gente.*" ("I have tried, perhaps too hard, to win over these people.") At the same time, Paul was disenchanted with the opportunism of certain progressive prelates. One of the best known is the dynamic, leonine Cardinal of Malines-Brussels, Léon-Joseph Suenens, who was considered so influential in the Council's second session that it was dubbed the "Council of Malines." In that session, Cardinal Suenens made an impassioned speech urging the admittance of women auditors to the Council. He already knew that Pope Paul had decided to admit women at the end of the second session. In a rare burst of anger provoked by Suenens' grandstand performance, Paul banged his fist on a table and declared, "*Va bene*, if that is the way things are, women will not be admitted until the third session." And they were not.

It was with evident relief that Paul promised in his closing speech last November that "the Eumenical Council will have its definite conclusion in the fourth session." For good measure, he repeated at a Christmas Eve audience for cardinals and members of the Curia that the fourth session of the Council will be "without doubt the last." The Council is a burden to Paul. History will give John XXIII credit for convening it, while Paul has reaped its difficulties. Only when the Council is over can he devote himself to his own program, the broad outlines of which are already manifest: the elimination of the medieval trappings of the Church, an increased role for himself in world affairs, and the conversion to Catholicism of the underdeveloped non-Christian peoples of the "third world."

The Pope's intention to jettison "the fuss and feathers" of the papacy was revealed on the day of his coronation, when he predicted that hereafter papal coronations would be nothing more than the enthronement of the Bishop of Rome. The next indication came when Paul received the Roman nobility at its annual New Year's audience in January of 1964. After flattering the nobles with a review of their contributions to the Church and to Italy's national life, Paul told his traditional allies of centuries that their services were no longer needed since he was no longer a temporal ruler. He came before them empty-handed, he said, unable to confer the usual patronage.

During his trip to Bombay last December there was a significant contrast between the papal legation, Cardinal Agagianian, resplendently surrounded by a detachment of Vatican noble guards, and the Pope, who refused the traditional retinue and settled for six plainclothesmen from the Vatican gendarmerie. Paul also simplified the Council ceremonial. Gone were the giant *flabelli* ("ostrich-feather fans") and other relics of ostentatious times which made papal entrances on the portable throne seem like those of an Oriental satrap. In the same spirit, he gave away his three-tiered papal crown, a symbol of temporal sovereignty borrowed from Charlemagne. He redecorated his apartments, discarding the legacy of the Renaissance — gilt cherubs, red damask wall hangings, a gold and enamel throne — in favor of indirect lighting, potted plants, modern Swedish furniture, and a rectangular marble throne without fringed canopy. An English prelate who visited the apartments recently said they were "quite like the director's office of any large corporation."

Paul's fondness for the uncluttered and the functional does not stop at interior decoration: the ten curial congregations have been advised to streamline their archaic working methods and to start thinking about a retirement age of sixty-five or seventy, which would get rid of a considerable amount of deadwood.

But the obsolete clutter of Vatican ceremonial and working methods is easier to do away with than the pronouncements of previous Popes which the discoveries of science and the needs of humanity have rendered equally archaic. The most delicate problem facing the Church today is probably birth control. Pius XI and Pius XII, in their encyclicals and addresses, erected a kind of doctrinal cage in which today's Catholic is trapped, unable to benefit from the scientific developments in the field. New forms of contraception such as the pill fall under the veto of all artificial contraception, expressed in 1930 by Pius XI in his encyclical *Casti Connubi*.

Pope Paul has had the wisdom to defer to a commission of experts instead of further stiffening the Church position with dogmatic pronouncements. He is prepared to act on a clear mandate from this commission if some way can be found to adjust its suggestions to the law laid down by previous Popes. The fifty-member commission met secretly in Rome last April and was unable to reach the "substantial majority opinion" the Pope had called for. There were insoluble differences between the experts in demography, medicine, psychiatry, and moral theology. They are said to be still discussing the use of a pill to correct the regular cycle of women, which would simply be an extension of the rhythm method already allowed Catholics.

They are far from agreement on the kind of pill that induces temporary sterilization. However, Catholics can draw some comfort from the Pope's willingness to be guided by present fact as well as past doctrine.

Paul has already demonstrated his eagerness to arbitrate international quarrels. Here again he is heir to Pope John, who wrote the encyclical *Pacem in Terris* because he believed he was responsible for making the Russians back down in the Cuban missile crisis. John had written privately to Khrushchev, imploring him for the sake of world peace not to send any more missiles to Cuba, and when the Soviet ships turned back, he came to the conclusion that it was his doing. It is natural for Popes to have more faith in divine intervention than in power politics, and Paul has taken up the arbiter's olive branch, although he has been more public than John about his offers of good offices. He wrote in his encyclical *Ecclesiam Suam* that "we shall be ready to intervene, where an opportunity presents itself, in order to assist the contending parties to find honorable and fraternal solutions for their disputes." During the Cyprus crisis, he wrote to Greek and Turkish leaders, imploring them to suspend hostilities. In the midst of the Dominican Republic's civil war, he asked his nuncio to mediate a cease-fire, and the Vatican hummed with unusual midnight activity as Paul received the latest bulletins from his man in Santo Domingo. One would have to go back to Alexander VI, who in 1493 proclaimed the line of demarcation between Spanish and Portuguese colonies in the new world, to find an international dispute successfully mediated by a Pope, but Paul seems determined to keep trying.

THE final panel in the Pauline triptych is his concern with the evangelization of non-Christian peoples in India, Africa, and Asia. As an Indian bishop commented shortly before Paul left for Bombay, "The Pope may come to feel that the faith of six million Catholics in India is stronger than the faith of sixty million Catholics in Italy." When Paul announced his trip to India in a Council speech, a Protestant observer said, "Now he's touched all the bases." Indeed, Paul seems to have appointed himself personal ambassador of Christianity to the heathens, to the astonishment of many Catholics brought up to believe that Popes are the most sedentary of men. "It used to be something," remarked the Italian writer Ignazio Silone, "if the Pope went from Rome to Vignoni on a mule."

The papal wanderlust dates from the end of the

inconclusive second session of the Council, when Paul announced that he would travel to the Holy Land. Council fathers thought the highly publicized pilgrimage was a diversionary tactic to distract attention from the disappointing session. It was not understood at the time that the Pope was launching what is becoming known as the "tenth crusade." Paul made no secret of his plan to convert the "third world," and wrote in *Ecclesiam Suam* that "it extends to the boundless horizons of those who are termed emerging nations, but taken as a whole, it is a world which offers the church not one, but a hundred forms of possible contacts, of which some are unimpeded and beckoning, some are sensitive and complex, and unfortunately in these days many are hostile and impervious to friendly dialogue." An English bishop remarked, "He thinks he must pick up where Paul of Tarsus left off."

One can in fact discern a messianic fervor breaking through Paul's reserve whenever he goes abroad. In the Holy Land, he retraced the steps of Christ's agony with an insistence that some found embarrassing. When he plunged his left hand deep into the hole of the rock where Christ's cross is said to have been jammed, and when his trembling voice uttered the first words of the Mass in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, one had the uncomfortable feeling of being made to watch an intensely private moment.

Once the Council is over and its reforms begin to seep through the Church hierarchy, Paul can be expected to devote his considerable energy to the previously mentioned themes. He is in a sense the synthesis of his two predecessors, combining John's instinctive gift for action with Pius XII's deliberative and scholarly mind. In the midst of the postconciliar upheaval, Paul will continue to guard the powers of his office, sometimes rendering judgments of Solomon, and sometimes emulating the strategy of the British Crown after the treaty of Vienna, which consisted in always attacking the strongest European nation to keep the balance of power. Those who persist in thinking of him as a Hamlet should remember that Hamlet was never a king.

Some years ago, while pro-Secretary of State, Paul received a young Vatican diplomat leaving for his first nunciature in a Latin-American country. "To succeed," he told him, "you must first have a clear idea of what you want, then be patient even to the point at times of appearing to be weak, until you are strong enough to get it." The man who gave this advice was sixty-eight on September 26, in his prime as Popes go. He should have enough time to live up to his prescriptions.



Must the Novelist Crusade?

EUDORA WELTY

A Mississippian who early established herself as one of the abler writers of her generation, Eudora Welty has contributed many fine things to the ATLANTIC, including her stories "A Worn Path," "Powerhouse," and "Why I Live at the P.O.," and her short novel

DELTA WEDDING.

Not too long ago I read in some respectable press that Faulkner would have to be reassessed because he was "after all, only a white Mississippian." For this reason, it was felt, readers could no longer rely on him for knowing what he was writing about in his life's work of novels and stories, laid in what he called "my country."

Remembering how Faulkner for most of his life wrote in all but isolation from critical understanding, ignored impartially by North and South, with only a handful of critics in forty years who were able to "assess" him, we might smile at this journalist as at a boy let out of school. Or there may have been an instinct to smash the superior, the good, that is endurable enough to go on offering itself. But I feel in these words and others like them the agonizing of our times. I think they come of an honest and understandable zeal to allot every writer his chance to better the world or go to his grave reproached for the mess it is in. And here, it seems to me, the heart of fiction's real reliability has been struck at — and not for the first time by the noble hand of the crusader.

It would not be surprising if the critic I quote had gained his knowledge of the South from the books of the author he repudiates. At any rate, a reply to him exists there. Full evidence as to whether any writer, alive or dead, can be believed is always at hand in one place: any page of his work. The color of his skin would modify it just about as much as would the binding of his book. Integrity can be neither lost nor concealed nor faked nor quenched nor artificially come by nor outlived, nor, I believe, in the long run denied.

Integrity is no greater and no less today than it was yesterday and will be tomorrow. It stands outside time.

The novelist and the crusader who writes both have their own place — in the novel and the editorial respectively, equally valid whether or not the two happen to be in agreement. In my own view, writing fiction places the novelist and the crusader on opposite sides. But they are not the sides of right and wrong. Honesty is not at stake here and is not questioned; the only thing at stake is the proper use of words for the proper ends. And a mighty thing it is.

Because the printed page is where the writer's work is to be seen, it may be natural for people who do not normally read fiction to confuse novels with journalism or speeches. The very using of words has these well-intentioned people confused about the novelist's purpose.

The writing of a novel is taking life as it already exists, not to report it but to make an object, toward the end that the finished work might contain this life inside it, and offer it to the reader. The essence will not be, of course, the same thing as the raw material; it is not even of the same family of things. The novel is something that never was before and will not be again. For the mind of one person, its writer, is in it too. What distinguishes it above all from the raw material, and what distinguishes it from journalism, is that inherent in the novel is the possibility of a shared act of the imagination between its writer and its reader.

"All right, Eudora Welty, what are you going to do about it? Sit down there with your mouth shut?"

asked a stranger over long distance in one of the midnight calls that I suppose have waked most writers in the South from time to time. It is part of the same question, Are fiction writers on call to be crusaders? For us in the South who are fiction writers, is writing a novel *something we can do about it?*

IT CAN be said at once, I should think, that we are all agreed upon the most important point: that morality as shown through human relationships is the whole heart of fiction, and the serious writer has never lived who dealt with anything else.

And yet, the zeal to reform, which quite properly inspires the editorial, has never done fiction much good. The exception occurs when it can rise to the intensity of satire, where it finds a better home in the poem or the drama. Large helpings of naïveté and self-esteem, which serve to refresh the crusader, only encumber the novelist. How unfair it is that when a novel is to be written, it is never enough to have our hearts in the right place! But goodwill all by itself can no more get a good novel written than it can paint in watercolor or sing Mozart.

Nevertheless, let us suppose that we feel we might help if we were to write a crusading novel. What will our problems be?

Before anything else, speed. The crusader's message is prompted by crisis; it has to be delivered on time. Suppose John Steinbeck had only now finished *The Grapes of Wrath*? The ordinary novelist has only one message: "I submit that this is one way we are." This can wait. When we think of Ibsen, we see that causes themselves may in time be forgotten, their championship no longer needed; it is Ibsen's passion that keeps the plays alive.

Next, we as the crusader-novelist shall find awkward to use the very weapon we count on most: the generality. On fiction's pages, generalities clank when wielded, and hit with equal force at the little and the big, at the merely suspect and the really dangerous. They make too much noise for us to hear what people might be trying to say. They are fatal to tenderness and are in themselves non-conductors of any real, however modest, discovery of the writer's own heart. This discovery is the best hope of the ordinary novelist, and to make it he begins not with the generality but with the particular in front of his eyes, which he is able to examine.

Taking a particular situation existing in his world, and what he feels about it in his own breast and what he can make of it in his own head, he constructs on paper, little by little, an equivalent of it. Literally it may correspond to a high degree or to none at all; emotionally it corresponds as closely

as he can make it. Observation and the inner truth of that observation as he perceives it, the two being tested one against the other: to him this is what the writing of a novel is.

We, the crusader-novelist, having started with our generality, must end with a generality; they had better be the same. In the place of climax, we can deliver a judgment. How can the plot seem disappointing when it is a lovely argument spread out? It is because fiction is stone-deaf to argument.

The ordinary novelist does not argue; he hopes to show, to disclose. His persuasions are all toward allowing his reader to see and hear something for himself. He knows another bad thing about arguments: they carry the menace of neatness into fiction. Indeed, what we as the crusader-novelist are scared of most is confusion.

Great fiction, we very much fear, abounds in what makes for confusion; it generates it, being on a scale which copies life, which it confronts. It is very seldom neat, is given to sprawling and escaping from bounds, is capable of contradicting itself, and is not impervious to humor. There is absolutely everything in great fiction but a clear answer. Humanity itself seems to matter more to the novelist than what humanity thinks it can prove.

When a novelist writes of man's experience, what else is he to draw on but the life around him? And yet the life around him, on the surface, can be used to show anything, absolutely anything, as readers know. The novelist's real task and real responsibility lie in the way he uses it.

Situation itself always exists; it is whatever life is up to here and now, it is the living and present moment. It is transient, and it fluctuates. Using the situation, the writer populates his novel with characters invented to express it in their terms.

It is important that it be in their terms. We cannot in fiction set people to acting mechanically or carrying placards to make their sentiments plain. People are not Right and Wrong, Good and Bad, Black and White personified; flesh and blood and the sense of comedy object. Fiction writers cannot be tempted to make the mistake of looking at people in the generality — that is to say, of seeing people as not at all *like us*. If human beings are to be comprehended as real, then they have to be treated as real, with minds, hearts, memories, habits, hopes, with passions and capacities like ours. This is why novelists begin the study of people from within.

The first act of insight is to throw away the labels. In fiction, while we do not necessarily write about ourselves, we write out of ourselves, using ourselves; what we learn from, what we are sensitive to, what we feel strongly about — these become our characters and go to make our plots. Characters in fiction are conceived from within, and they have, accordingly, their own interior life; they are indi-

viduals every time. The character we care about in a novel we may not approve of or agree with — that's beside the point. But he has got to seem alive. Then and only then, when we read, we experience or surmise things about life itself that are deeper and more lasting and less destructive to understanding than approval or disapproval.

THE novelist's work is highly organized, but I should say it is organized around anything but logic. Just as characters are not labels but are made from the inside out and grow into their own life, so does a plot have a living principle on which it hangs together and gradually earns its shape. A plot is a thousand times more unsettling than an argument, which may be answered. It is not a pattern imposed; it is inward emotion acted out. It is arbitrary, indeed, but not artificial. It is possibly so odd that it might be called a vision, but it is organic to its material: it is a working vision, then.

A writer works *through* what is around him if he wishes to get to what he is after — no kind of proof, but simply an essence. In practice he will do anything at all with his material: shape it, strain it to the breaking point, double it up, or use it backwards; he will balk at nothing — see *The Sound and the Fury* — to reach that heart and core. But even in a good cause he does not falsify it. The material itself receives deep ultimate respect: it has given rise to the vision of it, which in turn has determined what the novel shall be.

The ordinary novelist, who can never make a perfect thing, can with every novel try again. But if we write a novel to prove something, one novel will settle it, for why prove a thing more than once? And what then is to keep all novels by all right-thinking persons from being pretty much alike? Or exactly alike? There would be little reason for present writers to keep on, no reason for the new writers to start. There's no way to know, but we might guess that the reason the young write no fiction behind the Iron Curtain is the obvious fact that to be acceptable there, all novels must conform, and so must be alike, hence valueless. If the personal vision can be made to order, then we should lose, writer and reader alike, our own gift for perceiving, seeing through the fabric of everyday to what to each pair of eyes on earth is a unique thing. We'd accept life exactly like everybody else, and so, of course, be content with it. We should not even miss our vanished novelists. And if life ever became not worth writing fiction about, that, I believe, would be the first sign that it wasn't worth living.

With a blueprint to work with instead of a vision, there is a good deal that we as the crusader-novelist must be at pains to leave out. Unavoidably, I

think, we shall leave out one of the greatest things. This is the mystery in life. Our blueprint for sanity and of solution for trouble leaves out the dark. (This is odd, because surely it was the dark that first troubled us.) We leave out the wonder because with wonder it is impossible to argue, much less to settle. The ordinary novelist thinks it had better be recognized. Reckless as this may make him, he believes the insoluble is part of his material too.

The novelist works neither to correct nor to condone, not at all to comfort, but to make what's told alive. He assumes at the start an enlightenment in his reader equal to his own, for they are hopefully on the point of taking off together from that base into the rather different world of the imagination.

It's not only the fact that this world is bigger and that fewer constrictions apply that may daunt us as crusaders. But the imagination itself is the problem. It is capable of saying everything but no. In our literature what has traveled the longest way through time is the great affirmative soul of Chaucer. The novel itself always affirms, it seems to me, by the nature of itself. It says what people are like. It doesn't, and doesn't know how to, describe what they are *not* like, and it would waste its time if it told us what we ought to be like, since we already know that, don't we? But we may not know nearly so well what we are as when a novel of power reveals this to us. For the first time we may, as we read, see ourselves in our own situation, in some curious way reflected. By whatever way the novelist accomplishes it — there are many ways — truth is borne in on us in all its great weight and angelic lightness, and accepted as home truth.

Passing judgment on his fellows, which is trying enough for anybody, is frustrating for an author. It is hardly the way to make the discoveries about living that he must have hoped for when he began to write. If he does not pass judgment, does this mean he has no conscience? Of course he has a conscience; it is, like his temperament, his own, and he is one hundred percent answerable to it, whether it is convenient or not. What matters is that a writer is committed to his own moral principles. If he is, when we read him we cannot help but be aware of what these are. Certainly the characters of his novel and the plot they move in are their ultimate reflections. But these convictions are implicit; they are deep down; they are the rock on which the whole structure of more than that novel rests.

Indeed, we are more aware of his moral convictions through a novel than any flat statement of belief from him could make us. We are aware in that part of our mind that tells us truths about ourselves. Yet it is only by way of the imagination — the novelist's to ours — that such private neighborhoods are reached.

There is still to mention what I think will give us, as the crusader-novelist, the hardest time: our voice will not be our own. The crusader's voice is the voice of the crowd and must rise louder all the time, for there is, of course, the other side to be drowned out. Worse, the voices of most crowds sound alike. Worse still, the voice that seeks to do other than communicate when it makes a noise has something brutal about it; it is no longer using words as words but as something to brandish, with which to threaten, brag, or condemn. The noise is the simple assertion of self, the great, mindless, general self. And for all its volume it is ephemeral. Only meaning lasts. Nothing was ever learned in a crowd, from a crowd, or by addressing or trying to please a crowd. Even to deplore, yelling is out of place. To deplore a thing as hideous as the murder of the three civil rights workers demands the quiet in which to absorb it. Enormities can be lessened, cheapened, just as good and delicate things can be. We can and will cheapen all feeling by letting it go savage or parading in it.

Writing fiction is an interior affair. Novels and stories always will be put down little by little out of personal feeling and personal beliefs arrived at alone and at firsthand over a period of time as time is needed. To go outside and beat the drum is only to interrupt, interrupt, and so finally to forget and to lose. Fiction has, and must keep, a private address. For life is *lived* in a private place; where it means anything is inside the mind and heart. Fiction has always shown life where it is lived, and good fiction, or so I have faith, will continue to do this.

A Passage to India is an old novel now. It is an intensely moral novel. It deals with race prejudice. Mr. Forster, not by preaching at us, while being passionately concerned, makes us know his points unforgettably as often as we read it. And does he not bring in the dark! The points are good forty years after their day *because of the splendor of the novel*. What a lesser novelist's harangues would have buried by now, his imagination still reveals. Revelation of even the strongest forces is delicate work.

Indeed, great fiction shows us not how to conduct our behavior but how to feel. Eventually, it may show us how to face our feelings and face our actions and to have new inklings about what they mean. A good novel of any year can initiate us into our own new experience.

FROM the working point of view of the serious writer of fiction, nothing has changed today but the externals. They are important externals; we may have developed an increased awareness of them, which is certainly to the good; we have at least the same capacity as ever for understanding, the same

eyes and ears, same hearts to feel, same minds to agonize or remember or to try to put things together, see things in proportion with. While the raw material of our fiction is changing dramatically — as indeed it is changing everywhere — we are the same instruments of perceiving that we ever were. I should not trust us if we were not. And we do not know what is to be made out of experience at any time until the personal quotient has been added. To convey what we see around us, whatever it is, so as to let it speak for itself according to our lights is the same challenge it ever was, not a different one, not a greater one, only perhaps made harder by the times. Now as ever we must keep writing from what we know; and we must really know it.

No matter how fast society around us changes, what remains is that there is a relationship in progress between ourselves and other people; this was the case when the world seemed stable, too. There are relationships of the blood, of the passions and the affections, of thought and spirit and deed. There is the relationship between the races. How can one kind of relationship be set apart from the others? Like the great root system of an old and long-established growing plant, they are all tangled up together; to separate them you would have to cleave the plant itself from top to bottom.

What must the Southern writer of fiction do today? Shall he do anything different from what he has always done?

There have already been giant events, some of them wrenchingly painful and humiliating. And now there is added the atmosphere of hate. We in the South are a hated people these days; we were hated first for actual and particular reasons, and now we may be hated still more in some vast unparticularized way. I believe there must be such a thing as sentimental hate. Our people hate back.

I think the worst of it is we are getting stuck in it. We are like trapped flies with our feet not in honey but in venom. It's not love that is the gluey emotion; it's hate. As far as writing goes, which is as far as living goes, this is a devastating emotion. It could kill us. This hate seems in part shame for self, in part self-justification, in part panic that life is really changing.

Fury at ourselves and hurt pride, anger aroused too often, outrage at being hated need not obscure forever the sore spots we Southerners know better than our detractors. For some of us have shown bad hearts. As in the case of our better qualities, we are locally blessed with an understanding and intimate knowledge of our faults that our worst detractors cannot match, and have been in a less relentless day far more relentless, more eloquent, too, than they have yet learned to be.

I do not presume to speak for my fellow Southern writers, a group of individuals if there ever was one.

Yet I would like to point something out: in the rest of the country people seem suddenly aware now of what Southern fiction writers have been writing about in various ways for a great long time. We do not need reminding of what our subject is. It is humankind, and we are all part of it. When we write about people, black or white, in the South or anywhere, if our stories are worth the reading, we are writing about everybody.

In the South, we who are now at work may not learn to write it before we learn, or learn again, to live it — our full life in the South within its context, in its relation to the rest of the world. “Only connect,” Forster’s ever wise and gentle and daring words, could be said to us in our homeland quite literally at this moment. And while the Southern writer goes on portraying his South, which I think nobody else can do and which I believe he must do, then if his work is done well enough, it will reflect a larger mankind as it has done before.

And so finally I think we need to write with love. Not in self-defense, not in hate, not in the mood of instruction, not in rebuttal, in any kind of militance, or in apology, but with love. Not in exorcism, either, for this is to make the reader bear a thing for you.

Neither do I speak of writing forgivingly; out of love you can write with straight fury. It is the *source* of the understanding that I speak of; it’s this that determines its nature and its reach.

We are told that Turgenev’s nostalgic, profoundly reflective, sensuously alive stories that grew out of his memories of early years reached the Czar and were given some credit by him when he felt moved to free the serfs in Russia. Had Turgenev set out to write inflammatory tracts instead of the sum of all he knew, could express, of life learned at firsthand, how much less of his mind and heart with their commitments, all implicit, would have filled his stories! But he might be one of us now, so directly are we touched, with 113 years gone by since they were first published.

Indifference would indeed be corrupting to the fiction writer, indifference to any part of man’s plight. Passion is the chief ingredient of good fiction. It flames right out of sympathy for the human condition and goes into all great writing. (And of course passion and the temper are different things; writing in the heat of passion can be done with extremely good temper.) But to distort a work of passion for the sake of a cause is to cheat, and the end, far from justifying the means, is fairly sure to be lost with it. Then the novel will have been not the work of imagination, at once passionate and objective, made by a man struggling in solitude with something of his own to say, but a piece of catering.

To cater to is not to love and not to serve well either. We do need to bring to our writing, over and over again, all the abundance we possess. To be able, to be ready, to enter into the minds and hearts of our own people, all of them, to comprehend them (us) and then to make characters and plots in stories that in honesty and with honesty reveal them (ourselves) to us, in whatever situation we live through in our own times: this is the continuing job, and it’s no harder now than it ever was, I suppose. Every writer, like everybody else, thinks he’s living through the crisis of the ages. To write honestly and with all our powers is the least we can do, and the most.

Time, though it can make happenings and trap-pings out of date, cannot do much to change the realities apprehended by the imagination. History will change in Mississippi, and the hope is that it will change in a beneficial direction and with a merciful speed, and above all bring insight, understanding. But when William Faulkner’s novels come to be pictures of a society that is no more, they will still be good and still be authentic because of what went into them from the man himself. Mankind still tries the same things and suffers the same falls, climbs up to try again, and novels are as true at one time as at another. Love and hate, hope and despair, justice and injustice, compassion and prejudice, truth-telling and lying work in all men; their story can be told in whatever skin they are wearing and in whatever year the writer can put them down.

Faulkner is not receding from us. Indeed, his work, though it can’t increase in itself, increases us. His work throws light on the past and on today as it becomes the past — the day in its journey. This being so, it informs the future too.

What is written in the South from now on is going to be taken into account by Faulkner’s work; I mean the remark literally. Once Faulkner had written, we could never unknow what he told us and showed us. And his work will do the same thing tomorrow. We inherit from him, while we can get fresh and firsthand news of ourselves from his work at any time.

A source of illumination is not dated by what passes along under its ray, is not qualified or disqualified by the nature of the traffic. When the light of Faulkner’s work will be discovering things to us no more, it will be discovering *us*. Even we shall lie enfolded in perspective one day: what we hoped along with what we did, what we didn’t do, and not only what we were but what we missed being, what others yet to come might dare to be. For we *are* our own crusade. Before ever we write, we are. Instead of our judging Faulkner, he will be revealing us in books to later minds.

STRAINING

BY KATHLEEN SPIVACK

Sojourning alone in Paris,
he thought, now finally
he was a poet. All the props
were his: the cloak, the hat
like a cringing accordion,
the mustache, the walking stick
pronouncing ends-of-sentences
on the sidewalk.

Only he had not reckoned
on the loneliness. Isolate,
terrible as a lavatory,
it chilled him, coming in from
the warm purple streets.
His room lay in the darkness
like a terrapin, promising nothing.

Something unseen, a posterity,
crouched in the corners, watching,
ticking off his movements: his forearms
as he washed his shirt
in the basin; the casual
lighting of a match. That eerie tiger
noticed everything. His neck
prickled at his writing stand.

"If you love me, guard
my solitude," he wrote
to endless mistresses, his wife,
his friends. Solitude!
*It is the sallow wallpaper
of furnished rooms.*
Worried as a snail, he worked,
extruding a thin slimy track.

While to him a young man
earnestly wrote: Dear Mr. Rilke,
how shall I become a poet,
having a most desperate longing
to do so, and in my bosom
some small songs?

And like a garden, the replies
profused, lavishing
in leaking roses, borders
of bachelor's buttons, blue
at the buttonhole,
and the scent of solitary
sentry lilies: sentences
burgeoning like blood from a slit
artery.

No tourniquet could stanch it.
The heart, spurting, sprinted
onto the page. "Dear Mr. Kappus . . ."
Loneliness, that leech obscene
on his mouth, was sucking,
glutting out whole sonnets,
clots of sound.



White Island by RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

IT is a curious thing, this craving for solitude that we all seem to have. Gregarious by instinct though we are, even in early childhood we hunger to be alone. Who has not known the child's passion to become inaccessible — the secret cave made out of a blanket thrown over upturned chairs, the house in the tree to which one climbed and pulled up the rope ladder? And the treasures of that solitude — the pebbles, the broken bits of china, and the apple or two? Perhaps these common things that surround us in the house of life mirror our wish for security. Because they share our solitude they give us confidence as we face the uncertainty of the future.

Was it this instinct that led Thoreau so carefully to catalogue his possessions at Walden Pond? — “a pair of tongs and andirons, a kettle, a skillet and a frying-pan, a dipper, a wash-bowl, two knives and forks, three plates, one cup, one spoon, a jug for oil, a jug for molasses, and a japanned lamp.” I have an impression that Thoreau was perhaps a trifle ashamed of his catalogue, as if he had been caught off guard, for in his next sentence he thunders a little louder than usual: “Thank God! I can sit and I can stand without the aid of a furniture warehouse!”

For me, this feeling of solitude took the form of “Monhegan 1938,” lithograph by Stow Wengenroth. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

Lawyer and writer, who graduated from Princeton in 1905 and who received the Woodrow Wilson Award from his alma mater in 1961, Raymond B. Fosdick used to recharge his batteries on a small island off the Maine coast, as these pages so pleasantly testify.

wanting to own an island — a big island, a little island, or any kind of terra firma surrounded by water. So about forty years ago I bought one off the coast of Maine, five miles out in the Atlantic from Boothbay Harbor. My next-door neighbor was Monhegan Island, considerably larger and much better known than mine. But my island was a giant white rock, flaked with mica and crowned with trees, and it lifted its head a hundred and twenty-five feet above the surf that pounded it on all sides. I had long coveted this very island, but the purchase took me completely by surprise. The property was put up for auction, and a day or two later I found myself with the title deed in my hand. I owned an island!

To clear myself of a possible charge of ostentation, I hasten to add that because its precipitous cliffs make it rather inaccessible, the island was supposed

to have very little value. In an art gallery in New York I later saw a painting of White Island by a well-known marine artist, Frederick Waugh. There it rose in the distance out of a blue canvas with its snowy surge at its feet. I noticed that the price of the picture was precisely five times what I had paid for the island. I do not cavil at the discrepancy. The artist had his picture, and I had my island; and I leave the philosophers to struggle with the eternal question: What is reality?

Walter De la Mare in his delightful book *Desert Islands* lays down a number of specifications. A model desert island, he says, should be thirteen miles by four. Alas! White Island falls far short of this ideal. "About sixty acres, more or less," says the title deed. I never had it surveyed, but I fancy that the first owner who started that figure going in the abstract of title was a genial and exuberant soul. I am sure he was honest, but I suspect that in the uplift of his spirit he added the vast expanse of perpendicular cliff to the lateral area.

Mr. De la Mare also says that a respectable desert island should be from "three or four hundred to a thousand miles or so from the nearest habitations of humanity." Here again White Island falls pitifully below the standard. It is only five or six miles away. But five or six miles is quite a decent distance, particularly if it is composed of often turbulent water, of scattered reefs that show startlingly white even in a lazy sea, of occasional blankets of fog that creep treacherously in to baffle even a Maine fisherman, and of mountainous waves and surf when the wind is high. Indeed, when the full, unimpeded force of the Atlantic is thrown against my island, it is as completely isolated from human contact as if it were a thousand miles from the coast. At such times it is encircled in a chaos of thundering seas that rage up the cliffs in assault after assault, sending their spray nearly to the top of the island. In such an ocean no boat could approach without being dashed to pieces. My solitude was guaranteed.

LANDING on White Island, even under the best of conditions, required something of a technique. I took a launch from the mainland, and then in a flat-bottomed skiff, with a Maine boatman at the oars, we made a dash for the rocks on the side of the island where they slope down to the sea. There was no dock or float; such an improvement could scarcely have survived the first storm. A hasty jump to a ledge slippery with seaweed, a quick transfer of supplies while the skiff rose and fell with the swell, an energetic shove with an oar, and the skiff was on its way back to the launch. I waved to the boatman, and he waved back — rather condescendingly perhaps, for I suspect he had secret

misgivings about my sanity. Climbing up through the wood path to the top of the island, I would watch him board his launch, just as Ben Gunn stood on the pinnacle of Stevenson's Treasure Island and watched Flint's crew rowing back to the *Walrus*. I was marooned, a castaway.

When I first acquired the island, it was what real estate men call "unimproved." No one had ever lived there, although its white cliffs attracted the attention of Captain John Smith when he sailed from the Virginia Colony in 1614 to buy fish on Monhegan. Certainly the good captain gave the island its name. And it is possible that the island served as a temporary refuge against Indian attack during the French wars. History tells us, however, that Damiscove, about two miles away from White Island, served as a defense against the Indians, and from its shores the colonists watched the burning of their homes on the mainland. Even during those frightening years I doubt if anybody ever built a house on White Island. But today it boasts a stout log cabin at the very peak of the rock, with windows on four sides, a stone fireplace, and bookshelves that I shaped with an ax.

I flattered myself that Robinson Crusoe would have found my habitation quite comfortable, although I doubt if it would have suited the more fastidious tastes of the Swiss Family Robinson. White Island provided no such miracles of animal and vegetable munificence as greeted those Swiss castaways. A few wild strawberries in the early summer and the crabs that cling to the rocks at low tide represented its sole contribution to human sustenance. I doubt, however, if one need starve to death on White Island even if one's boatman is weeks in returning. The sea is full of fish, and I found that a line dropped from the rocks brought quick results.

But much as I like the sensation of being marooned, I did not care to experiment too far with this question of starvation. After all, Crusoe and the Robinsons had wrecks from which they could retrieve provisions. There was a wreck once on White Island, and old-timers told me that back in the eighteen seventies a large three-masted schooner lay for two years across the northern ledge of the island until it was demolished by pounding surf. The only thing I inherited from that wreck was a colony of large Norway rats, which had to be destroyed at once. Fortunately, over the years they had been so isolated from mankind that they proved to be an easy target for a small 22-caliber rifle. But I never got anything else out of that wreck, and I felt that I was not departing from noble tradition in insuring myself against a stormy week with an ample supply of canned goods.

I wonder what people did before the advent of the tin can. The suggestion seems a bit irreverent,

but how this new invention would have transformed Thoreau's life at Walden Pond! Certainly it would have saved him many trips to Concord village, although he doubtless would have spent more than the \$8.74 which constituted his grocery bill for eight months. It was during one of these trips that he was arrested and thrown into jail for refusing to pay his poll tax. Had he lived on White Island in the nineteen thirties instead of at Walden Pond in 1845, this misadventure would not have occurred. Once on White Island he would have stayed there, living not on his customary rice and salt pork, but on canned fruits, canned vegetables, canned milk, and canned meats; and no New England sheriff that I ever heard of would have bothered to interrupt his sojourn. But the result would have been disastrous to posterity. Out of that day and night in the Concord jail came Thoreau's great essay on civil disobedience, without which the literature of human freedom would be indeed poorer.

For his love of solitude Thoreau never felt the necessity of apology. Here was adventure; here was escape from complexity. "We live *thick* and are in each other's way," he cried. This was in 1845. What would he think of our situation today with traffic jams on every country road? "I find it wholesome to be alone the greater part of the time," he said. What would he think of our conception of solitude when even on a ship in mid-ocean one cannot escape from daily newspapers and movies and hourly radiograms from one's office?

One of my friends suggested that I should have a radio on White Island. It would keep me in touch with the world, he said. The idea sounded blasphemous, somehow almost unclean. Equally appropriate would be a loudspeaker for a nightingale, or a thirty-foot cross, outlined in neon lights, on the roof of the Parthenon. What would I do with a radio? Instead of the far-off scream of the gulls, I would hear the closing quotations of the stock market. Instead of the flawless rhythm of the surf as it breaks at the foot of the cliffs, I would hear raucous voices pleading with me to buy particular brands of cigarettes. I would hear earnest sermons urging me to do something serious and purposeful, when what I wanted to do was to practice the pagan art of leisure and watch the white crests that were sweeping in from Spain.

But the fight is a hopeless one. Man is waging a losing battle with his own machines. For better or for worse, we are doomed to live "thick" and to find such solitude as we can in the marketplaces of the world. Thoreau was quite upset about the railroad that invaded his Walden paradise. "That devilish iron horse," he called it, "that Trojan horse, with a thousand men in his belly, introduced by mercenary Greeks!" But all the invective in the world cannot stop the drift toward propinquity, which

science in our day is so rapidly accelerating. One day an airplane, with open throttle, flew around White Island, skimming above the water below the top of the cliffs. Like Robinson Crusoe when the earthquake came, I ran out of my hut "affrighted at the noise." The gulls were scattering in all directions, and my two fish hawks that had come back each year to their huge nest on the top of a lofty snag never returned.

I wonder what White Island will be like when the same space of years separates the future from us that separates us from Walden Pond. Today, for example, the trees of the island have been uprooted by two hurricanes, and the new owners have put clapboards over my lovely old logs and have inserted a huge picture window, which to me seems singularly inappropriate for a desert island habitation. When Thoreau first saw Walden Pond it was "completely surrounded by thick and lofty pine and oak woods, and in some of its coves grape vines had run over the trees next the water and formed bowers under which a boat could pass. . . . It had the appearance of an amphitheatre for some kind of sylvan spectacle." When I last visited Walden Pond some fifteen years ago, a large bathing pavilion occupied one end, signs attached to the trees warned picnickers against scanty bathing costumes and profanity (a New England catalogue of sin!), and the leafy roads along which Thoreau tramped were jammed with cars and ornamented with filling stations and hot-dog stands. This is what civilization does. This is the march of progress. This is what happens when man turns loose his iron creatures to browse across the pastures of the world.

It is amazing how rapidly the day passed on White Island and how much there was to do. In the first place, the preparation of three meals, even when one procures his raw materials largely from tin cans and glass jars, is to an inexperienced cook something of a feat. To watch heat turn three or four ingredients into something else is to witness a miracle. Of course, the something else may be a wide departure from the original design, but after all, a settled, unchangeable, clearly predictable order of things makes for a monotonous existence. Thoreau says that only one or two of his visitors were ever bold enough to stay and eat a hasty pudding with him, and that even they beat a rapid retreat when they saw how he made it.

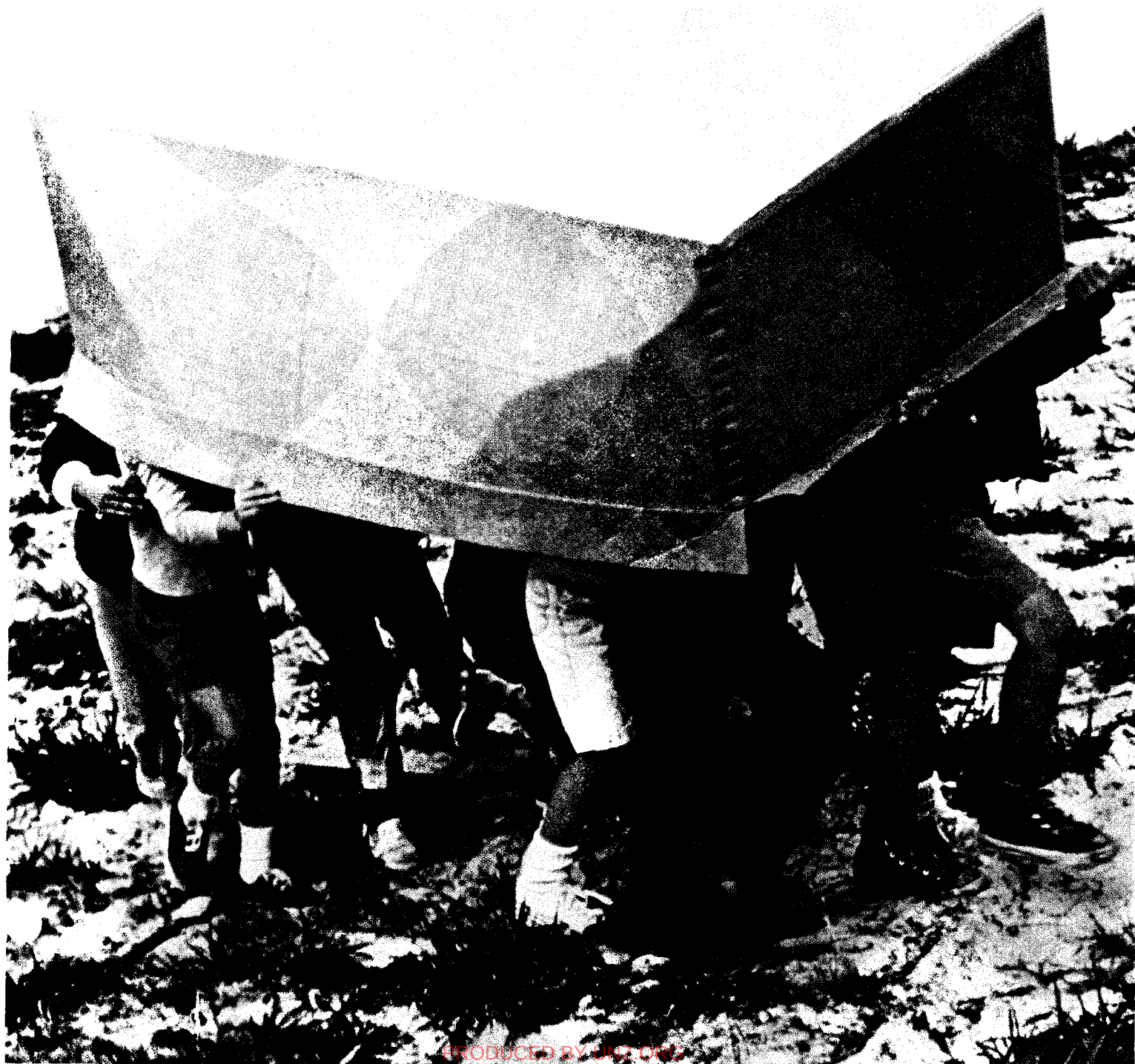
I am sure that cooking develops some unusual mental powers. To cook one dish successfully requires concentration. Two dishes cooked simultaneously demand a high degree of alertness and a time sense not ordinarily employed in one's customary tasks. Three or four dishes brought to the table

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in edible condition and steaming hot must be the work of sheer genius. I never reached such heights.

It was not only food that took up the day on my desert island; it was also wood. Years ago White Island had apparently been visited by a twister storm. It had cut a wide swath through the woods, and in this section the dead trunks were interwoven and matted together to form a veritable jungle. Here was not only wood for my hungry fireplace, but an opportunity to use an instrument which to our forefathers was both a means and a symbol of progress: the ax. Someone should write an ode, or even an epic, on the place of the ax in the development of American civilization. This is the weapon, wielded by hard muscles, that pushed the frontier across the continent. It fitted the hands of our grandfathers even better than a musket. There is a delight in its rhythmic swing which no golf club can equal. The clean-cut bite of the blade as it eats into the fiber of a log, the thrill of achievement in felling a tall, tough-coated snag, the sight of a growing woodpile — here are ancient satisfactions for which there are no modern substitutes. Moreover, this business of obtaining wood brings a double reward. For one burns what one cuts, and the fireplace in the evening reflects the glory of successful combat.

One of the really important activities that fill a day on a desert island is exploration. No desert island can ever be completely explored. To be sure, I have never found a mysterious footprint on the sand, for there is no sand on White Island. But a new variety of fern in the woods, or a new spot where adder's-tongues grow, can produce something akin to excitement. I had no wild animals to contend with, but one morning on the low-lying rocks I came upon a baby seal that barked furiously at me when I cut off his retreat to the water. When after careful inspection he decided that I was not an enemy of his race, he allowed me to approach, and crooned contentedly when I stroked his sides, even letting me lift him to a spot where he could more easily flop into his ocean home.

Then there was the leisure time on the island when I would stretch out on the top of the rock with my favorite books — the volumes of Herman Melville, for example, or the salty tales of Joseph Conrad. Occasionally a school of whales would spout nearby with noises which echoed against the rock. If I was feeling a bit energetic, I would take a hammer and a chisel and dig out the garnets from the mica schist, of which the island is largely composed, and examine the tortuous streaks of basalt running through the rocks.

Once with binoculars I watched President Franklin Roosevelt steering his little yacht through that narrow reef-lined passage between White Island and the mainland. Later when I saw him at the

White House, I told him I thought he had been navigating through rather dangerous water. "Oh," he said, "I knew it was a pretty tricky thing, but I just thought I would make a run for it, and I was sure I could make Pemaquid."

At night it was a different kind of leisure. I would sit on the top of the island and watch the flashes of the lighthouses, most of them white but some of them red. There are nine within sight of White Island, and at night they flash all the way from Cape Elizabeth up to Pemaquid Point and on to Monhegan. One comes to know them like old friends, and they bring a reassuring word from the outer world.

And then, of course, there were always the gulls. I would lie in the tall grass on the top of the island and watch them through field glasses. They wheeled and turned with a majestic grace with which no other bird is endowed. Alas, they quarreled too, bitter quarrels among themselves — most of them, like human quarrels, inexplicable in terms of cause. And yet they are highly intelligent birds. With eyes unbelievably keen one of them would suddenly swoop down on some luckless crab which at low tide had ventured too far from its crack in the rock. Whirling high in the air with the crab in its beak, it would drop its load with deadly aim on a flat rock in order to break the shell. If the first attempt was unsuccessful, it would drop the crab again from a greater height, until finally the shell was crushed and the feast was spread.

When the tide was low and the sea was fairly calm, exploration brought added rewards. The pools which the retreating tide leaves contain wonders of life and form — pink starfish and gaily colored seaflowers and the delicate tracery of old shells. The shore slants down into deep water, and an infinite variety of weed and ribboned kelp moves with the systole and diastole of the sea. Lazy jellyfish with their trains of filmy lace respond to the same rhythm, and everywhere there is the whisper of mystery.

At night, with the stars spreading from horizon to horizon, the same whisper creeps up from the ocean and rustles through the trees. The island seemed to me to be adrift, a giant ship moving with no throbbing of engines across a phosphorescent sea. Or perhaps afloat like Delos before Zeus anchored it to the bottom. A great peace settled over the earth. No longer were there wars or depressions. Indeed, no longer did the race of man clutter the planet. I was the sole survivor of a mighty cataclysm. This mood was what psychiatrists might call a manifestation of an exaggerated ego. But I fall back on the authority of Thoreau, for such was his attitude at Walden Pond. "Why should I be lonely?" he said. "Is not our planet in the Milky Way?"

WHO'D RATHER BE DEAF?

BY ELIZABETH CORBETT



Efficient communication, so basic to today's world, is often unknowingly hampered by hearing loss. Elizabeth Corbett, a social worker and a former director of the Providence League for the Hard of Hearing, recommends ways of dealing with the problem of deafness.

A TINY electronic device can make the difference between a successful career and a disappointing one, between a full social round and a lonely existence, yet thousands of people in all walks of life are still denying themselves the benefits it offers.

More often than not, resistance to hearing aids is based on vanity. Businessmen sometimes ask for after-hours appointments at hearing centers, and slip inside as furtively as though they were visiting a house of ill repute. In dealing with women, audiologists find they need to be skilled beauticians and hair stylists. "If I have to have one of those cords hanging out of my ear, I'd rather be deaf!" is the cry of women of all ages and all degrees of comeliness. In at least one hearing center, the director is usually able to lessen this resistance by mentioning the attractive staff audiologist.

"Do you think Mrs. Lansing looks bad?"

"Mrs. Lansing?" The client stares incredulously. "Why, she doesn't wear a hearing aid, does she?"

"She not only wears one, but two, one in each ear," replies the director, and explains how much the right hairstyles and other such means can do to make the cords unnoticeable.

Although variations are numerous, the principal types of hearing aids are four. Earliest developed was the familiar variety, in which the ear mold is connected by a cord to a small case containing the microphone and batteries. This kind is still best in some cases of severe (65 to 80 decibels) or profound (85 to 100 decibels) hearing loss for which large batteries with a great deal of power are needed. Besides the cord, however, it has other disadvantages. The rustling of the shirtfront or blouse against which the case rests is often as distracting as static in a radio. The position of the microphone is unnatural, since we do not normally hear from the center of the chest; and while the microphone is well placed to pick up important sounds in front of the wearer, such as tête-à-tête conversations, it is of less help in coping with the bons mots of a dinner partner, and of little help at all in picking up sounds coming from the rear.

A second type, used for cases involving bone conduction of sound waves, is worn behind the ear. Though less noticeable than the first type, it is not suitable for some conditions of hearing loss, and its principal disadvantage is that the microphone faces to the rear and picks up sounds behind the wearer with greater efficiency than sounds coming toward him. Socially, at least, the latter are likely to be the more important.

A third type, the in-the-ear aid, might seem ideal if it were truly contained within the ear to the point of invisibility and were able to provide sufficient power in all cases. Actually, however, this kind tends to be more noticeable than most others.

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AT-5



ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

Battery costs are highest, too — about one cent an hour, whereas behind-the-ear aids average 0.7 cents, eyeglasses aids 0.5 cents, and chest aids 0.3 cents.

Because it is the best disguised, the eyeglasses type of hearing aid is the one most people immediately think of when the results of testing finally persuade them to consider an aid. Many who do not need glasses are wearing them with plain lenses today in order to conceal their hearing aids in the glasses' bows or temples. Fortunately, the development of batteries no larger than a shirt button yet powerful enough to give sufficient amplification has made this variety a satisfactory solution in many cases. It offers the additional advantage of having its microphone placed at ear level and faced sideways. Though prohibitively expensive at first, and still subject to a wide price range, eyeglasses aids now include satisfactory models costing less than \$100.

When original cost, batteries, and repairs are considered, however, all hearing aids are expensive instruments. Some are priced at well over \$400, and if binaural aids are necessary, the original expenditure and upkeep are doubled, since each ear's aid is a completely separate apparatus. Yet less care often goes into the selection of a hearing aid than would be expended by the same shopper in picking out a suit or dress at a clearance sale.

The old army rule "Hurry up . . . and wait" is too often reversed by the person who has decided at last to do something about his hearing problem. Having waited longer than he should have, he is suddenly in a great hurry to face what he considers a disagreeable business and to get it over with. In this frame of mind he begins by answering the first advertisement he notices in the pages of his Sunday newspaper's television supplement or by walking into the offices of a dealer about whom he knows nothing.

The ads will offer him everything from a 99-cent hearing-aid checkup to a dollar gadget to help him hear television better, or a free "inactive" hearing-aid replica to "test-wear," or even a free educational booklet (these latter items being aimed at getting the addresses of prospects for enterprising salesmen).

Since among ordinary disabilities deafness seems to be hardest to face, many sufferers tend to make their hearing-aid inquiries secretly. They go forth as babes in the wood, without even the protection of a recommendation from some friend or relative who knows of a reputable dealer or can help find one. The stranger who wants to buy something without having the slightest idea of what he should expect to pay for it has always been a tempting target for a salesman. Even so, the chances are good that the dealer will produce the aid best suited to the customer's special needs, but there is

also the chance that a dealer will sell him the most expensive aid he can sign him up for rather than the most suitable one. Indeed, not all cases of profound hearing loss, especially among the very elderly, can be helped by hearing aids; but how much can flesh and blood be expected to bear when a senior citizen sidles in ready to take on those twelve easy payments? Recently a self-willed old lady of eighty-five was on the point of signing an agreement to pay \$900 for binaural aids. Fortunately, the bank charged with handling her financial affairs checked with a United Fund agency audiologist and learned that in her case neither aid would have been of any real benefit. Instances such as this, to be sure, are the exception, especially now that more and more dealers are forming associations to police their own industry.

THE proper approach to problems of hearing loss is a major national concern, because deafness is the most common of all physical handicaps. Since it is an invisible affliction, with no outwardly obvious physical effects, sufferers attempt to ignore it. In a majority of cases, too, hearing loss is gradual and painless, often so gradual that the affected person does not realize he is growing deaf. Commonest of the conditions causing gradual loss in younger adults is otosclerosis, a hardening or overgrowth of the tissues of the labyrinth and middle ear that prevents proper functioning of the sound-conducting mechanism. In older persons the loss usually results from presbycusis, a condition of the cochlea, or internal ear. Often the loss continues over a period of many years before becoming severe. The humming, buzzing, rattling sounds of everyday life slip away. Friends' and relatives' diction becomes increasingly sloppy.

In marriage, a depressing amount of domestic discord can be traced to one partner's gradual loss of hearing, and yet many couples are at the frayed end of their rope before they finally attempt to do anything about it. The other day a typical elderly pair faced me across my desk, a pair who were not going much further down the sunset trail together without a murder in the family if something was not done. Jerking his head at his glowering wife, the husband snapped, "The old fool never understands a word I say!" Behind this complaint lay several years of growing — and, as it turned out, completely unnecessary — irritation. The irritation works both ways, of course. As another old gentleman, himself the deaf one this time, put it concerning spouses in general, "The only thing worse than hearing them is *not* hearing them!"

The best place to begin, in dealing with hearing loss, is the same as with any other affliction — a



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doctor's office. A physical checkup should then be followed by an appointment at a clinic or hearing center operated by a qualified hospital or a social agency with nothing to sell but service, for which a moderate fee is charged. All such clinics and centers require medical approval prior to audiological examination, a requirement dealers should also make but rarely do.

Through a series of tests, a staff audiologist first establishes the amount of hearing loss in each ear, after which various types of hearing aid are tried on. The audiologist's equipment includes many current models, furnished as samples by the dealers, and a wide variety of plastic ear molds. These, fitted to the ear opening, transmit to the middle ear the auditory impulses picked up by the microphone. This part of the test is an approximation, of course, since the exactly fitted individual ear mold which will eventually be made for the client will increase the efficiency of any hearing aid used.

In many communities, the practice is to have a center or clinic evaluate the hearing loss, establish the need for an aid, and then refer the client directly to the retail market and let him select his hearing aid independently. The dealers have a complete inventory of new models and are equipped to provide the most accurate fitting possible. The clinic, in cooperation with the dealers, takes the responsibility of final approval before purchase.

Attitudes toward hearing aids are highly subjective. The client who says he hears better with one than another is often swayed by the more attractive look of the "better" one. Clients may also declare they hear better with binaural than with monaural aids, even though the audiometer readings show no improvement. In these cases many audiologists are inclined to accept the claim as valid, the assumption being that, in so subjective an area, to think we hear better is to hear better.

Many users buy a new aid every three or four years because of the improvements that are constantly being made, but most aids are built to last much longer. One university professor is still contentedly wearing an antique chest model that has given him twenty years of faithful service. Many persons, however, treat a hearing aid as just another novelty gimmick that is too much bother, and the expensive gadget soon ends up in a bureau drawer. For that matter, a sudden improvement in hearing is not always an unmixed blessing, as many an older person living in a household full of noisy grandchildren has discovered. Unfortunately, fiddling continually with the volume knob is not a satisfactory solution, since this is hard on an aid's innards.

"When you had normal hearing, you couldn't turn it up and down to suit you, could you?" the audiologist points out. "If a loud noise bothers you

now, do what you did then — cover your ears with your hands. But leave that volume knob alone!" To be sure, this advice does disregard the fact that sitting around with hands on ears may be taken by one's family as evidence that Grandpa is growing crotchety.

In any circumstance, sudden resumption of hearing is not easy to adjust to. There are some forty different adjustments that can be made in the intricate mechanism of a hearing aid, but that is nothing compared with the number of adjustments that may be involved in the intricate mechanism of the wearer. One elderly woman changed her eyeglasses to bifocals at the same time she had binaural hearing aids installed for the first time in her eyeglasses temples. The results were not happy. She was asking herself to make far too many adjustments all at once.

In an increasing number of cases today, surgery is eliminating the need for hearing aids. Conditions of middle-ear deafness, which respond best to aids, are also the best prospects for successful surgery. The operation most frequently performed is stapedectomy, the repair or replacement of the sound-conducting mechanism of the middle ear. This is a painless operation, involving only a local anesthetic, and the percentage of success is high. When surgery is successful, as much as 90 percent restoration of hearing may be instantaneous, and startling. After a successful stapedectomy, one woman described her ordeal of adjustment in these terms:

"I was constantly leaping for my life when I worked in my garden. I'd be down on my hands and knees when suddenly a car would seem to whiz past right behind my back. Actually, the street was fifty feet away. I discovered that our distance concept is a learned concept. I had to learn all over again how to judge the point of origin of any noise. It was a long time before I could sleep easily, without the impression that all the street traffic was coming through my room."

Chronic dizziness is often another side effect of a stapedectomy, and may last for months — five months, in the case just mentioned. Most dispiriting of all, however, is the discovery that in our increasingly clamorous modern world so many decibels of sound are produced that would be better left unheard. In one sense our hearing apparatus is no different from any other mechanism, whether it be made of iron, steel, or tiny bits of bone: overuse wears it out. No doubt some really effective noise-abatement campaigns would do more to preserve our hearing than all the efforts of surgeons and hearing clinics put together. Considering the results of such campaigns to date, however, it seems safe to say that these dedicated workers will not only have to stay on the job for quite some time to come but steadily increase their efforts.



OUR LAST DAY IN VENICE

An Atlantic "First" by LOUISA NEWLIN

A graduate of Radcliffe College in 1960, Louisa Newlin studied creative writing under Archibald MacLeish, Edgar Rosenberg, and Monroe Engel, and she is currently enrolled at Johns Hopkins University.

MRS. BROWNELL and her daughter, Felicity, were sitting at a table outside the expensive café in the Piazza San Marco, waiting for Felicity's husband to come back from the Giorgione exhibition. They did not look at all alike, nor did they even seem acquainted until they began to talk; they had the air of strangers sitting in the last two chairs, in accidental and uncomfortable juxtaposition.

"Look at this light," Mrs. Brownell said breathlessly. "Is it like this in Rome in the evenings?"

"Mm," said Felicity. "Well, it's gold like this, anyhow. But it's softer, somehow — here you have all the glittering of the water. Peter could describe it better than I. I guess it's really quite different."

Mrs. Brownell sighed. "I wish we could go to Florence, and to Rome, and maybe even to Naples. I wanted to come to Rome and see your room, and meet your friends, so that I'd be able to picture you, but your father said Venice was the farthest south he'd go in August." Mr. Brownell was back at the hotel taking a nap after a late lunch on a sunny terrace. "There are things in Florence I've wanted

to see since I was fifteen and took history of art at boarding school." She sat up straight, drew a deep breath, and smiled; she was determined that this trip was going to be fun. "But this is lovely, lovely," she said. "Look at San Marco, Felicity — just look at it! Have you ever seen anything like it?"

Felicity turned her head and looked obligingly at San Marco. Some bad moments had come dangerously close during the three days her parents had been here, and she wanted this last day to go well. "No," she said truthfully, "I never have. There is nothing like it."

Mrs. Brownell seized on this. "I really feel, Felicity, that you and I have something I never had with my mother — a real intellectual companionship." Mrs. Brownell made this statement often, and always as though she were saying it for the first time.

Felicity smiled politely and shifted uneasily in her chair. "Yes," she said.

"A daughter's a daughter the rest of her life," Mrs. Brownell said hopefully, as though she did not

From color woodcut "Venice Remembered" by Irving Amen. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

really believe it but thought that saying it might make it true. To state things in a positive way was safer than to pose questions.

Felicity smiled politely again and patted her mother's hand. "I'd like a gelati," she said. "A gelati with chocolate sauce. Do you mind? Would you like one too?"

"Of course I don't mind, darling," said Mrs. Brownell. "I really couldn't, not after the pastry at lunch. But you go right ahead — you're still too thin, missy."

"Too thin for what?" Felicity could not help feeling annoyed. She had been told too often by her mother and grandmother that she was too thin, and that her hair was too long.

"Oh, now, Felicity," her mother said hastily, "don't be so prickly. I just think you'd feel so much better if you weighed five or ten pounds more." Mrs. Brownell remembered saying confidently just before Felicity's wedding that she was sure the girl would put on weight once she was married; she would blossom like a rose, she had told her daughter joyously.

"I feel fine," Felicity said, getting up. "I'm going to get my gelati — we'll never get that waiter back."

Mrs. Brownell watched her as she moved between the tables, as quickly as though she were following a path. She wished Felicity would not wear those brown thong sandals all the time. She knew Venice was informal — she herself was not wearing a hat — and she did not mind so much Felicity's pale lips — Peter did not like lipstick — or that awful black jersey blouse she seemed to be so fond of, but she did mind dusty feet and dirty toenails. However, she had tried very hard not to criticize and to be grateful that at least the young couple had consented to stay with them at the Gritti Palace, at Mr. Brownell's expense.

FELICITY came back, carrying the dish of gelati in one hand and a new cup of coffee in the other. "Oh, dear —" said Mrs. Brownell, and then decided not to finish.

"What's the matter?" Felicity asked. "I bet it's the coffee."

Her mother nodded. "Look, Mother," said Felicity, "I'm twenty-two years old, and it's up to me to decide how much coffee and how many cigarettes are good for me. Do I look sick?"

Mrs. Brownell had to admit that she did not. In fact, Felicity had become so brown during the last year that her skin was beginning to look almost leathery, but this was something else Mrs. Brownell had decided not to mention. "I guess one never stops trying to bring up one's children," she said.

"I guess not." Felicity drank some of her coffee. "What time is it getting to be? Peter ought to be back pretty soon."

Mrs. Brownell looked at her watch. "It's only four thirty," she said. "He won't be back until at least five, do you think?" She had looked forward to this afternoon alone with her daughter; when Peter was with them, Felicity seemed to withdraw from her completely to join her husband in his moody silences. "If he goes to get a haircut, he'll be even later," she added, then immediately wished she had left that alone; she knew perfectly well that this was not at all likely.

Felicity laughed. "Dear Mother, I doubt it very much. But admit he's been good — he's worn a white shirt and a tie to dinner every single night."

Mrs. Brownell, with a great effort, restrained herself from remarking that it had been the *same* white shirt. "It's a complete mystery to me why a boy who went to Exeter wouldn't *want* to wear a tie," she said.

Felicity shrugged her shoulders. "When in Rome."

Mrs. Brownell tried to smile understandingly. She changed the subject. "I can't wait till you're in your own little house with all your nice things around you," she said.

Felicity looked startled. "What little house?" she asked suspiciously.

"Oh, just a little house, any little house. Your first home. I don't mean in Willow Grove, necessarily; it's good for young people to start out someplace new."

"But we are in our first home," said Felicity. "Our room in the *pensione* is home."

"Oh, not really your first home," Mrs. Brownell said. "You don't have any of your wedding presents with you, or your grandmother's furniture, or anything."

"Good heavens," said Felicity. "Our wedding presents. My God — excuse me, Mother — my gosh, I'd forgotten all about them. They're still in the attic, aren't they?" She almost wondered aloud if they could be sold, but stopped herself in time.

"Of course they're in the attic. Of course you haven't forgotten them," Mrs. Brownell said crossly. "You've got some perfectly lovely things. I only wish Peter hadn't made you take so many of them back."

"We'll use up the credit someday," Felicity said, and thought that, after all, they could probably use the credit to send wedding presents to other people. As for the ones they had kept, she dimly remembered row upon row of glasses — monogrammed highball glasses, glasses with ducks on them, old-fashioned glasses decorated with the Exeter emblem — and stacks of plates depicting scenes of Old New York, Audubon bird plates, square plates, free-

form plates, casserole dishes, martini pitchers, water pitchers, milk pitchers, candy dishes, compotes, silver serving spoons . . .

"Most of those stores like you to use up credit within a year," Mrs. Brownell said, and then as casually as she could, "When are you coming back, by the way? Your father and I were hoping that maybe by Christmas —"

"I doubt we'll be back for Christmas, Mother," said Felicity, trying to be gentle. "I hate to disappoint you. I suppose it's possible, but it really depends on how Peter's work is going. He's just beginning to feel he's actually putting on canvas what he wants to put there."

Mrs. Brownell sighed. Felicity knew that her parents were unable to consider painting as work, and she braced herself in case her mother should ask again, "But what does Peter plan to *do*?"

"You do realize," Mrs. Brownell started, squinting at a flock of pigeons which had risen abruptly into the air without apparent motivation, "you do realize that Peter's best chance for a good job is back where he has roots. Oh, I know you're going to say roots don't mean anything anymore, but as far as getting started goes, they do, believe me."

Felicity did not know what, if anything, she ought to say at this point. She and her brother, Harry, had discovered quite early that the easiest way to get along with their mother was to speak as little as possible. She remained silent.

Mrs. Brownell stopped pretending to watch the pigeons and leaned closer. "Felicity, do you mind if I ask you something?"

Felicity looked up at the campanile. She tilted her head way back, and by half focusing on moving clouds, indulged in the optical illusion that the building was falling, a game she and Harry had played as children. "Not at all," she said. "Go right ahead."

"Look at me when I'm talking to you, Felicity," her mother said sharply.

Felicity jerked her head forward obediently, blinking at the purple dots she saw swimming before her. Mrs. Brownell dropped her voice to a significant whisper: "How are things?"

Felicity squirmed. "I'm not pregnant, if that's what you mean."

"I don't really mean that, though you ought to realize what a wonderful cementer children are. What I mean is, are things all right? Is Peter a good husband?"

"Of course he's a good husband," said Felicity, blushing. "We don't need any cement."

"I don't understand why you won't be frank with me," said her mother. "I've always tried so hard to be frank with you about things and discussed things with you openly." Felicity's face was still pink, and Mrs. Brownell changed her tack; perhaps

the reason her daughter would not respond was that there *was* some trouble. "I want you to know that you can confide in me," she said eagerly. "I never felt I could confide in my mother."

"Everything is just fine, Mother," Felicity said impatiently, and thought to herself, finer than you'll ever know. "It's just that there are certain things too private to hash over with anyone. And if you're worried about children — well, we just don't want any right now. I promise you we'll have some someday."

"Harry was born eleven months after we were married," Mrs. Brownell said. "But things are different these days, I suppose." Her voice was getting louder. "I may not have any close friends who are artists, but I know several musicians, and I know all about that sort of people. They may be very interesting and creative, but they don't make very good husbands and wives, believe me."

"Peter — is — a — wonderful — husband," Felicity said, enunciating each word firmly.

Mrs. Brownell went on talking as though she had not heard. "I knew we shouldn't have let you go away to that college. It was too far away. I knew it was too far away. My parents wouldn't even let me go to the Curtis Institute of Music, right in the same city, and I wanted to so badly, but it was good for me. It's good for people to have to make sacrifices to please other people." She paused, but Felicity did not look up. "I tried to keep up with you when you went away to college. I tried so hard to read Wallace Stevens and those other people you kept talking about when you came back." Her voice was quivering, and some people at nearby tables turned to look dispassionately at her. She tried to bring her voice into control. "You must think of your father's feelings, too," she said. "Your father's feelings are hurt that after everything he's done for us, you don't seem to respect what he's done in his business, or appreciate the nice things he's given you. What's wrong with you and Peter that you can't accept nice things?"

Felicity, who had hoped desperately that they were not in for a real scene, now prayed that at least the tears standing ready in her mother's eyes would not spill out. "Mother," she said helplessly, "we don't *want* nice things."

"What do you want then?" Mrs. Brownell cried shrilly.

Felicity put her face in her hands. "I don't know what we want," she said, trying to be patient. "It hasn't anything to do with hurting you. Right now we just don't know what we want. Maybe if we get rid of everything we don't want, we'll be able to see what we do want. Do you see what I mean at all?"

"No," said Mrs. Brownell flatly. "I suppose you're trying to say that you might not be coming

back at all." She waited tensely for the answer, overcome by her own courage in asking it.

"That's right," said Felicity, driven there finally.

"Why did you have to do this to me on our last day in Venice?" her mother cried. "Your brother Harry's my only sane child, and even he's living in Denver."

Felicity refrained from commenting that one sane one out of two was, after all, doing pretty well. "Here comes your father," Mrs. Brownell said.

Mr. Brownell, freshly shaved and smiling contentedly, was walking toward them across the Piazza San Marco. He was not a particularly fat man, and Felicity knew from old photographs that he had once been as thin as Peter. Could Peter, even in twenty years, ever look as serene and well fed? Mr. Brownell came up to the table and put one hand on his wife's shoulder, the other hand on his daughter's. "How're my girls?" he asked cheerfully. "Have a nice afternoon? Do any shopping?"

Mrs. Brownell could not bear to burden him right then. "Very nice, darling," she said. "We haven't done much of anything."

Felicity smiled back affectionately at her father but did not dare say anything. She looked beyond him and saw her husband working his way through the thicket of tables, a chair in each hand. "Here's Peter," she said with relief. "How was the exhibition?"

"I'll take you back to it tomorrow," he said, putting down the chairs. He wiped his perspiring face on his shirt sleeve. "Please sit down, sir," he said

pleasantly to Mr. Brownell, acknowledging his mother-in-law with a nod. Since none of them had ever invented satisfactory nicknames for him to call his in-laws, Peter usually avoided addressing either of them directly.

Mrs. Brownell looked at him sitting beside her daughter. She had to admit that he would be attractive if he weren't quite so unkempt; after a year here, he looked almost Italian. She turned to her own husband and reached for his hand. "Look at them, darling," she said. "Aren't you a little envious of twenty-two and twenty-five, going off and studying painting in Rome?"

Mr. Brownell shook his head and laughed. "No, I'm afraid not. I can truthfully say that I'm not."

Deprived of a companion in longing, Mrs. Brownell suddenly felt entirely deserted. The sun had gone, though the sky was still light, and a few lamps were being turned on around the piazza. "Do you think we could stay just one more day here in Venice?" Mrs. Brownell pleaded.

Her husband looked surprised. "Oh, I don't think so," he said, not noticing her desperation. "We have plane reservations for Geneva tomorrow, and hotel reservations there, and the Gritti Palace probably has people moving into our rooms tomorrow — do you mind? We've had a nice little visit with Felicity, and I've had enough of Venice for one trip."

"I don't mind at all," said Mrs. Brownell bravely. She was determined that the rest of the trip would be fun.

THIS TOWN OF STRANGERS

BY LEWIS TURCO

The ancient ocean mumbles toward our village,
tosses its waters on the abandoned beach
here where I sit thinking of time and pillage.
We too have heard mermaids singing each to each —
now we have scallop ears, and so will you.
Age is a time for bitterness and rue.

Strange songs still echo about this town of strangers,
of elderbrush uprooted and left to dry
under a southern sun which holds no dangers
other than falls to sea, ascents to sky.
We've come to watch our days go; so will you.
Age is a time for bitterness and rue.

I rue this village where my sons would have me.
My daughters pamper babes: live and let live.
I rue the infant science that would save me
to save the lifetime I have still to give.
We rue this seaside seepage. So will you —
age is a time for bitterness and rue.



Would you like to see India? Which India?

The India of mystics and holy men? The India of students and steel workers? The India time can't budge? The India men are trying to change?

Which one shall it be? The India carved in rock? The India dyed in cloth? The India of orchid-studded forests? The India of sleepy blue lakes?

Look at any map and you will find only one India. But come visit our country and you will find many. Each different. Each distinct. Yet each in accord with the others.

This is, you will forgive our boast, India's great fascination. It is a country of stunning dis-

similarities that, by some odd miracle, blend harmoniously together.

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Nor should it surprise you to find a betel-chewing merchant sitting cross-legged in his shop reading *The Manchester Guardian*. Or to find a woman in a sari campaigning for Parliament from the back of a horse-drawn cart.

What should surprise you, however, is to be treated with anything less than the greatest

kindness and generosity by our people. Hospitality toward foreigners is something you will encounter all across India.

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India



THE UNQUIET GENIUS OF EGYPT

BY JAMES MORRIS

Author and traveler, with an extraordinary power of observation, James Morris covered the first ascent of Mount Everest for the TIMES of London in 1953, and received the Heinemann Award for Literature for his elegant book THE WORLD OF VENICE. On his return from far places, he settles down to write in a ramshackle Georgian mansion beside a salmon river in North Wales. His new book, OXFORD, will be published later this year by Harcourt, Brace & World.



You forget how demanding Egypt is. After forty years in the wilderness, I daresay, Moses himself scarcely remembered the awfulness of it all, and when I recently returned to Cairo after a decade in easier climes, that merciless metropolis greeted me with a regular thump on the emotions.

I had forgotten half of it. I had forgotten both the sentimental appeal of Egypt and her intractable miseries. I had forgotten how kind the ordinary Egyptians were, in their gruff and carthy way, ushering you with murmured felicitations and half-bows toward the coffee table, or even courteously suggesting (as somebody did to me in Alexandria) that you take their place in the line at the *pissoir*. I had forgotten quite how many Egyptians there were, bundled into so cramped a fertile strip, clamoring, pushing, hanging on to trams, having babies, fighting inconclusive fights on street corners, eating beans, laughing, and swaying, like a vast African cornfield, with each gust of the political wind.

There is no ignoring Egypt, no shrugging her off with monuments and souvenirs. The moment you arrive in Cairo she is hammering away at you, sometimes bringing the tears to your eyes with pathos or good intentions, sometimes so exasperating you that if it weren't for the fact that you have a job to

do, you'd go right out to that airport this minute and book yourself a seat to some place you feel you're wanted. The unquiet genius of Egypt is something that almost everyone detects, on every level of sensibility: you can't even get lost in the bulrushes without a pharaoh's daughter finding you.

Today especially, as a new Egypt casts her equivocal shadow ever more widely across the map, the rest of the world views this state with strong feelings. Napoleon called it "the most important country," and in one way or another the condition of Egypt has had its effect on nearly everybody, and left few of us altogether indifferent. If you are an American, you probably feel at once baffled and affronted by a republic whose foreign policies seem equally compounded of opportunism, ingratitude, and deceit. If you are a Russian, ironically enough you are beginning to feel the same. To a Frenchman, Egypt is a wayward stepchild of *la civilisation Française* — the Parisian scholar Jacques Berque recently described the Middle East as "those illustrious lands . . . which form an arc centering round the desert and pointing toward France." To many an Englishman, Egypt is either a hellhole of unspeakable wogs and pye-dogs, or a second home whose failure to evolve a proper civil service within the British Empire must always be a subject

Photograph of James Morris courtesy of Harcourt, Brace & World.

of affectionate regret. To the German, East or West, she is the slipperiest of lucrative customers, to the Israeli an enemy at once comic and sinister — huffing and puffing preposterously in public, privately in cahoots with high-buttoned Russian marshals and evil Nazis. Egypt is a sharp and dangerous country, volatile, unpredictable: “a bruised reed, this Egypt,” thought Sennacherib in an aphorism popular among old Middle Eastern stagers, “on which if a man leans, it will go into his hand, and pierce it.”

For myself, I can only contemplate the restlessness of Egypt, its causes and its effects, with anxious awe. When I first sailed into Port Said twenty years ago, to smell for the first time, far out at sea in the velvet night, Egypt’s indescribably heady odor of oil, dirt, dust, and spice, so nauseating to the fastidious stranger, so intoxicating to the addict — when I first set foot in Egypt in 1945 the population of the country was nineteen million. Eleven years later, when I last lived there, it was about twenty-three million. Today it is twenty-nine million. During this century the Egyptians have tripled their numbers. Egypt’s fundamental task is one of stark physical survival, and it is staggering to consider; even the colossal enterprise of the High Dam at Aswan, the biggest thing ever made in Africa, will be no more than a palliative. The bravest projects of reclamation and irrigation, which fill the shiny official brochures of Cairo, cannot keep up with the inexorable multiplication of the Egyptians, hemmed in still by deserts and salt water — and this fearful truth should always be at the backs of our minds when we are tempted to write the country off as just another incurable neurotic.

A WHOLE series of complexes colors the attitudes of Egypt. One is the feeling that so supremely old and organic a country, linked for so many centuries with the calm cycle of flood and drought, should be entitled to some serenity at the end of it all, as a tortured fugue escapes at last in a major chord of satisfaction. Another, perhaps, is an inner resentment that the oldest of all states should be relegated to obscurity in a world of parvenus. A third is a touch of claustrophobia: a yearning to break out of that narrow green patch, bounded by sea and wasteland as inexorably as any island, and to prove that Egypt is part of a wider world, with brothers across the sand. A fourth concerns Israel, in Egyptian eyes a vicious squatter upon old family territory, sustained by hazy cabals of rabbis, imperialists, and stockbrokers. And a fifth, which is common to all the Arabs, is an old disgruntlement about the eclipse of Islam, that noble and once-triumphant culture, so cruelly maimed by the Chris-

tians, so loftily superior to the knockabout mundanities of the West. “You do not understand the Muslim code,” an Egyptian told me snootily when I asked him why his government’s chief diplomatic objective seemed to be to antagonize, one by one, every other nation on the face of the earth.

In that particular instance I think I did, for it has been a successful maxim of Egyptian policy that gift horses increase in value if you knock their teeth out — but the weird logic of Egyptian thought, all the same, arising from such terrible preoccupations, is one of the fascinations of the place, just as its peculiar combination of the heart-rending and the bloody-minded somehow beguiles you into a bruised sympathy. Egypt is like a perpetual sense of *déjà vu*, or the lingering after-sense of a jumbled and enthralling dream.

The other day I arrived in Cairo by train from Alexandria, and instantly stumbled into this blurred phenomenon. Through the pestering army of porters I pushed my way, my Peace Corps smile fading imperceptibly into some regrettably old-school invective, and out into the heat of the forecourt, where a policeman in a white topee intermittently controlled the passing chaos. Nothing, it seemed to me, had changed. No aerodynamic Czech monorail waited purring there to whisk me to my hotel. Instead, a covey of elderly loiterers, frail and white-haired, jostled for the privilege of finding me a taxi — just the very same old men, I swear, in the same protracted evening of their lives, who had struggled for possession of my bags when last I left this dreadful station ten years before. With a Proustian sigh I chose one, watched him painfully hoist my suitcase to his shoulders, and followed him into the maelstrom of the station square.

Sometimes I lost sight of him, as he desperately meandered through the traffic in search of a cab. Sometimes I glimpsed him unexpectedly beckoning to me from a distant arcade. Here I found him in fruitless argument with a cabdriver whose vehicle already contained five gloomy ladies, and there, far away across the square, I could just discern him standing manfully in the very middle of the tumult, with old black gharries bearing down upon him right and left and a lordly Mercedes blaring at him in three-toned horns.

In the end I found a taxi for myself, and had to rescue the dear old fellow from his own predicament and help him down with the bag; but with what gentle and apologetic care he eased me into the cab, and with what graceful charm he accepted my frayed and evil-smelling ten-piaster bill! All Egypt was in the experience: from the apparent certainty, at one moment of the morning, that my benefactor was about to be bisected by the Heliopolis tram, to the inevitable Egyptian denouement, when every-

thing miraculously came right after all, and I was driven comfortably away to my hotel — waving good-bye to the old boy through my window, as he hobbled back to the station yard for his next unhappy client.

I HAD half expected to find it all tidied up and rationalized, but though in some ways Egypt is the stateliest of nations, with her supreme symbols of Nile and Pyramid, no country feels more permanently in a state of flux. It is thirteen years since the military coup shoved King Farouk into exile and made way for the presidency of Gamal Abdel Nasser, but calm or symmetry has not yet been imposed upon Egypt. All is bumps and contradictions still.

The street my taxi took me down was inevitably 26 July Street, and the great square we eventually reached was, of course, Liberation Square — and presently we saw before us the spectacular facade of the new Egypt, a stage-set Cairo that stands athwart the Nile like some mammoth festival exhibit. You would be curmudgeonly indeed to deny this great scene, mostly the creation of the past decade, its grandeur. On one bank of the river rises a parade of huge buildings, not in themselves beautiful, but unforgettably imposing in the mass: enormous hotels and government blocks, the headquarters of the Arab League, the studios of the television service. On the other bank, high above the palm trees of the Gezira Sporting Club, there soars the immense latticework pinnacle of the Cairo Tower, with a revolving restaurant at the top and a neat little theater at the bottom. Upstream a proud new bridge strides toward the university; along the east bank a splendid corniche sweeps out of sight in each direction. The traffic is thick and relatively ordered; even the horns are fairly hushed. Pleasure boats potter between the bridges, a gay floating hotel is moored beside the promenade, flags fly, buses rumble, a felucca theatrically leans toward Boulac, and away across the western suburbs, you may see from your hotel balcony the squat and formidable shapes of the Pyramids, like a notably unconvincing back cloth. There is nothing lightweight or easy-going to this spectacle, nothing even sham. The new waterfront of Cairo represents a remarkable bracing of national energies, the deliberate creation of new symbolisms to impress the foreigner and exalt the lethargic indigene.

Its heaviness, its officious splendor, its hint of the didactic are almost socialist realism — almost, but not quite. The grandest of all those buildings happens to be the Nile Hilton Hotel, still managed by Mr. Hilton's men; and whereas the lumpish palaces of Moscow are concrete expressions of Marxism,

and the Manhattan skyscrapers are proclamations of capitalist success, the new monuments of Egypt flaunt a kind of anti-ideology. Egypt's brand of revolutionary socialism, remarked a writer in the *World Marxist Review* not long ago, is "a conglomeration of scientific and utopian socialism, petty bourgeois ideas, narrow nationalism, religious prejudices and subjective idealism"; and to the democrat, too, the society that Gamal Abdel Nasser has created seems a hodgepodge, neither this nor that, neither with us nor agin.

I looked around me in Gropi's one morning, and this is what I saw. At the table to my right two elderly pashas were talking in wheezy but animated undertones, dressed in tight old-fashioned suits, and scrupulously pomaded. Opposite me sat a man who, though he was reading *Al Ahram*, looked like a 1915 caricature of a Junker, even to the scar on his cheek and the heavy watch chain which, I thought to myself, almost certainly supported a gold half hunter presented to his father, the baron, by the All-Highest himself to commemorate a happy weekend at the schloss. To my left two terribly left-bank progressives, dressed almost entirely in leather, seemed to be locked in a silent exchange of despondencies, like characters out of Beckett. A homely suburban lady in a blue cotton frock was urging her children to drink up their lemonade a little quicker or they would be late for Daddy. A man who looked like a Greek estate agent was reading the *New Statesman* in a corner. Waiters scurried about in tarbooshes, sashes, and ankle-length white gowns, and when two strange stocky men walked in, leaving me altogether at a loss to place them, I caught the eye of the Junker, meticulously folding his newspaper across my table. "Russians," he growled. "You can tell by the length of their cuffs."

Where else in the world would you find such a gallimaufry? The old Egypt was a mixture of Pharaonic, Coptic, Turkish, Arab, French, and English influences, all muddled together with Sèvres and arabesques. The new is all this still, plus powerful ingredients of American, Russian, German, and Eastern European styles. Almost nothing is rejected out of hand. The drab shop fronts of Cairo and Alexandria, the new taste for browns and olive-greens, much of the language of officialdom, the Stalinesque new government buildings — all these give you the impression that you are in some earnest satellite of post-war Communism. The personal nature of the Egyptian autocracy, on the other hand, the ever-present image of the President, and the cheerful detachment of the people at large often remind me of Franco's Spain. They are very likely putting on an avant-garde French play at that little theater beneath the Tower, and every night *Son et Lumière* illuminates

the Pyramids and Saladin's Citadel, only mildly fuzzed by an overlay of propaganda. President Nasser's daughter is an undergraduate at the American University, off Liberation Square; the most honored hydrological adviser to the Egyptian government is the great Nilologist H. E. Hurst, an eighty-five-year-old Englishman who lives beside the Thames at Oxford; newspapers flood into Cairo from all over, generally uncensored; Rolls-Royce dump trucks are being used to help build the High Dam, that monument of Soviet camaraderie.

IDEAS from all quarters are seized, flavored with the national sauce, and added to the brew. The kind of state that Nasser is creating falls into no category, though you might call it eclectic socialism. In his early years the President hoped to cooperate with the Egyptian capitalists, foreign and native, and land reform was his only dramatically revolutionary stroke; Communists were whisked away to horrid desert jails, and it was to exiled Nazis that the regime chiefly looked for technical and military advice. Since then the course of revolution has swung distinctly to the left. Capitalism has not merely been abandoned but virtually abolished — almost all industry and commerce has been nationalized or taken over by state cooperatives. The Communists, they say, have all been released, and one or two are back in public favor. "Just you wait," an American assured me recently, "one of these bright mornings he'll drop the mask as Castro did, and tell us he's been a Red all along."

Perhaps he will, but I doubt it. Communism still seems too cut, dried, and dogmatic for the Egyptians, and it is not merely a toleration of loose ends that Egypt displays: it is actually a preference for them. It is her nature and her strength to be criss-cross and paradoxical — "unalterably, eternally abnormal," as Lord Milner wrote seventy years ago.

The present thinking of the Egyptian regime is probably best expressed in a document simply called the Charter, which has become the manifesto of the Arab Socialist Union. The Union was established in 1962 to give "popular expression" to the revolution, and is not exactly a political party, nor simply an official movement, but something in between. The Charter is one-hundred-odd pages of rhetorical flourish and is full of surprises. Familiar epithets abound, indeed: "Imperialism and its stooges," "chains of exploitation," "revolutionary vanguards," "feudalism in collusion with exploiting capitalism." Every now and then, though, the jaded cynic is revived by unexpected touches of finesse or empathy, far removed from anything you

are likely to find in the turgid gray documents normally churned out by Presidiums and Socialist Unions.

What are the "guarantees of the national struggle," as the Charter defines them? A will for revolutionary change, naturally; a revolutionary vanguard to channel power to the right ends; a deep consciousness of history; but fourth and fifth in the list are two less ordinary essentials: "a mind open to all human experiences," and "unshakable faith in God, His Prophets and His sacred messages." And what would Karl Marx, or even perhaps the Founding Fathers, think of a national program which explicitly promises that the present generation of citizens need not sacrifice itself for the future?

The Charter expresses a body of thought as genuinely empirical as the doctrines of, say, the British Labor Party. For all its guff and bombast, it strikes me as a likable document, full of common sense. "Intellectual adolescence," it observes severely, "forms a danger that we should meet and crush": certainly its own temper is strikingly mellower than the preposterous prophecies of the Ministry of National Guidance in the earlier years of the regime.

"Of course, we're lucky really," says almost every Egyptian of the *ancien régime* sooner or later in your conversation, leaning back in his wicker chair and putting his fingertips together, "lucky to be alive, I mean." It has been a kindhearted revolution, as revolutions go, and though its methods have often been alarmingly erratic, its penalties have seldom been extreme. Many a reactionary celebrity survives, stripped of wealth and floozies, but still intact. Once or twice a year you may see Nahas Pasha, that indestructible stalwart of the Wafd, wheeled into his lawn in Garden City, Cairo, for a breath of fresh revolutionary air. The lovely Queen Farida — "a very good lady," as the most enthusiastic levelers concede — still lives regally enough near the Pyramids. Queen Narriman's villa is pointed out to every foreigner as he is driven to the airport, with a brief résumé of her marital adventures, and even General Neguib, the ousted figurehead of the revolution itself, occasionally emerges from his perpetual house arrest — where he is normally kept in merry impotence, so rumor says, by an overliberal supply of Johnny Walker. Many a pasha still lingers among his *objets d'art* in the flamboyant mansions of Cairo and Upper Egypt, palaces getting a little bare now as the treasures are sold off one by one, with a broken panel in the great gate, perhaps, and only a couple of faithful flunkies, too old to care, in creaking attendance among the shadows.

New names on the roster, that's all, joining the pharaohs and the Ptolemies, the sultans and the

Mamelukes, the kings and the khedives in the parade that is Egypt — often standing at ease, never quite dismissed.

IT HAS been a proper revolution, all the same. It did not feel like one ten years ago, only like another heave of the political bedclothes, another Arab orgasm; but now that it is falling into a skew-whiff perspective, you realize that society really has been transformed, and that almost the whole ruling class of Egypt has been spiked and dispossessed. It was not, to be sure, a very inspiring elite, and my own memories of pashadom in its ascendancy are disagreeably larded with paunchiness, lechery, and playboy ostentation. Nor was that vanished hierarchy of any respectable antiquity: its fortunes were mostly made in the nineteenth century, and many of its biggest wigs were, like the royal family, of foreign origin. The best of its survivors, Copt or Muslim, seem to shed few tears themselves, and recognize that their luck could scarcely hold much longer. They lived for generations in a degree of wealth that seems, in retrospect, almost obscene: one dispirited-looking man was pointed out to me whose allowance as a youth had allegedly been £500 *a week* — around \$1500, though of course that had to cover, I was seriously told, “things like club subscriptions, you know.”

It has gone, but not with the savage finality, no quarter and no exceptions, that you feel still in the Communist countries of Europe. This was a revolution of the bourgeois, not the workers, and it treated the upper classes with genteel respect. Few of the pashas, even now, are living in real poverty. Some have been left almost unmolested, except for the confiscation of their agricultural estates. The revolutionary measure called, with a dark restraint, “sequestration” has been applied in unforeseeable fits and starts. Some apparently eligible families were left in peace; others lost everything except their house and its contents. The sanctity of property was theoretically respected, for in principle assets passed merely into the care of a state “guardian”; and in fact families under sequestration received perfectly respectable government allowances, enabling them at least to grumble at Groppi’s without having to worry about the cost of a second strawberry sundae.

Upper-class Egyptian families still have their nannies and their expensive beach chalets at Alexandria. There are even one or two brand-new millionaires, offered discreet capitalist loopholes by the government in return for parallel services to the state. (Everyone, as a matter of fact, was “de-sequestered” last year, when the system was officially dropped, but you would hardly know it — no property seems to have been restored, and the

principal effect appears to be a reduction of allowances, so that the families of the old regime are rather worse off than they were before.)

To some rich Egyptians, whatever their political views, the loss of hereditary wealth has actually come as a relief, the kind of emancipation that left-wing sons of American plutocrats apparently pine for. They work with a furious diligence, sometimes only to keep a relentless wife in the six servants and canapés to which half a century of cotton profits have accustomed her. A few work directly for the government; many more are active on the intellectual fringes of the establishment, teaching at universities, writing reviews, broadcasting, translating. Some are doubtless bitter, but the ones I have met seem to share the cheerful resilience of the people as a whole, and though you can scarcely expect them to be aficionados of the regime, they recognize its merits readily enough, and shrug satiric shoulders at its faults.

This is a police state, but its pressures are spasmodic. The black apparatus is there, but is not often taken out of its cupboards. They say the Egyptians have learned some of the techniques of terror from their Russian friends, and Western residents talk darkly of hidden microphones and shadowy secret policemen. “The Hilton bugged?” cried one diplomat when I cautiously raised the possibility, “I should just say so!” (But I pity the monitors their monotonous task of disembedding the subversion from the complaints about the service.) Some all too obvious secret policemen are always to be seen hanging about the embassies, pretending to be taxidivers, and the faceless bodyguard that protects Nasser himself is said to be efficient by the best SMERSH standards: the approach to his house at Abbassia, still a modest soldier’s quarters, is pregnant with successive spasms of security, felt rather than actually observed by the visitor susceptible to these nuances. For myself I have never taken the Egyptian security services lightly since I learned that they might truss you up in a wooden box and airfreight you to Cairo as diplomatic baggage.

The hush of despotism certainly surrounds the affairs of the regime. In its early days it was less shuttered: revolutionary heroes were easy enough to meet, and Nasser himself often gave interviews, invariably charming the invective out of his angriest critics. Today, the junta — the very same men, if a little plumper — feels far more remote. Shades of strange confidants pass and repass the gates of government, Russians or Nazis, spies or scientists, rebel conspirators from the Congo or scowling Yemeni sheikhs. The truth in Egypt is hard to come by. Economic statistics, once scrupulously recorded by the National Bank, are now suspect. Military secrets are so well guarded that Western attachés



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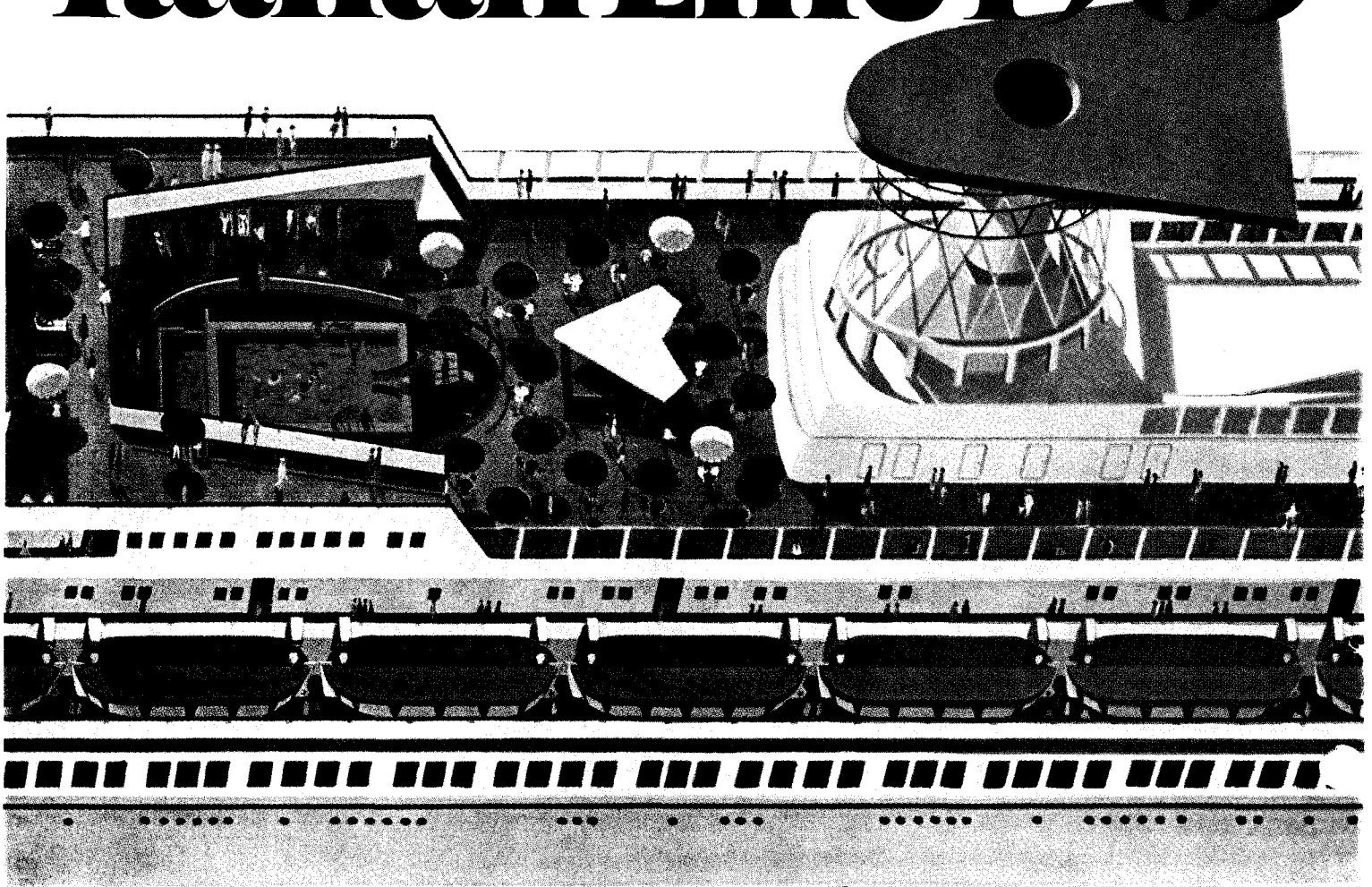
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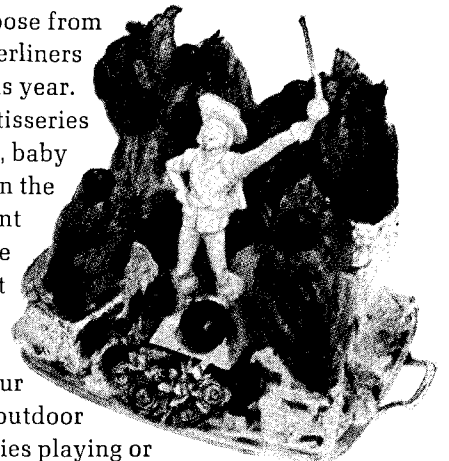
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profess utter ignorance of rockets, tanks, or nuclear progress, either because they really don't know, or because they do not wish to be airfreighted to oblivion. Since the affair of the French compensation mission, whose members, together with some Egyptian friends, were charged with espionage in 1961, many Egyptians have been chary of talking too openly to foreign diplomats; and though the intimations of tyranny have relaxed a little lately, and most of the concentration camps have allegedly been disbanded, still the witty political cartoonist of *Al Ahram* has so far ventured no higher in the scale of ridicule than the governor of Cairo — and it will be a long, long time before Gamal Abdel Nasser himself finds his leg pulled or his nose elongated in a Cairo lampoon.

And yet, and yet . . . “If it weren't for this bloody government,” observed an Egyptian friend of mine loudly, looking listlessly through the all-Egyptian wine list in a restaurant, “we might have something decent to drink.” I cannot say that literate Egyptians seem in the least cowed or overawed by their military dictatorship. The docile masses, it is true, scarcely offer a word of dissent, or “deviation,” as the Charter conventionally describes any point of view but its own. Educated Egyptians, though, speak freely enough to the inquisitive visitor, and the humor of the Egyptians, which is almost all-pervading, mercifully spices the national subservience.

This is not one of your monolithic despotisms, for nothing in the Egyptian scene ever quite resolves itself. The great stores of Cairo have nearly all been requisitioned by the state, but they still masquerade as private enterprise, with the names of their old capitalist proprietors still boldly above their doors; and the Egyptian revolution, too, never quite admits to any dogma, nor quite commits itself to any unalterable course. “Wait and see,” that American said, “you'll find he's been a Commie all along” — but I would be no more surprised if Gamal Abdel Nasser one day proclaimed himself the constitutional monarch of Egypt and had himself crowned with Tutankhamen's regalia.

UNUTTERABLY abnormal too is Egypt's foreign policy — part side step, part stagger, part spit-in-the-eye. The usual assessment of Egyptian attitudes is one of plain blackmail, the mere playing off of East against West in order to extract maximum benefits from both. It is not, though, so simple. I am sure Nasser sees himself playing a game far more subtle, honorable, and even mystic. Blackmailers operate on straightforward exchanges — do this or else. Egypt's policies are controlled

by more tangled threads, ranging from the religious to the almost psychotic, through whose net you can nevertheless dimly discern, if you rub your eyes and peer hard, a veiled and crouching image of logic.

The rhythm of Egyptian passion is inconstant, but its very fluctuations become familiar. One morning your nation, whichever it may be, is a noble benefactor, the next an impertinent lackey of imperialism and dupe of Zionist gangs. One minute you feel that your diplomacy really is getting you somewhere at last, the next you pick up the evening paper and find that President Nasser, in a minor harangue at Port Said, has observed that he would like to cut your tongues out. The French, ten years ago the most despicable conspirators of Jewish intrigue, are now making a startling cultural comeback. The Americans, who stuck so loyally to Nasser through all the Suez crisis, and have for years regarded him, on and off, as a bulwark against Communism — the Americans can scarcely put a foot right. West Germany, hitherto Egypt's most favored Western nation, has recently turned out to be a monster of Zionist subterfuge. The Russians, I am told, nowadays tend to sidle up to Westerners at diplomatic functions to exchange confidential complaints about the awfulness of the natives.

This is not a powerful country: its armies have long been discredited, its economy is rickety indeed. Yet Egypt never feels like a backwater; her influence extends far beyond her own frontiers, and for the life of her she could never stop meddling in other peoples' affairs.

In President Nasser's original statement of intent, *The Philosophy of the Revolution*, he explained how he saw Egypt engaged in the affairs of three overlapping circles: an Arab circle, an African circle, an Islamic circle. To this grandiloquent vision he has gamely stuck; the African commitment has broadened into Afro-Asia, and an even wider geometry of international affairs now seems to concern him. For better or for worse, Egypt can no longer be ignored by the nations, and this at least shows strength of purpose: for though this republic, which actually links the two continents, may stand with a proper symbolism for Afro-Asia, many old-fashioned purists would doubt its right to be called Arab at all, and many a pious sage, telling his beads beside the mosques of the Hejaz, must scoff at its pretensions to speak for all the Muslims.

By sheer effrontery, though, the Egyptians have made themselves a Power, using every method of intrigue and chicanery, and never, ever blushing. Admiral Mahan saw the storm-tossed ships of the Royal Navy, far beyond Napoleon's horizons, as the ultimate source of British power; Egypt's

equivalent is her cloaked army of agents, propagandists, and agitators, hard at work in plot and skulduggery up a thousand distant back stairs.

CONSIDER Islam first. Nasser's approach to the great faith has been wary, and his modernism has been shrewdly fortified by respect. Years ago he abolished the Sharia courts, which dispensed the Islamic canon law in matters of divorce and inheritance, but he still pays lip service to Islam as the basis of all his actions — "unshakable faith in God and his Prophets." With a covey of motorcycles, a glister of black limousines, a flush of imams and bags of publicity, he still drives to the mosque on festival Fridays, and one of the perennials of Egyptian propaganda is a picture of the President, fattening slightly down the years, standing in ceremonial pose beside some visiting holy man, with simpering chamberlains behind.

Egypt is still recognizably an Islamic country. Nasser is no Atatürk. The Egyptian official year still swerves for the fast month of Ramadan and its concluding festival, Bairam, and the moment of Bairam is still decided by the first sight of the new moon somewhere in the Islamic world — computations from the nautical almanac will not do, for Allah may yet perform miracles outside the range of science, and the timing of the national holiday, with all its consequences of closed banks, cable delays, and diplomatic hiatus, is in doubt until the very day before.

When I was being shown around El Azhar, the great university-mosque which stands gloriously on the edge of the Cairo bazaars, floodlit after sunset, I noticed a heap of books, shoes, and assorted fabrics tumbled at the foot of a pillar. "What's that?" I asked my guide. "That is a student," he laboriously replied. "He has been learning the Koran by heart, and now he is resting." It was all the traditionalist could ask, I thought, of the oldest and most celebrated of all Muslim universities; but though the front part of El Azhar is much as it always was — crumbled and shadowy, with warped doors that don't quite shut and young men wandering through the courtyard reading aloud from sacred texts — though the front still looks medieval, behind there stands a flourishing modern annex, with schools of medicine and science, and even a separate seminary for young ladies. Blind singers still murmur the Koran outside Cairo front doors: 113 of the 845 pages in the Cairo telephone directory are filled with people with the first name of Mohammed.

Islam is still an issue in Egypt. One of the most furious controversies of recent years arose when a rash young academic made some public proposals

for its reform, and Nasser himself would doubtless be sorry to lose one of the more potent weapons in his invisible armory — the energy of this dynamic religion. Islam's ceaseless probe into Africa, where new converts are always being made, also extends Egypt's influence southward; Islam is Egypt's principal link with the Muslim millions of Pakistan and Indonesia; there are even some Black Muslim students at El Azhar (and *Ebony*, the American Negro magazine, is on sale at the Cairo bookstalls). To less perspicacious reformers, Islam may seem an intolerable drag upon progress. Nasser knows better. It remains, in fact, a faith of virile asceticism — just the faith for a revolutionary movement — and he has wisely made the most of it.

What of the Arab circle? I had lost count, I confess, of Egypt's quarrels and reconciliations with those she loves to call her brothers of the homeland — an elastic territory stretching, if pulled hard, from Morocco in the west to Iraq in the east. Was President Nasser presently friendly with the king of Jordan, I wondered, or had he just publicly called His Majesty a degenerate puppet of Wall Street treachery? Was King Feisal of Saudi Arabia likely to be invited as an honored guest to the Kubbah Palace, or were Nasser's hatchet men even now considering ways of sticking limpet bombs to his Cadillac? What about Syria, with her rival brand of Arab socialism? Or Iraq, which intermittently shows signs of federating with Egypt? Or Kuwait, that covetable treasure box? The Middle East reminds me of a railway signal box, where little red lights flash perpetually on and off, here and there, as the different trains pass clickety-click into another sector; but it takes a more dedicated technician than I to keep an eye on all those little flickering signals, winking from Baghdad to Marrakesh down the long inconclusive years.

A kind friend gave me a swift rundown, and as he ticked the situations off, one by one, it dawned on me that though the lines of the indicator board seemed to be wildly crossed, the current emanating from Cairo had remained remarkably steady. What Nasser had stood for in Arab affairs when I was last in Egypt, he still represented now, and all the crazy convolutions of Middle Eastern relationships were caused less by the impulses, which nearly always came from Egypt, than by the response.

Nasser has always stood for the political unity of the Arabs; for the neutrality of the Arab world; for independence of foreign control, political, economic, or military; for social reform; and, in a vague, Gaullist kind of way, for the revived grandeur of the Arab race. He has pursued all these objects, you will find if you consider the record dispassionately, with constancy, seldom with moderation, let alone tact, but always with the

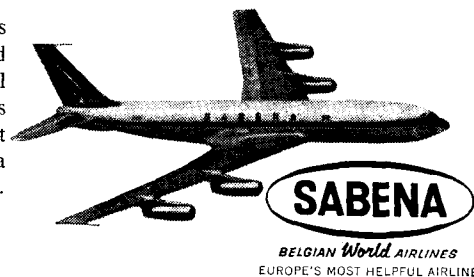
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same humped and muffled logic. All his adventures and *coups de théâtre* fall into the pattern, from nationalization of the Suez Canal (freedom from foreign control) to intervention in the Yemen (social reform) or trouble-raking in the Congo (the grandeur bit). You can accuse him of being a perfectly bloody nuisance, but you must admit he warns you.

Of course the idealism of it all is tarnished by an obvious hunger for plain power; otherwise Nasser's enterprises in the Arab circle are straightforward enough, within their own tortuous context. At the moment Egypt is most actively concerned with the Yemen, where some 50,000 Egyptian troops are engaged in supporting the Republican half of that Grand Guignol state against the royalist other half. The newspapers are full of victories, tanks destroyed or foul ambushes thwarted, but the war is clearly a great burden to a country with troubles enough already, and another armed frontier to man in the north.

Yet I can see that by his own lights President Nasser has no choice. He is supporting a bourgeois reformist movement against an old feudal regime, a regime assisted on the one side by the gilded monarchy of Saudi Arabia, on the other by those bloodstained hyenas of imperialist exploitation, the British. It is almost a Monroe Doctrine that Nasser has evolved to blanket such interventions, a declaration that no alien system will be tolerated within the sphere of Arab socialism; and if I hear you cynically murmuring that only a few years ago the Imam of Yemen was among his faithful associates, why, you are confusing the principles: *this* is social reform; *that* was unity of the Arabs. You do not understand the Muslim code.

There is no Middle Eastern country in whose internal affairs President Nasser has not, at one time or another, interfered — sometimes only by radio propaganda, sometimes by physical sabotage. If it seems extraordinary that Egypt has any admirers left at all, bear in mind that among the Arabs she is easily the most glamorous of nations — as racy as America is to the West, as purposeful as Russia, as full of juice as a movie-goer's France, as dignified as beefeaters. Cairo today, a vigorous and complete city, is without peer in the Middle East; in political enterprise, in sheer noise, in accomplishments as varied as novel-writing, playing football, astronomy, and pop music, she is far ahead of her old rivals, Baghdad or Damascus. The Egyptians say no more than the truth when they brag of their country as the exemplar of the Arabs.

President Nasser will probably never achieve his Arab unity, but the fact that in twenty years' time, say, we may expect to see a Middle East all more or less socialist and neutral, can be attributed directly

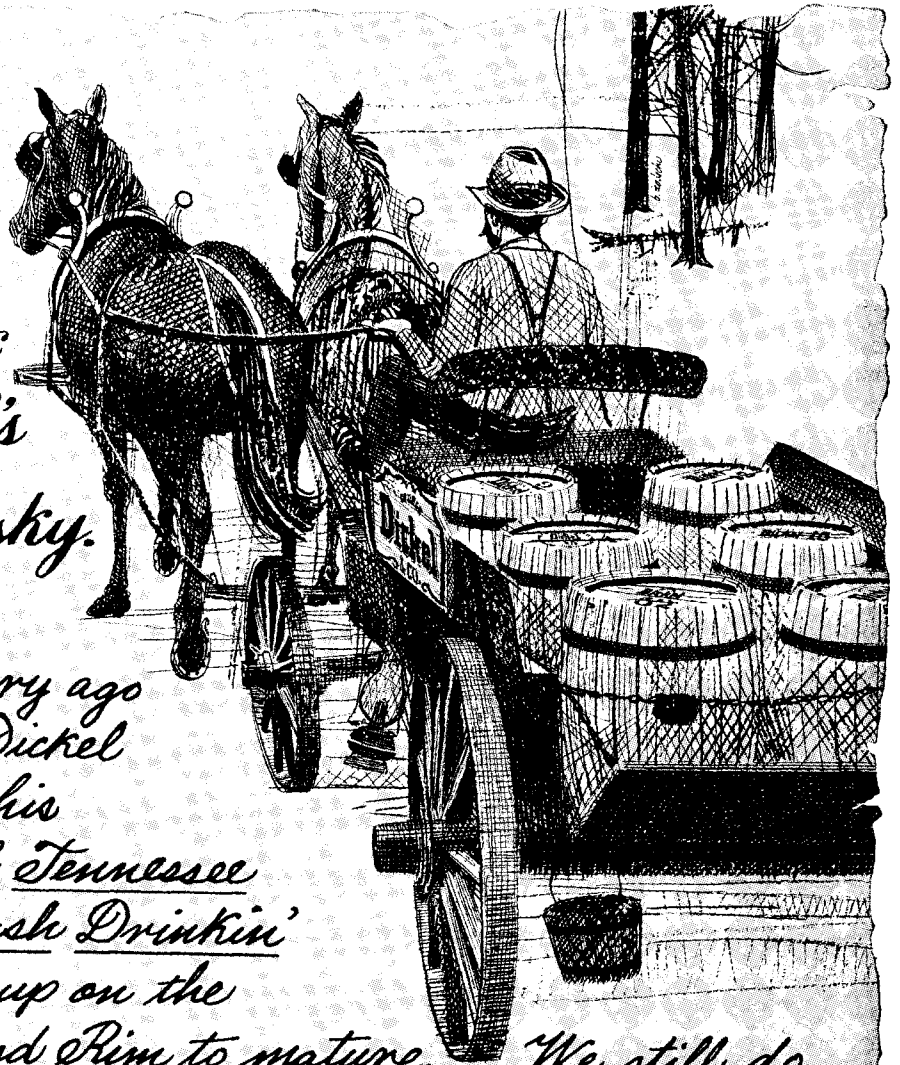
to his machinations now. It really is Egypt's example that has broken the back of traditional society in almost every Middle Eastern country, and every day Nasser's agents are whittling away at the last fences of resistance. Future generations may see Gamal Abdel Nasser as a Bolivar of the Middle East: a rather stylized figure of general emancipation, that is, whose traces and statues are scattered across several countries, though you are not always sure why.

THE heroic busts will be rarer in that third circle, Afro-Asia, for Nasser's sympathy for underdogs as a breed is rather less convincing. Cairo is full of Afro-Asia's emissaries: proud black students swathed in togas, cross little Chinese, ambassadors of obscure republics throwing independence-day fetes, irritating exiles who buttonhole you at parties and blame you for the Congo. This is a circle of interest which Nasser has not defined so satisfactorily, and the more miserably Africa is balkanized, the sharper the split between China and the rest, the more tragic the imbroglio of race, the harder it is going to be for Egypt to convince the world that it is any of her business. But fiddling gives her influence. She is a most successful pest.

Trade follows the flag, the British used to say. A comparable Egyptian slogan might be Strength Through Mischief. For strength, of an incalculable kind, it is. The world does not much love Egypt, but it has to take her seriously. A few simpletons still suppose that capitalism and Communism are rivals for the mastery of this country, that dollars are necessary to keep the rubles out, and vice versa. You might as well fertilize a quicksand for dahlias, and each year the philanthropists of East and West, once so fulsome in their optimism, retreat more baffled and embittered to their cock-tails.

I once asked an eminent man in Washington what objection he had to Nasser's regime. "Objection?" he replied rather testily, the folds of his neck twitching in moody analysis. "Objection? No objection at all. We in the United States would certainly have no quarrel with the nature of President Nasser's government, provided he displayed a proper respect for the dignity and fair interests of the United States of America." This morocco-bound mouthful amused me, for our champion of liberty was speaking, you will note, of a country in which no trace of democratic freedom is permitted, and the whole structure of the state is dominated by force. "No objection at all," he rumbled again, and so he admitted that whatever else it is that Russia and America are disputing in Egypt, it certainly isn't an ideology.

*Mother
Nature worked
her magic
on Mr. Dickel's
Whisky.*



*A century ago
George Dickel
hailed his
original Tennessee
Sour Mash Drinkin'
Whisky up on the
Highland Rim to mature.*

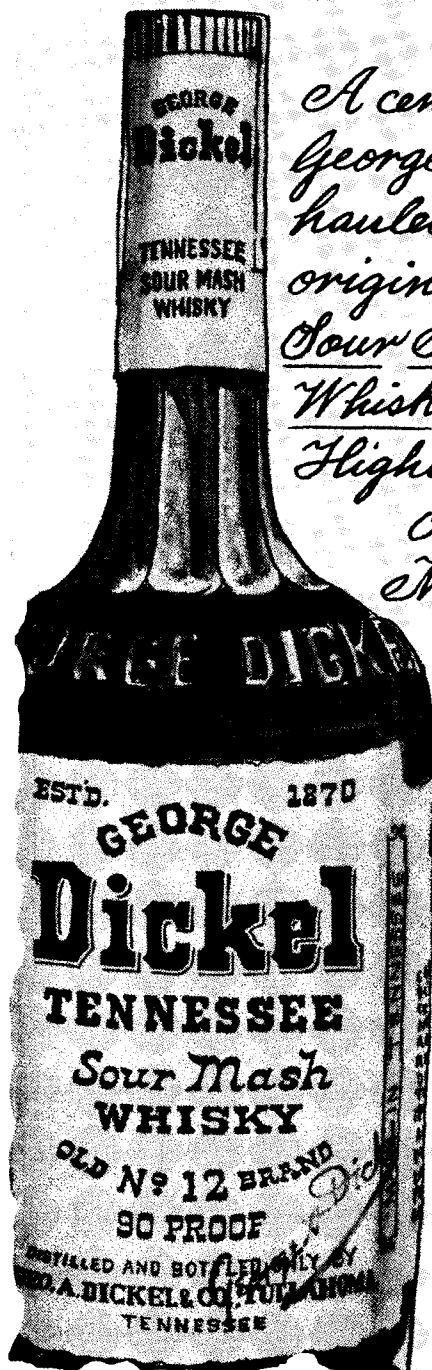
We still do.

*Mr. Dickel said that's where
Mother Nature worked her magic
best. Mellowing the whisky in
the cool, crisp air.*

*Whether it was magic or not,
the whisky that came out of those
barrels was lighter than the
step of a bluetick hound. Full-bodied
enough to start with ~ light
enough to stay with. Drinkin'
whisky for gentlefolk, Mr. Dickel
said it was.*

Still is.

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Much the most prudent thing to do, for Moscow and Washington alike, would be to drop the bruised reed before it pierces worse: but alas, humanity, pride, and habit alike decree that the rubles and dollars must keep pouring in. It seemed to me, in Cairo this time, that to the Egyptians themselves, both really come from one common source — the civilization of material technique; and seen through Egyptian eyes, the jostling for position between Yanks and Commies, for all its high talk of political principle, must look more or less like the Great Game that the Russians once played against the British, which had nothing at all to do with opportunities for the underprivileged nations, but was frankly and cunningly selfish.

What, I asked several people in Cairo, do the Russians feel they have gained from their intervention in Egypt? It began, you may remember, when Nasser, refused arms by the West, bought a lot of tanks and aircraft from the Czechs, and it has plodded on since, with ups and downs of comradeship, with successive arms deliveries, loans, technical advice, and the spectacular High Dam. The several answers I got were curious. Westerners mostly thought the Russian investment was paying off handsomely — “Russians on every corner, and never a Soviet cause the Egyptians don’t support!” Egyptians invariably thought the Russians were rather disappointed, having paid the piper handsomely but failed to call any particular tune. As for the one Russian I was able to ask, in the elevator at Shepheard’s Hotel: he merely shrugged his padded shoulders, tilted a quizzical head, raised a fine bushy eyebrow, and disappeared silently toward the bar.

My own instincts suggest that the Russians, like others before them, are beginning to wonder how on earth it is all going to end. The High Dam is, I suppose, a monument of Russian prestige, dams being, at Dnieper and Boulder alike, old status symbols of enlightenment. So proud are the Russians of the Russianness of this prodigious work that their technicians, I am told, have even ripped the telltale RR off those dump trucks; but one may wonder whether the existence of the dam, in the long run, will do any more to further Russian interests in Egypt than the old Aswan Dam, itself a marvel in its day, did for the British. It is true that Egypt has supported Russian policies in various parts of the world, notably the Congo; but not generally, I think, because they *were* Russian policies. It is true, too, that the Russian presence in Egypt is inescapable: Russians everywhere, building a dry dock at Alexandria, servicing MIG fighters at desert airfields, clumping through Groppi’s with long cuffs, or swaying roisterously home to their favorite hotels — mostly pubs of ironically nostalgic cast, like the Victoria and the Windsor in Cairo,

and the Hyde Park in Alexandria (where the desk clerk, whom you might expect to be a retired cockney footman, speaks better Russian than he does English).

But the outlay has been enormous — in hard cash, \$700 million from the Eastern bloc as a whole — and the response has been ambiguous. For every dollar of Communist aid, Nasser has cheerfully accepted \$2.50 from the West. In the world at large less attention has been paid to the building of that tremendous dam than to the consequent removal of the Abu Simbel temples, a work devised by Swedes and carried out by West Germans. Egypt’s brand of socialism is still a long way from Communism: as one Communist critic has said, “It is not scientific in the strict sense of the word”; agriculture is still mostly in private hands, and the first ambition of the new officer class, all dedication and little black mustaches, seems to be to buy a plot of land and build a cozy villa on it, with striped sunshades and Louis Quinze sofas. Some of those Russians have a puzzled air. Perhaps they are learning in Egypt, as Napoleon did long ago, that history is more complex than it looks — that far from being the computer program decreed by Marxist dogma, it is rather as Gibbon thought, “little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.”

THE Americans, for their part, have contributed well over a billion dollars in aid (through 1964, \$1,199,655,000), and more than half of Egypt’s wheat supplies now come from American government sources; yet the political gulf between Egypt and the West seems to be unbridgeable. On nearly every issue they are on opposite sides of the fence, and often the Egyptians are in direct physical conflict with the United States and its allies. They have supported the Congolese rebels with guns flown from Cairo. They are still sworn and blistering enemies of that American ward in Chancery, Israel, whose very existence they use as a justification for all sorts of double-dealing. They are virtually at war with the British along the Yemen border, and their saboteurs repeatedly explode bombs in Aden, killing or wounding British soldiers and subjects. Egyptian weapons, I am assured, contributed to the Cyprus tragedies of 1964; the affair of the spy in the box blatantly disregarded the rights of Italian sovereignty and the usages of diplomacy; it was Egyptian incitement that caused the burning and storming of several West German embassies earlier this year; it is only recently that an unarmed American aircraft was shot down by Egyptian fighters, and the Cairo police pointedly failed to prevent a riotous mob from burning down



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the American library. The wildest patriot could scarcely claim that American policy in Egypt has been a success.

But time is on the Western side. What the Egyptians most distrust, in the form of monopolies and foreign exploitation, is what they most desire, in the shape of washing machines, transistor radios, and transomatic gears. There is a coffee shop in Alexandria where the flashier university students like to spend their late evenings. It is aptly called the Elite, and many of its patrons are the sons and daughters of the new ruling class. If you are looking for revolutionary earnestness, keep away from this establishment. At the Elite all is tight pants, beat groups, flying skirts, and espresso. It goes with a deafening swing, it is the contemporary West epitomized, and it precisely fits the Egyptian temperament. This is an easy-going people, not built to be earnest for long.

Time is on our side, I brazenly claim, but one feels impertinent even mentioning the commodity in Egypt, let alone recruiting it. Nowhere else in the world are you more conscious of centuries spent, and there is an obvious conflict in the Egyptian official mind between shame for the recent past and pride in remote antiquity: the past couple of centuries, it sometimes seems, do not really count. Few Egyptians, as a matter of fact, can legitimately claim a Pharaonic heritage of their own, for the original inhabitants have long since been overwhelmed by successive waves of immigrants; but I remember with pleasure once meeting a Copt at Assiut who casually assured me that his forebears had been hereditary priests of the god Leci, and here and there you will still see a face, high-boned, hawk-nosed, grave and emaciated, which looks as though it had stepped alive out of a hieroglyphic.

Of course the whole business of ancient Egypt, tombs, scarabs, sphinxes, and all, is a marvelous foundation for a national renaissance. Reviving the style and power of the Pharaohs is a purpose that anyone can grasp. Indeed, ask an imaginative advertising agent what symbol would instantly stick in a simple mind, and he would probably suggest either the number 7 or the Great Pyramid at Giza. It is no wonder that when the Shell service stations were nationalized in Egypt, their familiar signs were replaced by a stylized pattern of pyramids, and even more predictable has been the regime's careful fostering of the Pharaonic image. From the start Nasser has maintained, at least by implication, Egypt's unbroken descent from those fabulous kingdoms of old. The High Dam has always been represented in Pharaonic terms, and the Cairo propagandists have projected a vision of Egypt about equally compounded of the brand-new and the indescribably old, while generally neglecting those middle monuments, of

medieval Islam, which far more properly represent her place in the world.

For years the superb mosques of inner Cairo, in a way Egypt's best claim to paramouncy in Islam and the Arab countries, have been allowed to crumble, cared for chiefly by dedicated foreigners like the great savant K. A. C. Creswell. The Pharaonic monuments, though, have been assiduously maintained, even developed, if you can apply a real estate term to such peculiar properties. The same old dragoman, to be sure, met me at Giza, urging me with hissings and twirling gown to inspect the Sphinkis, sir; but those dear old Victorian relicts, habitués of so many beloved scrapbooks down the years, are reinforced now by more sophisticated aids to appreciation — a tented nightclub beyond the Pyramids, a casino on the Mokkattam Hills, best of all, *Son et Lumière*, unforgettably rubbing in the age and legendary splendor of this nation.

The perverse truth is that even now, after so many years of rumpus, to most people in the world at large, Egypt still means monuments: and one of Egypt's prime sources of income, now as always, is tourism. It has flourished astonishingly since the revolution. It has its ups and downs, of course, mostly caused by political events: Germans have tended to stay away this year since Nasser's fracas with Bonn, and Britons only began to go again five or six years after the Suez debacle. But tourism is an inescapable element in the ambience of modern Egypt. New hotels are rising everywhere. At least three are being built in the center of Cairo, and there are big new ones at Aswan, Luxor, and Alexandria. The Hilton organization plans three more, including one upon the mole of the Pharos at Alexandria — one of the most evocative situations a pub could possibly occupy, looking across from the site of the world's seventh wonder to the city of Alexander, Euclid, and Cleopatra.

Egypt is not my own idea of a holiday destination — too volatile, restless, and relentless by a half; but a view of the world is incomplete without a glimpse, just once in a lifetime, of Giza, Karnak, and Luxor, of that immemorial river sweeping down between the temples, the white slant of the felucca sails and the robed rivermen beneath the palms. To the revolutionary government, the existence of that earlier Egypt has proved a double bonanza: as a seldom-failing click of the turnstile, and as a fillip to the morale of a depressed nation, whose more immediate history long ago went sour.

STEPPING off a bus one evening, momentarily unaccustomed to the dusk outside, I saw before me on the edge of Liberation Square a dim conclave of

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figures, white-robed and mute, sitting on benches illuminated by a flickering light from a kind of booth. I stood there uncertainly for a moment, wondering what sort of folk manifestation this was, when I felt a kindly clasp at my elbow, and a fruity voice murmured in my ear: "*Fadl!* Sit down! It is Sheffield Wednesday versus Tottenham Hotspurs!" I stumbled to a bench, while those indistinct spectators hitched their gowns courteously to clear a space for me, and found that, sure enough, there on the Cairo television screen an English soccer game was being played, winged from a distant drizzly afternoon beside the gasworks.

Watching football is not my favorite pastime, and I may indeed have got the teams wrong, but as I sat there among the Egyptians in the warm evening air, an irresistible feeling of euphoria overcame me, and I thought how wonderful it was that these simple men, whose fathers had been trapped in the disciplines of birth, death, and poverty, should be sharing at last the pleasures of the world outside. It was not a very excited audience — perhaps the rivalries of the first division still seemed a little remote — but sometimes I heard a rustle of appreciation around me, a hiss of subdued expectation or a deep throaty laugh, and it felt as though my companions were tentatively exploring that other civilization out there, gradually involving themselves in its emotions, and realizing that they had as much right as anyone else to root for the Spurs, the Dynamos, or the Los Angeles Dodgers.

It is this sensation of new horizons, fresh chances, that is President Nasser's noblest claim to success. More than most countries, the old Egypt seemed irrevocably stuck in its rut: the rich were rich, the poor were poor, the Nile rose and fell, and all seemed unchangeably preordained. Illiteracy was almost absolute. Diseases like trachoma and bilharzia debilitated half the nation, and the mere problem of national survival seemed insoluble. Today all feels very different. Nothing seems inflexible, and the Egyptian future is set free. Even the Nile is no longer the despot of its valley, for the completion of the High Dam will regulate its flow once and for all, and end its old round of scarcity and plenty. Social cycles, too, have been healthily disrupted. "I was a corporal," a taxi driver told me in Cairo, "but my boy is an *officer*" — and out of his pocket, like any proud Iowa paterfamilias, he whisked a rather grubby photograph, from which a grim young subaltern looked out at me with an air of ominous accusation, as though he had caught me fiddling with the orderly room accounts.

"Maybe he'll be another Nasser," I said as I returned it; but I was in Egypt, and the man returned a fairly salty kind of smile. "One," he replied ambiguously, "is enough."

Every afternoon I wandered through my favorite

part of Cairo, that incomparable medieval city, one of the sights of the world, which lies between the opera house and the Citadel. The mosques were as alluringly cool as ever, the mesh of mud streets was just as labyrinthine, and all the smells and noises, the cardamom and the silver bells, the donkey's hoof-fall and the ramshackle Buick's horn, fell as deliciously as ever upon my ravished senses. The gharry driver, muffled about in a khaki great-coat, leaned sideways from his high seat to blow his nose between his fingers into the gutter far below. The inevitable old sage in the seat beside the tram driver sat there impassive still, staring fixedly to his front as a demonic horde of passengers swarmed, clung, and desperately struggled for footholds all around him. The funny men of the Muski still entertained their customers with hilarious shimmy dances, parodies of lewdness, on trestle tables among the pots and pans. The same little boys pathetically dropped their peanut trays, sniffing softly to themselves as they picked up their scattered nuts, one by one, from the debris of the pavement. From the steps of the mosque by the Bab Zuweila the watchman silently beckoned me, as always. Out of the little shops the merchants still peered, through a haze of drifting dust, like ruminative animals in their lairs. Medieval Cairo remains the most splendid of oriental cities, an endless maze of fascination, where Scheherazade still has many a long night to kill.

But there were changes to be seen. Here and there the chaos had been cleared, and gaunt boxes of apartments had been erected (shrill harridans' cries from upper stories, washing hanging from a thousand windows). Far more women were wearing European clothes, I noticed; the veil had all but vanished; the passing girls had lost their fleshy look of the harem, which always used to remind me of veal fattened for the market, and were moving almost as naturally in blouses and skirts as they used to waddle by in the draperies of the purdah. I felt much safer than I ever used to feel; Egypt has a vicious streak, and a suspicion of bigotry, xenophobia, or plain thuggery used to hang disagreeably in these alleys before Nasser clamped his new order on the capital. One or two juvenile pimps, it is true, inquired if I wished for sexual gratification in any gender, and the immemorial cry of the touts still pursued me through the Khan Khalil: "You wanta buy, mister? You wanta buy Muski glass, camel saddles, silk for lady? *Why not?*" By and large, though, the annoyances were fewer than they used to be, and there was a new sense of security.

And one particular improvement I could not place at first. I merely felt, with a nagging sense of relief, that something nasty was missing, some specific old horror, with which these marvelous back streets, for all their allure, were irrevocably

associated in my mind. It was not the slums — they festered there still. It was not the dirt — the flies still hovered over the refuse heaps. It was not the babel and congestion of it all. No, it was something more particular, and suddenly a friend gave me the key to it. The eye diseases had gone. No longer were those little peanut vendors whimpering through eyes hideously screwed up with trachoma. Of all the successes of the regime, this is the one that moved me most. The Egyptian health services, though still pitifully inadequate, are a proper credit to the revolution — and by my standards, at least, one poor urchin relieved of trachoma is worth a division of men at arms in the Yemen.

THERE are many other things that President Nasser can rightly be proud of. Education is one. You would not think so, to hear the university men talk, for at higher levels standards have painfully declined, and one hears disagreeable suggestions of bias and nepotism — scholars refused promotion because they are Copts instead of Muslims, students wrongly admitted or unfairly thrown out (though the President's own daughter, I am told, is at the American University only because she couldn't get into the University of Cairo). But in elementary education the improvement has been startling. There are, of course, hundreds of thousands of country children who don't go to school at all: one landowner of my acquaintance, despairing of any official help in his minuscule delta village, has opened an elementary school at his own expense. But in the cities and especially in Cairo itself, school attendance is almost complete, and illiteracy among children is ending.

There has been an unmistakable rise in living standards, especially among the lower middle classes of the cities. The fellahin are mostly as poor as ever, but in the towns one notices many small signs of new affluence. Far more meat is being bought, and far more bread. A baker in the old quarter of Cairo swept me into his brand-new bakehouse with all the spacious pride of a magnate showing off his new steel mills, while his four small assistants gaped through the glare of the ovens, and a little crowd of passers-by squinted in from the blinding sunshine outside. There is an altogether new market for things like cosmetics, cookers, bicycles; the shapeless black gowns traditionally worn by the Egyptian working woman are now being cut, as the Arabic women's magazines decree, to fashionable new styles.

Some of the great projects of the regime have gone with a satisfying swing. The Suez Canal has, by almost universal consent, been admirably run since its nationalization, even to the spit and polish

left behind by the proud French management of the past. The building of the High Dam, which has mostly been done by a semiprivate Egyptian firm called Arab Contractors, has gone bravely ahead of schedule, and offers a spectacle that can only excite the dourest skeptic — with the 3000 laborers swarming day and night over its mass, and the imponderable results that hang upon its completion, from the new rhythm of the Nile itself to the great industries that can feed upon its hydroelectric power. No wonder its builders sometimes allow themselves a touch of bombast: they like to say that if you put together the storage capacity of all the 195 dams constructed by American engineers in the present century, it would still be less than the capacity of Sadd el Aali — “The Dam of dignity,” as Nasser once called it, “the Dam of integrity, the Dam of liberty.”

There is a successful new irrigation project between Cairo and Alexandria, which began unconvincingly and once petered out in a scandal of corruption, but whose benefits show in fruit trees now cheerfully lining the desert road. There is a brave plan to link up the separate oases of the western desert in one irrigated slab — the New Valley, which already figures in the timetables of United Arab Airways. Whether or not it makes economic sense, it is still impressive to see how many different kinds of things are now made in Egypt, from toothpaste to fertilizers, cars to stockings.

The government has handsomely encouraged the arts, too, confounding those critics, including me, who originally expected nothing but brainwash and Philistinism. The novel flourishes as never before, the theater is booming, and many young practitioners of the visual arts, sometimes encouraged by government bursaries, have repaid official generosity by turning fresh eyes upon Egypt herself, her forms, attitudes, and landscapes. I expected to find some gray monolithic cloud, Kremlesque or Pharaonic, hanging over the artistic life of Egypt. Instead, it is a gay Nubian motif, cheerfully, even gaudily African, that apparently most attracts the young Egyptian artist.

For here too there is a new confidence, and Egyptian intellectuals, however uncomfortably they chafe against the political clamps of the regime, are at least emancipated from the fashions of Montmartre and the Sorbonne. This new independence of national thought is Nasser's best claim to the regard of history — falsely bolstered, perhaps, and sometimes despicably achieved, but in itself all good. “No objection at all,” the Western diplomats say (perhaps the Eastern ones too); “if only they'd stick to their own affairs, and set their own house in order.” But the disquietude of Egypt is not merely social. It arises too from many

centuries of national humiliation, of foreign rule or superiority. I accept the need for a nation to burst out of such a past, and I can see how difficult it must be to achieve without a certain amount of posturing and weight-throwing. It is largely by cutting a figure among the nations, scattering affronts right and left, defying the Russians this year, the Americans next, that Nasser has given the Egyptians their new sense of importance. It is not very nice to watch, and it may go too far, but anyone with a sense of history can easily understand it.

I was once driving down from Alexandria with three young Egyptian officers when we saw, embossed in green shade across the desert, the distant blur of Cairo, shimmering among the sand. A strange, dazed, rather alarming look crossed the faces of my companions. "Al Kahira!" they whispered, "Cairo!" as though they were invoking the name of some unapproachable deity, and so overcome were they by that distant vision of their faith that for a moment I was afraid they would drive us all goggle-eyed off the road. This was the fanatic nationalism we so often read about, but I was not taken aback. Those young men were no friends to my own country, I knew, and perhaps no real friends to me — they probably assumed I was a crypto-Zionist spy; but a rather similar expression of mesmeric exaltation, I daresay, crosses my own face when I walk out of my club on a wet November morning and look across the glistening Mall to see the flags and towers of Westminster resplendent there beneath the drizzle.

PLENTY has gone wrong, too. Inexperience, wrongheadedness, cockiness, arrogance have all taken their toll. If Egypt has her dupes and sycophants, it is hard to think of another country that is truly her friend — by any standards but her own, an abject failure of diplomacy. Nobody really loves her, still less trusts her. Even among her brother Arabs, her every policy is suspect, and one of Nasser's saddest disappointments was the ignominious collapse of the United Arab Republic, his cherished attempt at a federation: Syria briefly joined this, and the old kingdom of the Yemen was mysteriously associated with it, but today only the name is left, and remains in forlorn defiance the official title of the Egyptian state (there is no such thing, in law or protocol, as Egypt). President Nasser has sometimes been conciliatory, and his squabbles with other states are punctuated by fulsome rapprochements, but nowhere do the endearments of statesmanship ring less convincing than in the annals of the Egyptian foreign service.

At home the regime's chief mistake, so the

economists say, has been to go too far and too fast with heavy industrial development. Foreign exchange has run critically short; the gold reserve has been depleted; the private banks of Europe are ever more reluctant to renew their revolving loans. Egypt, which could be modestly self-supporting, is pretentiously half broke. The automobile industry, so loudly trumpeted by the Cairo propagandists, is a sad example. A spanking factory outside Cairo produces Fiats under license, but when I was there it had almost stopped production through shortage of components. Used cars sell at a fantastic premium in Egypt (though the departing foreigner cannot benefit from the demand, for if he does sell his Chevrolet at twice the price he paid for it, he cannot take the cash out anyway). Half of Cairo's cars, as a result, have a dingy, rusted look to them, and this is perhaps the only capital of the world where you may see, almost as a commonplace of the boulevards, scraped and dented Rolls-Royces.

The perennial economic crisis has had a dulling effect on Egyptian city life, rather as though the country were at war. It is as if the whole nation were waiting for better times and just jogging along in the meantime. The stores of Cairo and Alexandria, almost entirely stocked with Egyptian-made goods, have lost heart and glitter alike, and are reduced to drab austerity. The café tablecloths are likely to be stained, the restaurant menus thumb-printed. In any row of streetlights, two or three are sure to be out of order. In any wine list, the vast majority are Egyptian wines, made by Greeks at vineyards near Alexandria — though at the Hilton you are also offered champagne at about twenty-five dollars a bottle.

For all the precision of her Five-Year Plans (the second is just beginning), Egypt seems to be a ramshackle economic organism, propped up *ad hoc* by loans, confiscations, and restrictions. Sometimes there have been serious food shortages and breakdowns in communications — last year bazaar rumor elsewhere in the Middle East suggested that Egypt was actually in famine again. Meanwhile, the population is growing faster than ever. The government does its best for birth control, but to so little effect that the Egyptians are now increasing twice as fast as they were at the time of the revolution.

At its best, Egyptian industry, especially cotton, is impressively efficient, but there is to the country as a whole a depressingly threadbare air, not unlike Cuba when Castro first cut himself off from Kleenex and General Motors. The air-conditioned trains from Alexandria have Hungarian-built rolling stock, acquired in the first flush of Egypt's flirtation with the Communists, but their seats no longer recline properly, their fabric is peeling, and their doors tend to jam, and much the best thing about

Charging Cossack in bronze is by the famous 19th-century Russian sculptor Lanceray.



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Mother bear and cubs at the edge of a new forest on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm

Taxes on Weyerhaeuser tree farms raised enough money to keep 6,000 youngsters in school this year

Privately owned tree farms are one of the most reliable sources of tax money for schools and other community needs.

Last year, for example, we paid more than \$3 million in school district taxes on our tree farms in Washington and Oregon alone.

These taxes don't include the large amounts we paid in property taxes for other public needs such as roads and the operation of state and local governments in many areas.

We're proud of the contributions our forestlands make to nearby communities across the nation.

As long as tax officials recognize the many risks involved in growing crops of trees over the long haul, these lands can maintain a continuing, stable flow of tax payments.

That's because on balance we're growing as much wood as we cut. Maybe more.

We do it by growing new crops of trees in a perpetual cycle of growth and harvest.

This is important to your well-being in other ways, too. For one thing, it provides a continuing source of raw materials for hundreds of products that

make life more comfortable and convenient for all of us.

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We'd like to tell you more about how an enlightened tax policy will help to keep America's commercial forests green and growing forever.

Write for our informative free booklet, "Plain Talk About Trees and Taxes," Weyerhaeuser Company, Box A-5, Tacoma, Washington 98401.



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them is the tea and biscuits delicately served on the way by old-school waiters.

With the economy so shaky, it is not surprising that the political grip of the regime remains inflexible. The Arab Socialist Union is supposed to provide an outlet for popular views, giving people a channel of communication to the top, but I was not surprised to read in Alexandria that its local Ideology and Thought Orientation Committee was holding a series of seminars to explain the principles outlined in one of the presidential speeches. There is a National Assembly nowadays, but its members are all safe men, and its decisions mean little. There is a Cabinet too, but the Prime Minister is only the familiar Aly Sabry, one of Nasser's oldest friends. Martial law has been abolished, and I have heard it suggested that the secretariat of the Union might one day be transformed into a kind of Presidium, with the Cabinet as a real executive; but so far real power remains unshakably in the hands of Nasser and his four vice presidents, all of them his original henchmen.

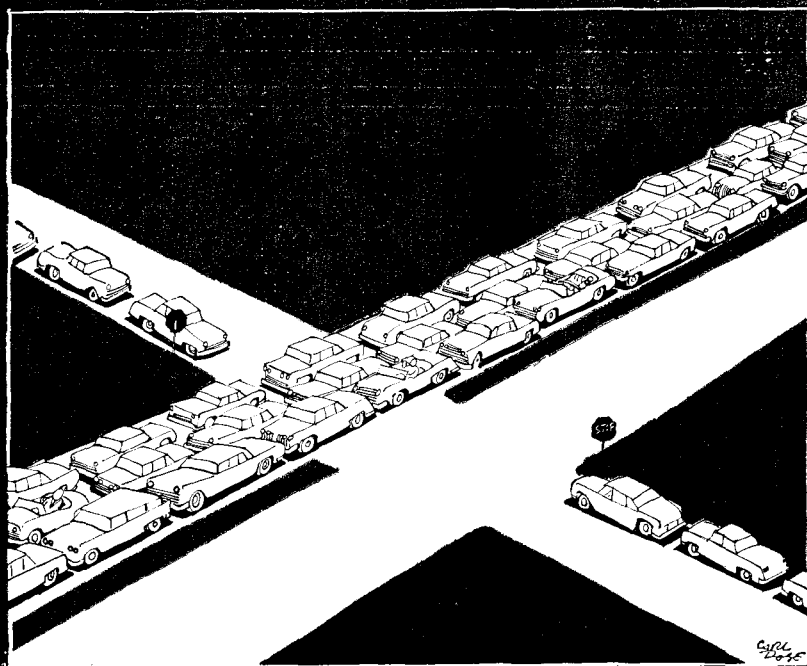
If there is any opposition, it is lying very doggo. The Muslim Brotherhood, once the principal danger to the regime, seems to have been eliminated. The old political parties have been dead too long ever to be revived, and their leaders, like Nahas Pasha, are mostly too decrepit for anything but an occasional sunning in the garden. The capitalist right has had the strength drained out of it by successive measures of nationalization or sequestration, and either maunders on at home, pallid and impotent, or sustains itself abroad on old hoards of Swiss francs. The liberal intellectuals are neither politically organized nor sufficiently hostile to the regime to plot against it. The Communists are considered harmless enough to be released from their desert camps and are even being put to useful work — notably in the organization of the Arab Socialist Union, where their particular expertise apparently comes in handy. I do not doubt that within the ruling junta, or on its fringes, there are several potential rivals for the presidency — it would be odd if there weren't. There may well be disaffected and ambitious officers, too, among the forces in the Yemen. It was among the disillusioned officers of the Egyptian Army in Palestine after the disastrous war against the Israelis that the revolution was first plotted; when Nasser's divisions at last return from Arabia, disgruntled by an inglorious campaign in an appallingly inhospitable terrain, they may similarly bring with them seeds of revolt. But this is only speculation. Egyptians have a gift for conspiracy, as the emergence of Nasser himself out of obscurity startlingly demonstrated, and

military Egypt is curtained in blackest secrecy. The most confident experts on Egyptian affairs would offer me no subversive names; I expect the cloak-and-dagger bravos could suggest some, but then they are almost invariably wrong anyway. President Nasser may well be assassinated, any day, in a country of such anxieties; but at the moment, as far as the alien eye can see, all is hushed and disciplined.

This is political stability, of a sort. President Nasser himself would probably chalk it up among his credits. Observers used to a more flexible system may distrust the brittle absolutism of the regime and wonder how easily it would ride a really gusty storm. The bread-and-circus principle is astutely honored by the Egyptian government. This generation need not be sacrificed, proclaims the Charter, and doubtless the industrial classes, with all their new small comforts, are staunch supporters of the regime. Two football teams, Zamalek and National, even play the parts of the Byzantine factions, and divert the passions of the people into ferociously noisy Saturday afternoons. There is no revolutionary situation in Egypt today. There is no sense of dissatisfaction slowly working to the boil, nor of course is there that frustrated middle class, of soldiers and intellectuals, which has proved the most combustible revolutionary element of the past few decades.

No, if it goes, it will go with a sudden crack, split by forces as unsuspected now as Nasser himself was fifteen years ago. Egypt has achieved pride but not serenity, and remains a tense and edgy country. "Even the Pyramids get on my nerves," one man complained to me, and the faces of educated young Egyptians are seldom in repose, but always seem to be twitching, blinking, or frowning. Perhaps this people needs some still wider release, out of its self-obsession; perhaps some more certain ideology will presently take over, one which does not depend simply upon the power of patriotism, but honors more universal values.

But there, at least revolutionary Egypt has been, as Shakespeare would have wished, true to herself. Her policies have been navigated by a wayward but perfectly definable logic, and her apparently inconsequential career, fists flailing and insults ablaze, has been constant enough beneath the blarney. We cannot, in all conscience, resent her nationalism, a commodity we ourselves invented: if it is growing out of fashion in our half of the world, that is because we have already exhausted its advantages, and been stung too often by its excess.



Living

EXERCISE IN SLOW MOTION

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Big roads beget big traffic. Big traffic begets big jams. How far can a traffic jam reach?

As one who has been able to avoid weekend driving on big roads (either by staying home or traveling on little roads), I realize my data may be incomplete, but I had good local opinion, on a Sunday afternoon, to support the belief that the jam we were looking at was some seventy-five miles long. It could have been longer, for it extended on the New-York-bound side of the big road as far as one could see in both directions, and the point from which we surveyed it was seventy-five miles from Manhattan. We were fifty-seven miles from the Tappan Zee Bridge, whose tollbooths, our host said, were causing the jam, but he felt that the remaining distance to the city was probably equally congested. Even a fifty-seven-mile jam, especially on a road that boasts it offers "no services for motorists," can be a bit tedious, and it was inevitable that the traffic would be increased by tributary roads on its way to Tappan Zee.

Our first encounter with the jam came when our host tried to intersect it a few miles beyond Middletown. The outbound side of the road was all but unused, but the lanes leading to the city were packed with slowly moving cars, none of which was willing to risk its precious five mph while letting an outsider cross through.

Our host is a resourceful man. "Let me show you how this can be done," he said. He turned his car around, branched off on a small road, and came back to the big road once again at a point three or four miles farther away from Tappan Zee. "They won't let anyone through," he explained, "but they'll let me join the parade." This proved to be so. With polite gestures from both parties, a car slowed sufficiently to let us into the right lane, and by similarly polite exchanges, we eased into the extreme left lane and turned painlessly into the road we had vainly sought to reach only a few minutes earlier.

It was about two hours later when we crossed the big jam again on our way back to Middletown. This time we took still another small byway which eased us to the other side of the jam via an overpass. Since there was no traffic at all on the small road, we stopped on the over-

pass and got out to survey the jam.

The pace had slowed, and the cars, still filling the big road, were barely moving. Seen from above, they showed a remarkable uniformity in keeping exactly the same distance behind the car ahead — between three and four feet, I judged — with all the precision of a military exercise. No horn sounded, and the slight downgrade at this point made exhaust and engine noise unnecessary, so that the hush that hung over the whole scene, out in this rural countryside, was somehow more shocking than a cacophony would have been. Here were the holiday-makers on their way home; how long they would be spending on the big road with "no services" was anybody's guess.

I have never seen one of those ribbonlike migrations of ants in the jungle, but the image came to mind as we watched the endless lines of creeping cars, all bent on the same objective, silent, intense, and slow. It was plain that these people — two to a car, for the most part — had rejected altogether any use of public transportation; yet one doubted the continuing feasibility of the private vehicle when so many individualists set out at the same time for the same destination.

THEY'RE WORSHIPPING THE SUN IN ISRAEL THIS YEAR.

Far to the East, where the untouched sands meet the waves of the Red Sea, a city rises from the desert.

Here, at the same time every year, a dedicated cult of worshippers end their lengthy pilgrimage, and perform a strange ritual. They shed the clothes from their bodies, anoint their flesh with specially prepared lotions, turn to the sun, and lie motionless from morning until night, at which time they change color.

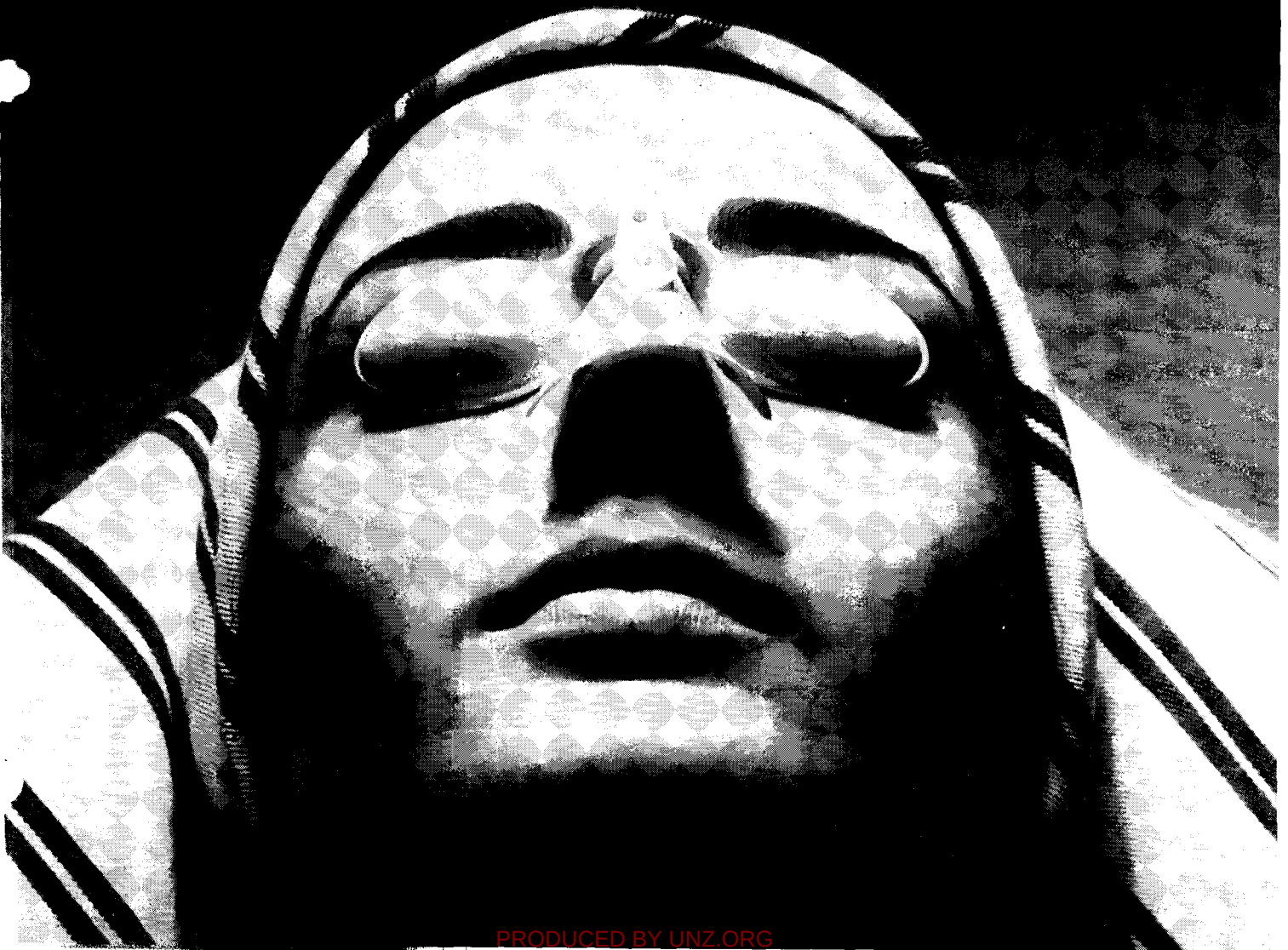
Actually, the city is Filat, on the Southernmost tip of Israel. And besides being a nice place to go for sunshine, it's just a nice place to go, period.

The December-January temperature hovers around 75°, and rain is a rarity. Also, Tel Aviv is only an hour's flight away, King Solomon's Mines are only a jeep ride away, and right there on the Red Sea you can watch the tropical fish (and they can watch you) through a glass bottomed boat.

Then on the way home, all bronze and healthy looking, you can stop off in a European city or two or three.

So why sit around someplace this winter, praying for sun?

Fly with El Al to Israel. We can guarantee it.



A recent hot-day venture — a Saturday morning — on Boston's Southeast Expressway became a wild series of sprints and slowdowns and stops. A single bad tire could throw the whole exodus into a turmoil: vapor locks, lane-changers, the overloaded station wagons with no rear visibility, and a heavy admixture of luckless travelers from distant parts who had been led to believe that they would be making better time on the big roads. A single traffic circle at the Bourne Bridge over the Cape Cod Canal causes eight-mile jams on a busy day. A Boston *Globe* head-

line is revelatory: "Xway Load Twice Official Estimate for '70."

The tranquillity of the back roads, the small, twisting, rolling, and often poorly surfaced old-style routes between Boston and Cape Cod, is hardly believable, yet there they are, sparsely traveled, while the fireworks are going off on the big highways. There are still farms and farmhouses, market gardens, flowers, trees, and human beings to be seen along the roads, and every so often even a little town, complete with meetinghouse, shops, and perfectly real "services for motorists."

Closing the Game Gap

BY C. MICHAEL CURTIS

C. MICHAEL CURTIS is a member of the ATLANTIC's editorial staff and an occasional contributor to these pages.

A man in Arizona has decided that Americans should be playing a new game called Victory Over Communism. It is described by its creator, a Phoenix businessman, as "America's first anti-Communist game for children and adults," and is intended as the all-purpose birthday, Christmas, or graduation gift.

Victory Over Communism is played on a smallish cardboard rectangle bearing a map of the world — with twenty-five "slave" countries etched in red — and a timetable demonstrating that the world will be wholly Communistic by 1973, "the date set by most authorities on the subject of Communism, that the Communists will complete their goal of World Communism, if they are not stopped."

The players roll dice and, accordingly, grapple with a set of questions designed to test their knowledge of the history and method of the international Communist conspiracy (for example: "Are Communists more interested in adults or children?"; "Are we as a nation and as individuals really in trouble because of the Communist conspiracy and internal infiltration of Communists in our country?"; "What president campaigned that he would 'clean up the mess in Washington,' but after elected actually made the job of uncovering security risks almost impossible?"). For the benefit

of doubting Thomases, each question and answer is documented, with a page reference to John A. Stormer's definitive work *None Dare Call It Treason*.

Correct answers enable each player to free one of the slave countries, and the object of the game is to free all twenty-five slave countries before the 1973 deadline is reached.

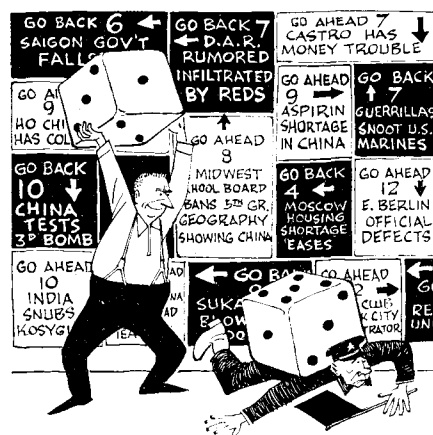
There is, clearly, much to be said for a board game that can help save this country from Communist infiltration, but one may ask if America should have only one "anti-Communist game for children and adults." What have the other game manufacturers been up to, and how subtly have our children, for many generations, been betrayed by the callous indifference of playground instructors in every corner of this country?

No great imagination should be required to transform heretofore wasted playtime into a useful exercise in democratic indoctrination. Among the many possibilities are the following:

Monopoly: The first thing about Monopoly that ought to be changed is its name, which is unfortunately suggestive of an antiquated economic phenomenon now known only to public utilities. A better and more ideologically correct name would be Free Enterprise at Work.

The place-names, venerable old Ventnor Avenue, Boardwalk, and the like, would be changed to the names of Communist satellites or underdeveloped nations. Initial stops at those countries would give the dice roller the opportunity to invest wisely in said country's economic future, and the traditional houses and hotels could be replaced by simulated tin mines and sugar plantations. Anyone landing on another player's property would have the opportunity to foment a palace revolution, or at least smuggle machine guns to disaffected trade unionists. As a penalty, a player could be misled by CIA intelligence reports, forced to return a shipment of Soviet cod, or represented at a conference of African nations by Senator Ellender of Louisiana.

Hide and Seek: One player is "it" — that is, acting chairman of a congressional subcommittee investigating un-American affairs. His chore will be to unearth Communist influences no matter how ingeniously they are hidden. His playmates, representing various aspects of American cultural, political, and social life, will hide as best they can. The player who is "it" will shut his eyes, then count aloud, one by one, the number of card-carrying Communists currently employed by the U.S. State Department (the number tends to vary from region to region). When the count is completed, the "seeker" will loudly announce "here I come, guilty or not," and will



commence his search. Each playmate as he is found will announce that he is an FBI informer and will outline the extent of Communist infiltration into his sector of national life. The game will not be up until every playmate is found.

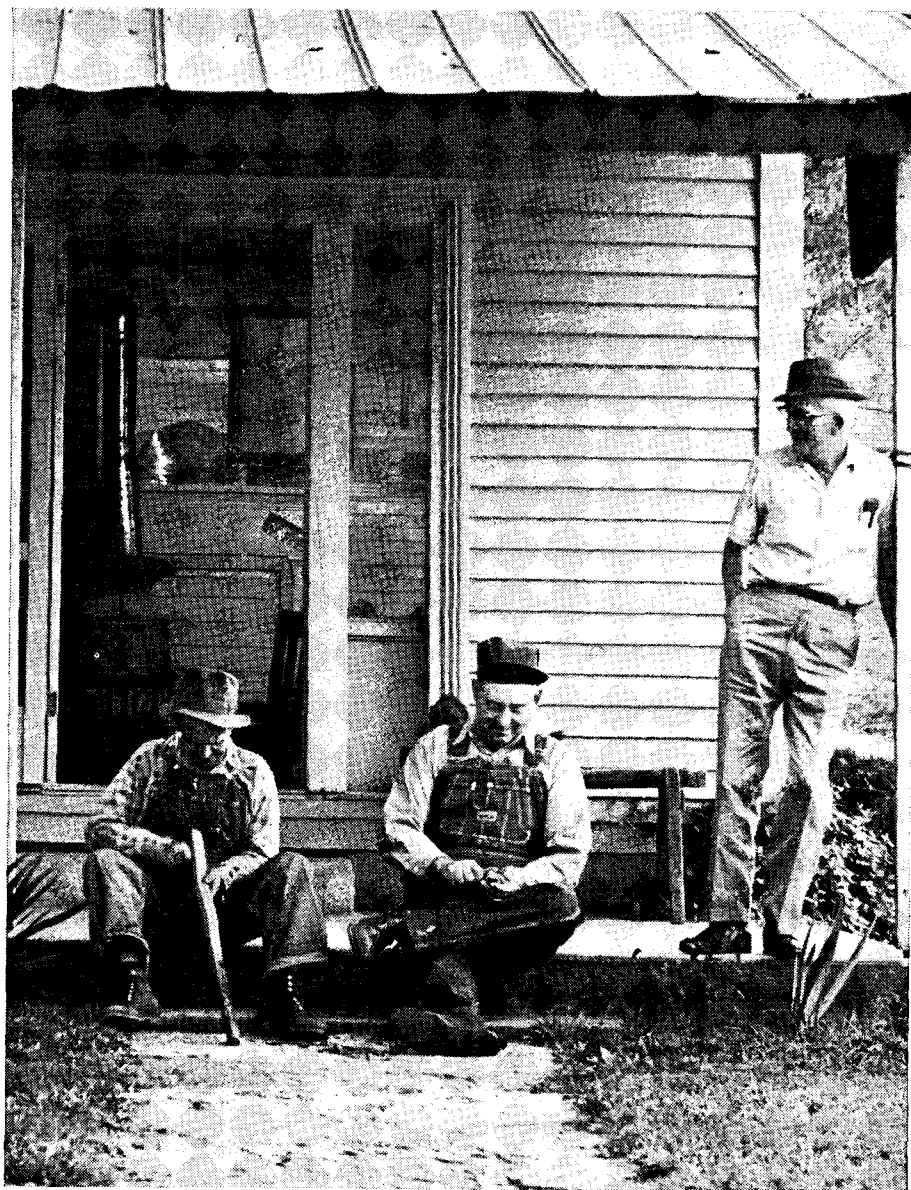
I Spy: The player who is "it" will announce that he is looking closely

into Communist subversion of some American institution: high school libraries, university economics courses, church discussion groups, UNICEF, or what have you. At the announcement "I spy," the remaining players will attempt to guess in what textbooks, novels, or other written material the discovery of Communist influence has been made. With each guess, whether in error or not, the book or publication nominated will be symbolically banned from subsequent distribution, on the grounds that the mere taint of suspicion is intolerable where the minds of our youth are concerned.

As each book is banned, the player rises higher in the anti-Communist hierarchy, from local school board member to sheriff to FBI agent and ultimately to partnership with Billy Hargis. When all books, save the John Birch Society Blue Book, have been removed from library shelves, the game is over.

Scavenger Hunt: With a slight shift in emphasis, Scavenger Hunt offers unusual opportunities in anti-Communism. The "leader," who makes out assignments, forgoes the normal procedure of asking each player to return laden with odd objects. Instead, he supplies each player with specially prepared cards, reading "Don't Buy Communist Hams," "This Book Written by a Woolly-headed Left-wing Intellectual," "Impeach Earl Warren," "In Your Heart You Know It's Only Halloween," and so forth. The players are to place these cards where they will be most damaging to the Communist cause. The player whose cards arouse the most heated indignation from the pinko press is declared the winner and is invited to ghostwrite a newspaper column for Barry Goldwater.

The possibilities are limitless, and there is little apparent reason why patriotic Americans should stop short of shaping all social and recreational activities, from birth to grave, into occasions for ideological indoctrination. In this regard, the Russians and Chinese have shown themselves far more imaginative than Americans, creating what some political strategists have called "game gap." It would surely be a pity if U.S. accomplishments in outer space, industrial technology, and political organization should fail because the Communists beat us to the Parcheesi board.



ABOUT THE BIGGEST RUCKUS ever made around Jack Daniel's old office was the day Mr. Jack kicked the safe.

When Lem Motlow, Jack Daniel's nephew, started at our distillery as a bookkeeper, he generally opened the safe.

But one day Mr. Jack tried to open it himself, and when he couldn't he got so riled he kicked it. Folks still talk about the fuss that went up. But they can also tell you Mr. Jack was never impatient with his whiskey. A sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, will tell you we're not either.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

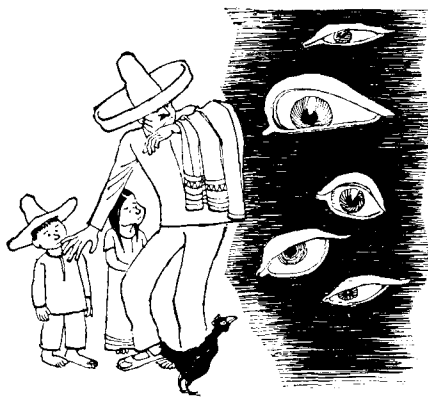

 DROP

 BY DROP

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The Evil Eye

BY GERTRUDE GRAY PARRATT

An alumna of the University of Chicago who has lived in many parts of the world, GERTRUDE GRAY PARRATT makes her home with her husband in Mexico City.

One of the world's oldest and most insidious health problems is mal ojo. Almost everybody suffers from this affliction at one time or another. Children are especially susceptible. Even pets and plants are among its victims. Most North Americans have had the good fortune to develop an immunity to mal ojo, but in Mexico it still causes much distress.

Mal ojo literally means the "evil eye." According to the *curanderos*, or Mexican folk doctors, the peculiar stare of certain individuals can cause no end of suffering and misfortune. Many centuries ago the shaman priests and folk doctors studied this dreaded curse very carefully. After thorough research, they discovered a magic repellent that would intercept and thwart even the most evil of evil eyes. This was an *ojo de venado*, "eye of the deer." But to be effective, the eye had to be worn as an amulet around the neck at all times.

In those early days it was fairly easy to obtain real deer eyes for this purpose, but the perishability factor soon posed another problem. After wearing a real deer eye for a few days, the wearer usually found himself so unsavory socially that his plight rivaled the afflictions of mal ojo. This bad "side effect" induced the ancient folk doctors to renew their research. In due course they found that a synthetic deer's eye, properly ornamented, would work just as well. Consequently, the *ojo de venado* commonly worn today always contains a tree seed about the size of a large acorn, painted to simulate a deer's eye. The more elabo-

rate amulets may also contain a small piece of prickly-ash twig, perhaps a few bits of bright-colored yarn, an amber bead, a small onyx hand, or a piece of shell from the armadillo, all strung together on a red string. The red string signifies blood, which helps to confuse the evil eye. Positive immunity accompanies the wearing of this charm.

However, in cases when positive immunity lapses, or when a child comes down with the symptoms of affliction through failure to wear the protective amulet, there are various do-it-yourself remedies. One begins with roasting a dry chili pasilla (hot pepper) on the comal, the little Mexican earthenware grill. The smoke from the burning pepper must penetrate the child's eyes and nose. The child now receives a massage with a fresh, unfractured egg, wet with the tongue before it is rolled over the body of the stricken child. The egg must come from a black hen, for only the *gallina negra* is endowed with the power to drive out the evil spirits of mal ojo once they have lodged in the victim. If the egg breaks during these ministrations, the jeopardy is almost indescribable.

Following this egg massage the unfortunate child must be smartly spanked all over and then wrapped well with blankets to induce sweating. The child must not be bathed until the second day after the massage, and his recovery will be hastened if two herbs, Santa Maria and ruda, are worn tucked behind his ears at all times. But most important of all, it is necessary to place next to the child's body a small piece of clothing from the evil-eyed person who inflicted the illness. In the absence of this vital step all other treatment will be in vain.

If this home remedy fails to extract the affliction, the skilled *curandero* will be called in to administer a similar but more professional cure, with the addition of a live hen or fowl, black of course, which he will waft over the patient while chanting and entreating the evil spirits to leave the body. Whether he is treating a child or an adult, a cleansing rubdown is almost always part of the *curandero's* therapy. The rubdown may be given with a combination of herbs, oil, flower blossoms, and rum. Usually the *curandero* finds it helpful if he drinks a little of this mixture while he brushes the patient with a green laurel branch.

The treatment for mal ojo victims, both children and adults, is essentially the same throughout the provinces of Mexico, although it may vary in detail according to regional or local tradition. As in modern clinical practice, ability to pay often influences the scale of treatment. In some cases the afflicted may be forced to recover without the egg massage or certain other remedies.

The amulet, *ojo de venado*, is worn by nearly all children throughout Mexico, but many adults seek its protection too. This charm, of ancient Mayan origin, is sold in markets everywhere as well as by street vendors. It may seem strange that with all this protection the danger of mal ojo remains so prevalent, but we must bear in mind that small children, who are most often its victims, frequently forget to wear their protective charms.

Mal ojo's serious consequences are by no means restricted to human beings. Pet animals, birds, and even prized plants often come under its spell. One recent case involved a pet parrot that belonged to an elderly lady neighbor right here in Mexico City. The catastrophe occurred one afternoon when a very good friend came for tea. The friend, upon seeing her hostess's cherished pet, approached its cage to admire the beautiful bird, eye to eye. Instantly, upon this confrontation, the parrot dropped dead. Both the elderly hostess and her visiting friend were overwhelmed. The friend, not knowing that she possessed the powers of mal ojo, had been perfectly innocent in her intentions. But this illustrates how insidious mal ojo can be.

Sometimes tourists from the north are inclined to be cynical about mal ojo and its remedies, but my husband reminds me that he survived the Great Flu Epidemic of 1917 only by the grace of asafetida, the malodorous Persian gum resin he wore pinned to his union suit throughout his grammar school days. This germ annihilator was virtually mandatory in the Midwestern German community where he grew up. He says that to this day he can hardly think of elementary arithmetic or geography outside the olefactory context of asafetida.

A whiff of asafetida suggests that this may have been the agent that really rendered mal ojo benign in North America.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ENGLISH

BY GEORGE STARBUCK

Pigfoot (With Aces Under) Passes

The heat's on the hooker.
Drop's on the lam.
Cops got Booker.
Who give a damn?

The Kid's been had.
But not me yet.
Dad's in his pad.
No sweat.

Daddy Gander's Newfound Runes

Rain, rain, grow the hay.
Grow the weeds another day.
If I die before I wake,
Skip it.

Little Boy Blue come blow.
Can't Man; learning a new instrument.
What's wrong with the old one? where'd you get the new one?
Found it in a haystack Man.

Old Mother Hubbard,
Decently covered,
Went to her final reward.

She had to laugh.
Manger was half
Empty and half kennel.

Might've known
Old Church been living on
Principal.

I fired a missile up.
It came down maybe.
Maybe it stayed up.
Things ain't much like they used to be.

Margaret Are You Drug

Cool it Mag.
Sure it's a drag
With all that green flaked out.
Next thing you know they'll be changing the color of bread.

But look, Chick,
Why panic?
Sevennyeighty years, we'll *all* be dead.

Roll with it, Kid.
I did.
Give it the old benefit of the doubt.

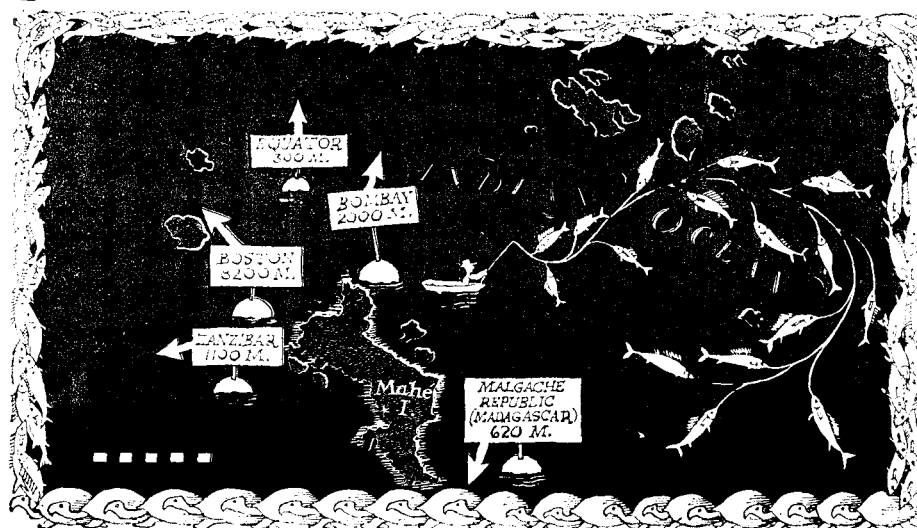
I mean leaves
Schmeaves.
You sure you ain't just feeling sorry for yourself?

Lamb

Lamb, what makes you tick?
You got a wind-up, a Battery-powered,
A flywheel, a plug-in, or what?
You made out of real Reelfur?
You fall out the window you bust?
You shrink? Turn into a No-No?
Zip open and have pups?

I bet you better than that.
I bet you put out by some other outfit.
I bet you don't do nothin.
I bet you somethin to eat.

pleasures and places



THE SEYCHELLES Really Away From It All

BY JOHN PEER NUGENT

Only if your world map or navigator's chart is a detailed one will you find clearly marked, at 4°40' south of the equator and at longitude 55°30', the Seychelle Islands. Some of these islands are made of granite, others of growing coral, a few of guano. There are ninety-two in the chain—sixty are uninhabited—and they are strewn across the glittering ocean as if by some mischievous genie who gaily dipped his flying carpet down from Bombay on a scimitar-shaped spin to Zanzibar Island. Spread over 150,000 square miles of blue-black sea, they have brilliant white beaches and are totally isolated from the outside world. Most of them bear alluring names such as Silhouette, La Digue, Poivre, Curieuse, and Félicité. There is a town called Petit Paris, another named Zig Zag. The prominent twin peaks on the main island of Mahé (four miles wide and seventeen miles long, it is the granite home of a majestic shade tree called the takamaka) are daringly known as Les Mamelles to the predominately Roman Catholic locals, a proudly unique race of Creole-speaking, effervescing, and happy-go-lucky people known as Seychellois.

The Seychelles are a British crown colony. The governor is an able and scholarly aesthete who knows the Empire's islands well. He was posted to both Zanzibar and Santa Lucia before coming to the Seychelles in 1962. His Excellency and Right Honorable the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, CMG, son of Sir Herbert Henry Asquith, the British Prime Minister at the beginning of World War I, tends his flock of 42,000 Seychellois and 1.5 million palm trees in *haut monde* fashion. There is plenty of time for him to collect freckled strombs, play tennis, and entertain visitors in the high-ceilinged gleaming white palatial government house. Inside, a small boy in a well-starched white tunic pumps the punkah from behind an embroidered screen, while linen-suited guests take the noonday Pimm's or pink gin, and the governor's charming Rumanian-born wife, smoking a dainty cheroot, discusses philosophy.

There is no air service to the Seychelles because there are no landing strips. Rusty-hulled dowagers belonging to the British India Steam Navigation Company Limited only occasionally, and then reluctantly, anchor off Mahé's Sainte Anne

Channel (for there is no dock either). There the captain picks up copra and the royal mail from Victoria, the capital, while depositing by small boat the odd visitor, who has probably spent most of the voyage (from either Bombay or Mombasa) in cabin and on Dramamine dispensed by the garlicky Goan medical officer. Until 1959 there was no bank on the islands, and trial by jury was "discovered" three years ago.

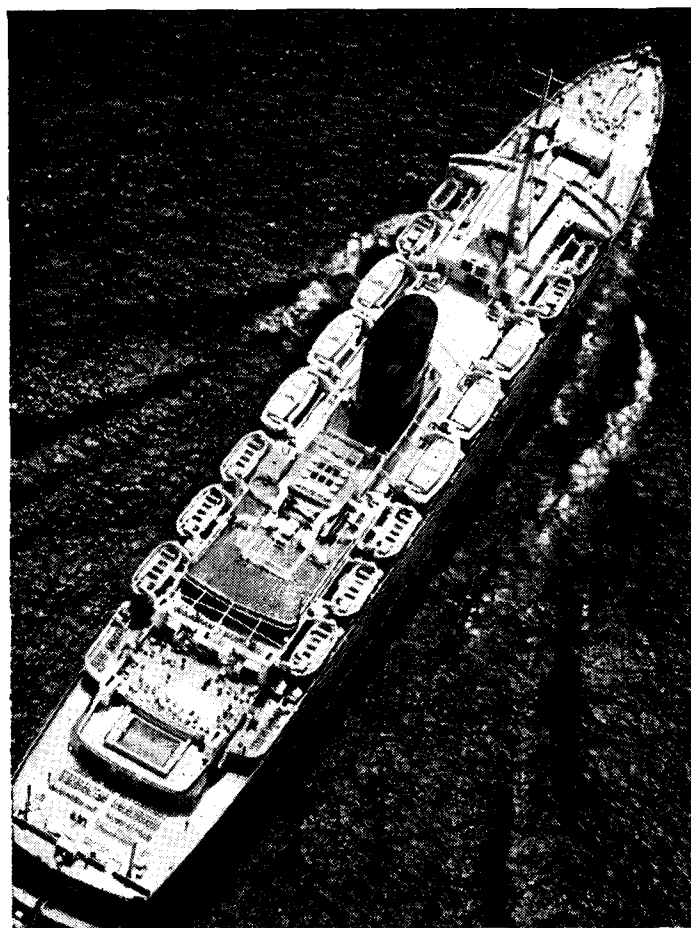
The world only seems to have passed up, and by, the Seychelles. Actually, they have a most prominent and adventurous place in both legend and history. Seychelle coves provided sanctuaries for the pirates who during the eighteenth century were working the lucrative East India routes, where the haul was usually chained slaves, Maria Theresa talers, and church plate. France claimed the islands in 1756 when it heard the British were also looking them over. But by the Treaty of Paris in 1814, Napoleon ceded them to King George III. During the 1870s, the African explorer Henry Morton Stanley kept a house, called Livingstone Cottage, on Mahé. However, it was not until the arrival of General "Chinese" Gordon in 1881 that the islands achieved a niche in history.

Upon setting foot on the island of Praslin (accompanied by his trusted guide, Adam, it should be noted), the hero of the Sudan campaign proclaimed: "It's the original Garden of Eden." Gordon was positive of this because he located the mysterious *coco-de-mer* palms growing in the island's Vallée de Mai, lush, steamy, and inhabited by black parrots. He was sure the palm bore the biblical fruit of knowledge. Even today the palm grows nowhere else in the world. It was so named by sailors of old who thought it grew under the sea because the nuts were only found floating on the ocean. Indians and Chinese still pay enormous prices for the nut's opaque jelly, considered a better aphrodisiac than even the famous Seychelles sea slug, or a ground rhino horn from East Africa.

The people of the Seychelles are truly an exotic breed. Their saga is an enchanting one, if uncertain historically. What is clear is that the people are a most *recherché* ethnical rainbow. They range in color, complexion, and design from woolly-haired cobalt blacks of Nubian

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to Bermuda and Nassau: 6 days; from \$175.

☐ Nov. 17—*Queen Mary* Cruise to Nas-
sau: 5 days; from \$145.

☐ Nov. 23—*Queen Mary* Thanksgiving
Cruise to Nassau: 5 days; from \$150.

☐ Feb. 18, 1966—*Queen Mary* Washing-
ton's Birthday Cruise to Nassau: 5 days;
from \$150.

☐ Apr. 7—*Queen Elizabeth* Easter Cruise
to Bermuda: 5 days; from \$150.

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☐ Jan. 3, 1966—*Franconia* West Indies
Cruise: 10 days; 3 ports; from \$230.

☐ Jan. 31—*Franconia* West Indies Cruise:
18 days; 8 ports; from \$515.

☐ Feb. 19—*Franconia* West Indies Cruise:
16 days; 6 ports; from \$460.

☐ Mar. 8—*Franconia* West Indies Cruise:
12 days; 4 ports; from \$325.

From Port Everglades, Florida

☐ Dec. 22, 1965—*Carmania* Christmas
Cruise: 11 days; 5 ports; from \$315.

☐ Jan. 3, 1966—*Carmania* West Indies
Cruise: 6 days; 2 ports; from \$140.

☐ Jan. 11—*Carmania* West Indies Cruise:
12 days; 5 ports; from \$310.

☐ Jan. 24—*Carmania* West Indies Cruise:
12 days; 5 ports; from \$310.

☐ Feb. 7—*Carmania* West Indies Cruise:
17 days; 10 ports; from \$485.

☐ Feb. 26—*Carmania* West Indies Cruise:
15 days; 8 ports; from \$430.

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12 days; 5 ports; from \$310.

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beauty, through sepia-skinned Hamitic handsomeness, to blond-haired and blue-eyed Teutonic perfection. They speak the singsong Creole patois, which is warmly lilting though almost incomprehensible. The race, for it is now surely that, came about in the 1790s from a potpourri consisting of 487 African slaves, 63 French farmers, 32 Coloreds, 3 soldiers of the garrison, and one retired pirate.

Since then the bloodline has been enhanced by dashes of Chinese traders from Canton, Indian merchants from Madras and Sikh country, an occasional passing Malayan wanderer, and visiting sailors from a dozen European nations and ports. During the nineteenth-century reign of the clipper ship, dozens of whalers out of New England harbors often called on the islands for fresh water, turtle meat, and coconuts. Their visits resulted in the dozens of red-headed and freckle-faced Seychellois who today stroll the winding streets speaking Creole without the slightest trace of a New England accent.

Most Seychellois are positive that the Dauphin, heir to the throne of France if Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette had not been guillotined, lived and died on Mahé after siring, under the name Pierre Poiret, until he was well into his seventies. Just how deeply the Seychellois believe this was explained to me one evening by an English seashell fancier, Tom Jones, who owns the local novelty shop, where the specialty is a handsome walking stick made from the bleached vertebrae of a killer shark. He insisted that a prominent Seychellois member of the Legislative Council recently rejected an invitation from the honorary French consul to attend the traditional July 14 Bastille Day celebration at the Pirates Arms Hotel.

"*Je refuse!*" he proclaimed. "You French killed my great-great-great grandfather." The descendants of Poiret are numerous and are usually named either Louis or Marie.

In recent years retired British civil servants, about one hundred strong and from posts around the world, have added a new group to the islanders.

It is quite understandable to be told by the locals how completely content they are with things just as they are. They love their rickety houses on pencil-thin stilts (in case

the tide comes in high). They feel completely protected with a flock of geese as home guards. Their dogs and cats thrive on the plentiful coconuts. Berry-loving myna birds do most of the sowing of the main crop, cinnamon, through their droppings as they wing around the islands. The waters are alive with tasty fish — the bourgeois, *becuna* (barracuda), and all sorts of mackerel. After sleeping, fishing is the national pastime of the Seychellois. I once asked a fisherman the hour. He shrugged. "All I know is it must be in the afternoon, for I have already taken lunch, Monsieur," he explained, and went back to sleep under his favorite takamaka tree.

The clock chimes in Victoria strike twice — on the hour and one minute later, for those who were not paying attention.

The British have been kind in ruling this paradise. The government subsidizes the staple of rice, doles out free tea, and maintains palm-toddy shops throughout the islands.

This year the local economy got an American-style shot in the arm. The U.S. government, along with the Philco Corporation, built a satellite-tracking station on Mahé. It is called "Le Golfball" by the locals because of its resemblance to one. The hundred civilian technicians are good spenders in the local pubs, like Sharkey Clarke's place, when they come down from their hilltop bar-



racks. Several laborers have found the Yankee dollar more acceptable around the island than the traditional rupee (4.5 rupees to \$1.00). A result has been several attempts by local forgers to crank out U.S. dollars on a "borrowed" U.S. Air Force mimeograph machine.

Despite all the inaccessibility, hope and prayer of every Seychellois

is tourism. Everyone is gossiping about a landing strip being built someday, even though a RAF survey team recently reckoned there was not enough flat land on Mahé to launch a balloon. The crafty Seychellois merchants and plantation owners are now plotting blackmail.

"Let's tell the Americans that if they want Le Golfball to stay, they must build an airport" is the strategy line making the rounds on the sturdy interisland steamer, the *Lady Esme*, where all passengers are supplied with brightly colored plastic bowls in case of *mal de mer*.

Mahé itself already has six hotels, with cottages for two costing \$5.00 per day, meals included. They offer unexpected hot water from the cold faucet, stream-washed laundry brought to you on a tray, sunsets and beaches that make Jamaica's Ocho Rios and the French Riviera look like Coney Island in a perpetual foggy drizzle.

The Seychelles represent the last Shangri-La islands that are likely to remain so for decades to come. News of the outside world barely trickles in via a thin government handout; the usual topics are the rugby scores from Great Britain, what new films have arrived, and ship schedules. Radio Seychelles is on two hours daily and can be picked up only on certain streets of the city. "*Bon,*" say most Seychellois to all this.

The people are more concerned with letting outsiders know that the big-game fishing is considered better here than off Baja California or the Peruvian coast, with swordfish running to twenty-five feet (according to the tourist board). The goggling is exciting out on the coral reefs near Anonyme Island. For clothing, all one really needs is a beach towel, which can be used for both drying and covering, and a pair of sandals.

The biggest attraction still is the isolation, which the locals are in no hurry to change, although they would like that airport. Politically, the islanders wish to remain a British dependency. It is an annual occasion for the leading political party, the Seychelles Taxpayers' Association, to cable Queen Elizabeth about its undying loyalty and utter horror at the mere thought of freedom. There are two ways to make Seychellois mad. One is to close down a toddy shop; the other is even to hint

that maybe the islands should link up with one of the newly independent African countries to the west. To most Seychellois, Africans are just not their kind of people.

Though some outsiders have made visits to the islands to attempt stirring up anticolonialism, a government security officer, lounging in his starched white shorts, yawned as he explained: "The Seychellois suffer from a congenital disease — they can't keep secrets." And since the policeman on the beat is also the mailman, any overseas literature more radical than the *Times* of London never makes it to the mailbox.

"We're fifty years behind the times," said graying Henri Daubon, a leathery sixty-three-year-old French plantation owner from Praslin. He beamed with Seychellois pride, then pointed out a bright blue-feathered bird, called *pigeon hollandais*, that winged over my patio at the Hotel des Seychelles, cable address IDYLLIC.

WISTFULLY, FROM THE STALLS

BY STUART HEMSLEY

O, how I wish that you might see

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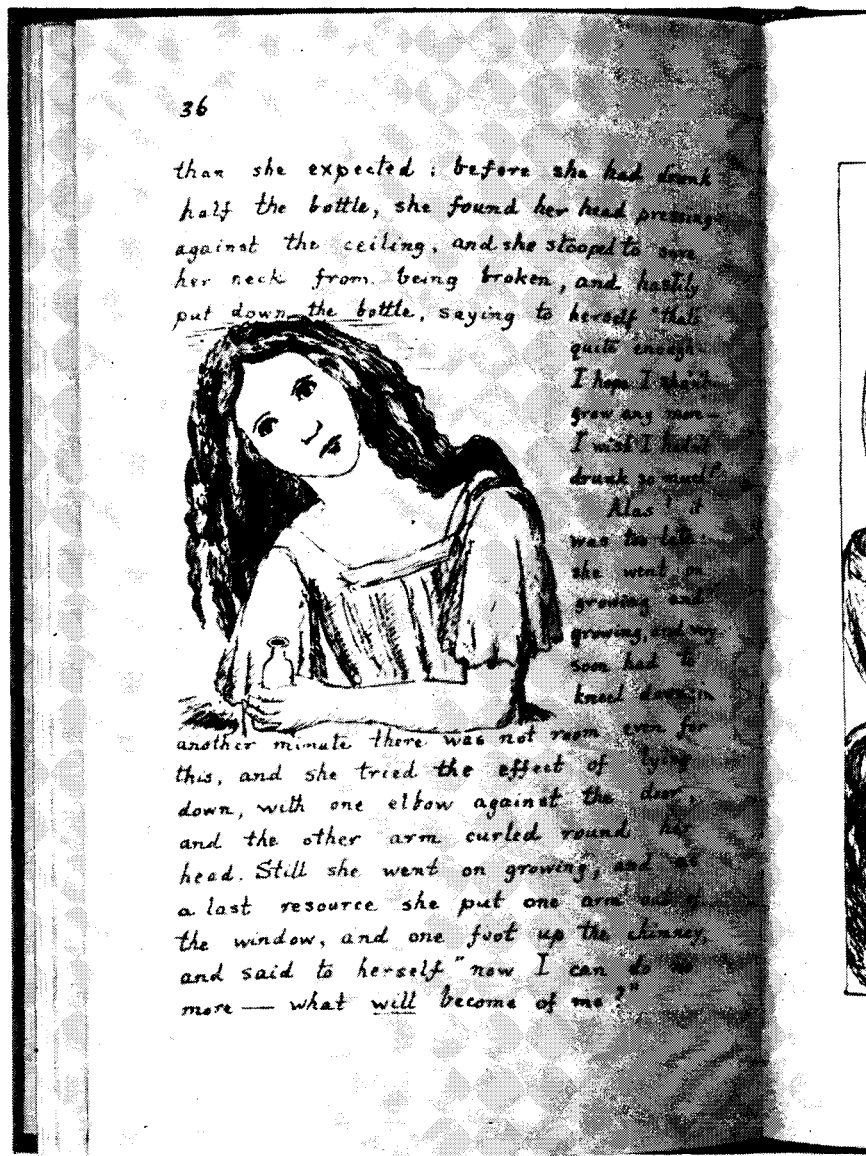
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THE METROPOLITAN'S NEW HOUSE

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

When the Paris Opéra, Charles Garnier's monument to the already departed glories of Napoleon III, was first opened in 1875 after fourteen years of construction, a popular magazine called *Le Monde Illustré* published a widely reprinted cross-sectional view of the mighty structure. Its six levels of seats, its ornate foyers and spiraling staircases, its vast backstage areas, its honeycombs of dressing rooms and corridors were all laid bare in meticulous detail. It was one of the world's theatrical wonders, and so, at least structurally, it has remained to this day.

So far, no one has yet published a comparable cross section of the new Metropolitan House, which is now nearing completion in New York's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. And yet a visitor to the structure, now four fifths finished, is reminded forcefully of the "coupe de l'Opéra" that ran in *Le Monde Illustré*. One walks through labyrinthine corridors, descends into vast depths beneath the stage area, climbs the intricately intertwining double grand staircase, surveys the spacious restaurant areas, views the bare lobby walls for which Chagall has been commissioned to do murals. With its five slender and soaring

front archways, its severely straight sides and rear, its extensive use of glass, and its generally unadorned and businesslike appearance, the new Metropolitan Opera presents a highly modern external picture. Yet inside the hall, a nineteenth-century Parisian, or for that matter, Milanese or Viennese, might feel reasonably at home. For in its basic concept, from the horseshoe rows of boxes that will ring its sides to the elaborate spectacles that will occupy its stage, the new Metropolitan will be a thoroughly traditional and conservative type of opera house.

This is not necessarily said in a critical sense, for the Metropolitan Opera during the fifteen-year regime of Rudolf Bing has made a remarkable success of being a traditional opera house. Its repertoire, despite an occasional foray into relatively safe modernism (such as Berg's *Wozzeck* or Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*) has been thoroughly old-fashioned; its singers, despite Bing's initial insistence on the supremacy of the ensemble, have been selected for glamour as much as for artistry; its staging, scenery, and costumes, despite an occasional infusion of new blood and new ideas, have remained not very different from generations past.

And yet, critical complaints notwithstanding, audiences have been flocking to the Met in undiminished numbers and with unabated enthusiasm during the years of the Bing regime. The present house, which accommodates an audience of 3625, averages 97 percent of capacity nightly. The company's current seven-month season is its longest in history. Its price scale, with a \$12 top, is at an all-time high. The Met has 14,000 subscribers — that is, customers who buy season tickets in advance, sight unseen, sound unheard, schedule unknown — and 9000 more would-be subscribers are on the waiting list for the new house. It is small wonder that Mr. Bing, after one Met performance had been raked over by the critics, is reputed to have remarked philosophically, "Nobody likes us except the public."

As little inclined as the Met is toward experimentation or adventurousness in musical matters, its current management is making a determined effort to modernize its business, administrative, and labor-relations approaches. Its first effort at diversification came last summer, when the Met took over the moribund summer concerts at Lewisohn Stadium. The principal objective was to provide year-round employment for the members of the Met orchestra, with whom its labor relations have been particularly touchy. But the concerts, which featured appearances by Met singers, also were a resounding popular success, with the largest turnouts the stadium had seen in years. This fall the Met is launching its so-called National Company, a troupe of young artists who will take four operas on a nationwide tour. This is a kind of "junior Met," with none of the big-name singers from the parent company, and some observers have questioned the effect of such a troupe on local initiative in the operatic field. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the Met is moving in the direction of becoming a year-round operatic enterprise, encompassing as wide a sphere as possible.

The centerpiece of the Met's enterprises will, of course, be the gleaming new marble hall at Lincoln Center designed by architect Wallace K. Harrison. Met managements have been dreaming of a new house almost since the present structure was completed in 1883.



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The yellow brick edifice at Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street has endeared itself to several generations of operagoers, but it was nevertheless obsolete the day it opened, since its backstage conditions were wretchedly cramped and its storage space was totally nonexistent. Even today, sets are "stored" just prior to performance on the sidewalk at the rear of the house, and it is no novelty for passersby on Seventh Avenue to gaze at the Temple of Isis or the Palace of the Duke of Mantua gently swaying in the evening breezes. Met officials, like the audiences, have a sentimental attachment to the old house, but also a fiscal horror of it. They want it torn down, both to obtain the added revenue that will accrue from the erection of an office building on the site and to assure that the auditorium will not be available to a competitive enterprise. One of their great fears is that with the opening of the new house only a year away a serious effort will develop to "save" the old Met from the wreckers, in the manner of Carnegie Hall.

Certainly nothing is being spared to provide a new house sufficiently lavish, spacious, and elegant to outshine the old. The new Met will cost \$43,000,000, far more than any other Lincoln Center building. Its capacity of 3800 will make it the largest opera house in the world. It will have three restaurants, and underground parking for 700 cars. Its stage floor will consist of seven separate lifts which can move — or remove — stage sets within a matter of seconds. Its backstage and side-stage areas are prairielike in their spaciousness. It will have storage room for an entire season's sets and trappings. Its mechanical and electronic gadgetry is almost unlimited. Even the main chandelier will be motorized. In fact, Met officials are concerned lest the audience, starved as it is for elaborate staging at the present house, will pay more attention to the surroundings than the singing when the new house opens.

The man more deeply involved than any other in the planning and the particulars of the Met's move to Lincoln Center is a forty-year-old assistant manager named Herman E. Krawitz. Krawitz's original background was theatrical rather than operatic; he started out as a successful summer producer on Cape Cod. In recent years he has been taking

on increasing administrative responsibilities at the Met, and last spring he was in the middle of a violent controversy when Lincoln Center officials tried to lure him away from the opera house to take charge of their floundering Repertory Theater. Mr. Bing insisted that Krawitz remain at the Met, and so he has.

Krawitz is well aware of the Met's resemblance to the Paris Opéra. In fact, he says that an original plan to have Parisian-style galleries circling the auditorium was scrapped reluctantly in a move to cut costs and save space. Many of the Met's administrative offices are located along the sides of the building, and there has been some scrimping for space here too. "It took a lot of planning," says one disgruntled Met official, "but they finally got my office down to the same size as in the old building." Incidentally, Mr. Bing's office possesses an unusual and possibly unique feature — a passageway which leads directly to his box, enabling him to move from the one to the other without passing through the public areas.

As traditional as the Met's interior will be in layout and decor, some members of the administration favored an even more old-fashioned approach. "Wally Harrison didn't want to build a strict replica of a European house," says one of the Met's planners. "But some of the Europeans, including Bing, inclined in that direction. You know, La Scala reconstructed piece by piece. . . . We ended up with a compromise, with the clean lines of contemporary architecture on the outside, and the horseshoe look on the inside."

The house has also been designed to provide maximum revenues. Although its seating capacity will be only slightly larger than the old house, a substantially higher number of seats (1583 against 1185) will be located in the top-priced orchestra section. Boxes, for which there is a great demand, will also be available in greater numbers, although this has been accomplished by placing some on the Grand Tier and Dress Circle, in addition to those making up the Diamond Horseshoe. Mr. Krawitz estimates the nightly take from the new house at \$35,000, as compared with \$30,000 in the old, a 16 percent increase. With some two hundred performances a year, the Met's box-office reve-

nue will rise from \$6,000,000 annually to \$7,000,000. "But we'll still lose money," Krawitz adds quickly. "Our expenses will run much higher on everything from window cleaning to electrical costs." The Met's deficit for the 1964-1965 season was \$1,700,000; and for 1966-1967, its first Lincoln Center season, it expects to lose \$2,000,000. Many European houses run even deeper in the red, with government subventions — which the Met, of course, lacks — enabling them to stay in business.

No one at Lincoln Center is eager to make predictions these days — not after the misadventures of Philharmonic Hall, which ran into an acoustical disaster after proclaiming itself in advance a "perfect musical instrument," or of the Repertory Theater, which almost collapsed from internal strife after a widely heralded beginning. Nevertheless, the Metropolitan Opera is heading toward its opening in September, 1966, with the confidence born of careful planning and patient experience. It will even manage to present at least an illusion of progressiveness at its Lincoln Center opening with its first-night opera choice, *Antony and Cleopatra*, specially commissioned from the American composer Samuel Barber. The opening-night opera for this season, the last in the old house, is, by contrast, Gounod's *Faust*, which, by no coincidence, was the opera of the Met's first opening night in 1883.

But no one really expects the Met in its new surroundings to turn into a bastion of contemporary American opera. That function it is content to leave to its Lincoln Center neighbor, the New York City Opera Company, which receives special Ford Foundation grants to stage new works. It seems a reasonably safe assumption that in the long run there will be more Gounod than Sam Barber to be heard in the new Met, as in the old.

"We've put up a twentieth-century setting for nineteenth-century works of art," says Herman Krawitz, illustrating not merely the problem confronting the builders of the new Met, but the dilemma faced by opera itself today. In this sense, the new Metropolitan Opera House can be described as a paradox, but an unusually handsome paradox, and one that should flourish for years.

Record Reviews

Handel: Messiah

Otto Klemperer conducting Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Grace Hoffman, mezzo-soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; and Jerome Hines, bass; Angel SCL-3657 (stereo) and CL-3657: three records

It is no disparagement to call this a middle-of-the-road *Messiah*. Several recent recordings have presented Handel's masterpiece rearranged, reorchestrated, almost rewritten. Klemperer forbids himself such liberties; his recording is thoroughly traditional in spirit, style, and content (even most of the traditional cuts are observed, which means that the work is not quite given completely). But Klemperer's version certainly fills the need for a resoundingly good and straightforward *Messiah*. Occasionally, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf seems a bit calculating in her vocal effects. But the other solo singers stride right into their parts, especially Gedda, whose tenor rings forth clear and true, and Hines, whose magnificent bass makes "And the trumpet shall sound" one of the most thrilling passages in the work. The Philharmonia Chorus is superb throughout, and Klemperer, for all his eighty years, conducts at a pace that can only be described as invigorating.

Sing Joyfully: A Recital of Anthems from Tallis to Britten

The Choir of St. Michael's College, Tenbury, directed by Lucian Nethsinga; Argo ZRG-5423 (stereo) and RG-423 The unique qualities of English cathedral church music were never set forth more enchantingly than in this collection of choral pieces from the sixteenth century to our own. St. Michael's is a school in Worcestershire that maintains a fine boys' choir, which is here augmented by men's voices. It is hard to say whether the delightful freshness of this record stems more from the fervor and innocence of the young voices, or from the unusual quality of the repertory selected. In any case, the combination is superb. Among the pieces are Thomas Tallis' "If ye love me," Thomas Morley's Magnificat and Agnus Dei, "Sing Joyfully," by William Byrd, "Rejoice in

the Lord Alway," attributed to John Redford, and modern works by Vaughan Williams, Benjamin Britten, and others. English is the language of most of the songs, and it seldom has fallen more gracefully on the ears. The record was produced in Britain and is distributed in the United States as a London import.

Hadjidakis: Lilacs out of the Dead Land

Manos Hadjidakis conducting an anonymous orchestra; Odeon OMCGA-11 (monaural only)

Most listeners know Manos Hadjidakis, if they know him at all, as the composer of movie music for such films as *Never on Sunday*, *America America*, and *Topkapi*. But Hadjidakis, a forty-year-old composer who lives and works in Athens, is an ambitious and adventurous musician whose special interests include the *bouzouki*, the popular Greek song of café and cabaret. This record is a collection of instrumental versions of *bouzouki*-style songs, transmuted by Hadjidakis into something very closely approaching art. Their exotic instrumentation, insistent rhythm, and distinctive coloration give them a charm and flavor all their own, and Hadjidakis has even managed to attain a variety of moods in the twelve numbers. He conducts the café-type orchestra himself and also writes his own jacket notes, which are printed in both Greek and English. Unfortunately, these are not very informative and do not really explain why Hadjidakis has burdened these atmospheric and altogether engaging pieces with a title taken from Eliot's *The Waste Land*. The recording is manufactured in Greece, and is available here in shops that handle the Capitol Imports line.

The Weavers Reunion at Carnegie Hall, Part 2

Pete Seeger, Lee Hays, Ronnie Gilbert, Fred Hellerman, Erik Darling, Frank Hamilton, and Bernard Krause, folk singers; Vanguard VSD-79161 (stereo) and VRS-9161

The Weavers have probably had as large a hand as any other group in the folk-song excitement of the last fifteen years, especially as concerns those songs tinged by what used to be called social significance. Over the years they have broken up, reunited, and changed membership more than once, and this is one of

two records stemming from a final appearance on the stage of Carnegie Hall in May of 1963. Whether it is their *last* final appearance, only time will tell, but this certainly is a record that makes one hope their story is as yet unfinished. Their smooth but not slick harmonies, their crisp rhythmic sense, and their attention to verbal clarity set them apart from most other groups with similar repertory. This record contains such Weavers "standards" as "On Top of Old Smoky," "Rock Island Line," and "Roll On, Columbia." There also are the fantastic humors of "Frozen Logger" ("Nobody but a logger stirs his coffee with his thumb") and the muted grimness of "Greenland Whale Fisheries," not to mention the special flavors of several foreign numbers. So appealing is this collection of songs that one does not even resent the applause and cheers of the audience that was in the hall when the concert was taped.

WNEW's Story of Selma

Produced by Jerry Graham and Mike Stein, with Len Chandler, Pete Seeger, and the Freedom Voices; Folkways FH-5595 (monaural only)

This record can serve as a musical introduction to the civil rights movement or as a primer of folk-song composition. The material was originally broadcast by a New York radio station which invited some of the Selma marchers and Pete Seeger, the folk singer, to its studio to tell and sing the story of the Selma, Alabama, march. The program cuts back and forth from the voices in the studio to those of the actual massed marchers, as recorded at the scene. Seeger and Len Chandler, one of the marchers, tell how the songs were composed or improvised en route, and they sing them with spirit and feeling. Along with the emotionalism runs a strain of sharp humor, as when the singers burst forth with:

Come on all you high-toned college
grads
Pronounce your final g's
But don't forget your old Grandmaw
She's still a-scrubbin' on her knees
Which side are you on, boy,
Which side are you on. . . .

The record exudes not only conviction but confidence, and leaves a vivid impression of civil rights music, which may, in the long run, turn out to be not the least effective weapon in the movement's arsenal.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

OF THE wise and most successful book publishers in the generation before mine, I should rank, though not necessarily in the order of my affection, Ferris Greenslet, Alfred Harcourt, Max Perkins, Alfred McIntyre, George P. Brett, John Macrae, Alfred Knopf, and Harold Latham. I am not trying to draw a distinction between those who were the better editors or the better businessmen; I do say that these eight set a standard for American publishing which we juniors have not found it easy to emulate: they believed in quality, they endowed their books with the imprint of their taste and devotion, and with the exception of old Mr. Brett, their capacity for friendship made literary history. I speak of them with varying degrees of intimacy, and I should judge HAROLD LATHAM to be the most modest and the least irascible of them all. Macmillan authors found him a comfortable man to work with, and the explanation is now at hand in the portraits from memory and the genial, often acute account of his editorial experience, *MY LIFE IN PUBLISHING* (Dutton, \$5.00).

He went to work for the Macmillan Company on his graduation from Columbia at a salary of fourteen dollars a week. The firm in its impressive building on lower Fifth Avenue was the American offshoot of the venerable English publishers, and while the ownership was then vested in London, the American director, George P. Brett, a brusque autocrat, had built up the prestige of the school and college texts and had woven together a trade list from both countries including Edwin Arlington Robinson, Vachel Lindsay, H. G. Wells, John Masefield, Owen Wister, Jack London, Albert Schweitzer, Tagore, and William Allen White, to name a few. In terms of distinction as in terms of production, the American Macmillan's under Mr. Brett had become a formidable power with earnings which in time allowed the firm to buy out the English shares.

In his quiet way Harold Latham added mightily to that power. There is something about a fat man that invites confidence, and Harold Latham was comfortably stout: he was a sympathetic listener, and he had the gift of affiliating himself with his authors whatever their age. Hamlin Garland wanted him as a neighbor and proposed him for membership in the Onteora Club in the Catskills, and Edwin Arlington Robinson when he came to Manhattan wanted Latham to dine with him and then take him on to the snazziest musical comedy. Young Latham had early discovered that even the messiest manuscript could sometimes contain gold, and it was on a scouting trip to Atlanta that he succeeded in shaking Margaret Mitchell free of that vast suitcase full of *Gone With the Wind*. The story of how he did it is now a legend which only he should tell, but I think the remark which finally sprung her was made when they were motoring out to Stone Mountain: he had made some uncomplimentary remarks about some of the novels then coming from the South which he characterized as "sordid," adding that he wished someone would write on a really big Southern theme! Another messy manuscript, and one which he had to take on faith, was the bits and pieces on which Richard Llewellyn scribbled the opening chapter of *How Green Was My Valley*. Those few sheets had been written on a London park bench, but there was enough talent in them to justify a sizable advance and a contract. On his annual trip to England Latham would motor up to Burcote Brook to have tea or supper with John Masefield; and on one of his last visits, H. G. Wells insisted that he read the entire manuscript of *Experiment in Autobiography* under H.G.'s watchful eye, to make sure that the editor was properly appreciative!

Finally, there was his "harem," though Harold himself would never have termed it so: in England, Vera Brittain, Phyllis Bentley, Winifred Holtby,

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The earth is being inhabited
by a more intelligent form of life.



"... after hundreds of millions of years during which nature's experiments have been going on in physical structure and function, a kind of animal finally appeared on the earth so constructed that he could become civilized. Man . . ."

—From CIVILIZATION AND CULTURE,
Volume 5, page 824.

People.

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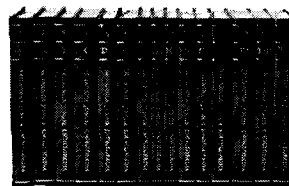
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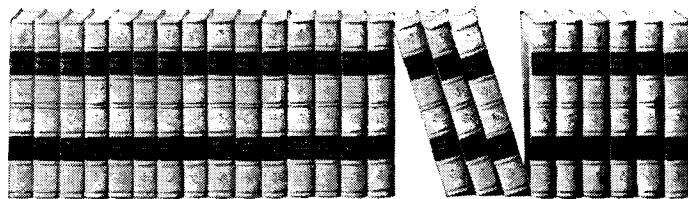


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and G. B. Stern, and with us, Mary Ellen Chase, Gladys Hasty Carroll, Agnes Sligh Turnbull, Maude Adams, Kathleen Winsor, and my favorite, Rachel Field, whose poem which she sent him in 1934 on the eve of his sailing for England, "ABC for the Edification & Entertainment of a Long-Suffering Editor," is a tribute from the heart.

In his appreciation of this book, James A. Michener, whose *Tales of the South Pacific* was one of Latham's discoveries, says that "Mr. Latham reminds us of the ethics that used to prevail in publishing, of the triumphs that were possible in finding and bringing to the public distinguished works of art, and of the gratification that men of taste had when they were able to work with writers who were trying to express significant thoughts."

These may be the ethics of an age which is past, though I should hate to believe it, but certainly the patience, the sympathy, and the candor of a man like Harold Latham will be looked for in the editors of tomorrow.

LOVE IN THE MUSIC HALLS

A Yorkshireman who lives today in an elegant regency mansion named Kissing Tree House, J. B. PRIESTLEY has never forgotten his love for the West Riding and the small towns which he knew as a boy. He came down to London to make his way as a writer, and over the decades has fifty-two books and fifteen plays to show for his industry. A novelist with Dickens' zest for sentiment and laughter, he captured his American readership with his first big novel, *The Good Companions*, which was published in 1929; it was a story of English actors on tour, and now, thirty-six years later, in his new novel, **LOST EMPIRES** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.95), he has come back to the same rich and picaresque sources, the music halls of 1913 and 1914, which bred the great comedians and which were so soon to be blacked out, first by the war and then by the movies.

For a season haunted by droughts, civil riots, and Vietnam, when each day's news is as bleak as the next, *Lost Empires* is the happiest kind of distraction. Mr. Priestley, who was born in 1894, knows from first impressions the theater life, out front and backstage. His characters, dancers, comedians, jugglers, dwarfs, and magicians have the quaintness of the period but not the innocence of the picaresque. Mr. Priestley is a master of episodes, and they flow with variety and vividness. As his four leads he has chosen Nancy, the actress in spite of herself, for the ingenue; Julie Blane, the Julie of *Show Boat*, for his temptress; Dick Herncastle, a good-looking hero straight out of Horatio Alger; and for the control of his narrative, the cynical magician, Dick's uncle, Ganga Dun.

The story is told through the eyes of Dick, a young man of taste, unused to the stage and unversed in sex, hence an appealing interpreter of the loves and feuds in which he is soon immersed. Dick's real ambition is to paint landscapes, and he is serving his apprenticeship in vaudeville so as to have money enough to study at the Slade. Meanwhile, he learns about women from Nancy, who rebuffs him, from Julie, who intends to be his instructor, and from Cissie, his uncle's mistress, who can never keep any confidence to herself.

There is nothing very subtle in Mr. Priestley's capacious stories; everyone warns Dick that he is to be undone; the only question is how Julie will manage it, and we read on with plausible curiosity. Similarly, there is never any real question that Dick will find Nancy in the end and be forgiven just as he would in any well-drilled musical comedy. He does, and she does, and so goes a pleasant evening!

THE HEROIC BLUNDER

In the spring of 1915 the major powers at war had every one of them been defeated in their initial objectives: the Germans had failed to take Paris, the French had failed to recapture Alsace-Lorraine, and the Russians had lost a million men and a million rifles at Tannenberg. Early that winter the British Cabinet, one of the most intelligent assortments ever to gather about the green baize, sought an alternative to the stalemate in Flanders; and driven by the enthusiasm of Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, with the tentative backing of Lord Kitchener, whose judgment carried more weight than that of Prime Minister Asquith, plans were made for a naval assault on the Dardanelles. At the outset it was to be exclusively a naval engagement, but despite the fact that in the preliminary bombardment a lucky hit blew up the magazine of one of the Turkish forts, the British ships took such a pounding that the admiral lost his ardor. The minefield could not be cleared by the slow trawlers, and eventually Kitchener relented and agreed that troops should be sent too. So the Marines, the Anzac Corps, the veteran Twenty-ninth Division, and a French division were dispatched for an attack on Gallipoli which it was hoped would change the nature of the war.

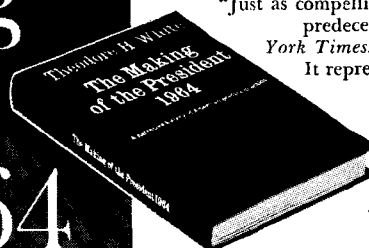
Thus began a most poignant, provocative campaign which with its blunders became infinitely more costly than the charge of the Light Brigade, for the blundering and fighting of the next seven and a half months were to cost nearly half a million Allied and Turkish casualties. There is no disputing the audacity of Churchill's plan, which he sprang on the Cabinet at the end of a long

FOUR

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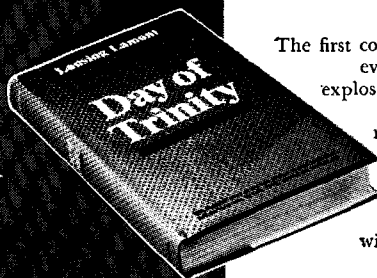
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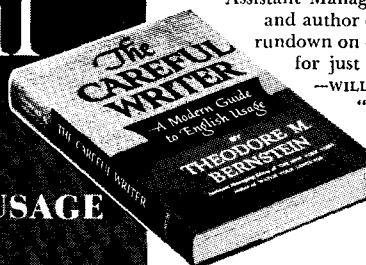
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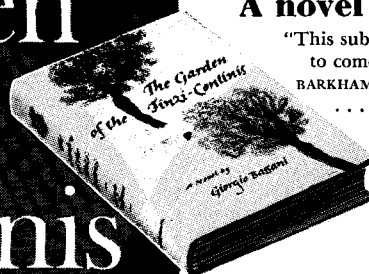
—WILLIAM HOGAN, *San Francisco Chronicle*.

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dull day, nor the fact subsequently confirmed by German and Turkish sources that had the amphibian assault been vigorously pressed soon after the bombardment and before the end of February, it might well have succeeded. Many have explored the big if's of this heroic undertaking, but I think the nearest thing we shall have to the final word, a graphic, judgmental narration remarkable for its insight and characterization, is **GALLIPOLI: THE HISTORY OF A NOBLE BLUNDER** (Macmillan, \$12.50) by **ROBERT RHODES JAMES**. This is more accurate than Alan Moorhead's well-assimilated volume and more exciting.

With access to the documents from both sides, with his close knowledge of the terrain, his interviews with the survivors, and his acumen in cutting through the special pleading of all who have testified — from Winston Churchill in *The World Crisis* to the memoirs of the officers engaged — Mr. James has underscored the loose planning that went on in Whitehall and fateful divergencies such as those between Churchill and Admiral Fisher or between the cautious Admiral de Robeck and his impetuous chief of staff, Roger Keyes. "Keyes," a fellow officer wrote, "was not capable of cool reasoning. The most dangerous way was best to him. Surprise and the offensive spirit has, and might have, achieved a miracle, but he thought it the answer to every problem. . . . Keyes was too much of a visionary, and in London the Cabinet felt the same about Winston."

How close that vision came to success! By March, long before the first troops had landed, the Turks had expended half their ammunition and were still reeling from the effect of the naval guns, but the fatal weakness of the divided British command led to endless delay; sixty-five days elapsed between the opening of the naval attack and the landings on April 25, and in that interminable interim, the Turkish defenses were transformed; the Turks called in the German strategist General Liman von Sanders to take command, and when at last the Australians and the gallant Twenty-ninth flung themselves ashore on cliffs carpeted with wild flowers, they were mowed down by the withering fire. The firsthand accounts of the punishing landings remind me of Pickett's charge as we saw it in *The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, and Mr. James's remarkable analysis of character lays bare the secret reservations and the passionate differences among the leaders which, with the best of intentions, led men to their death and defeat.

We know now, thanks to the author's retrospect, when the Turks were most in peril, and that had there been a young Marlborough instead of an Ian Hamilton in command, Churchill's dream might have come true.



Reader's Choice

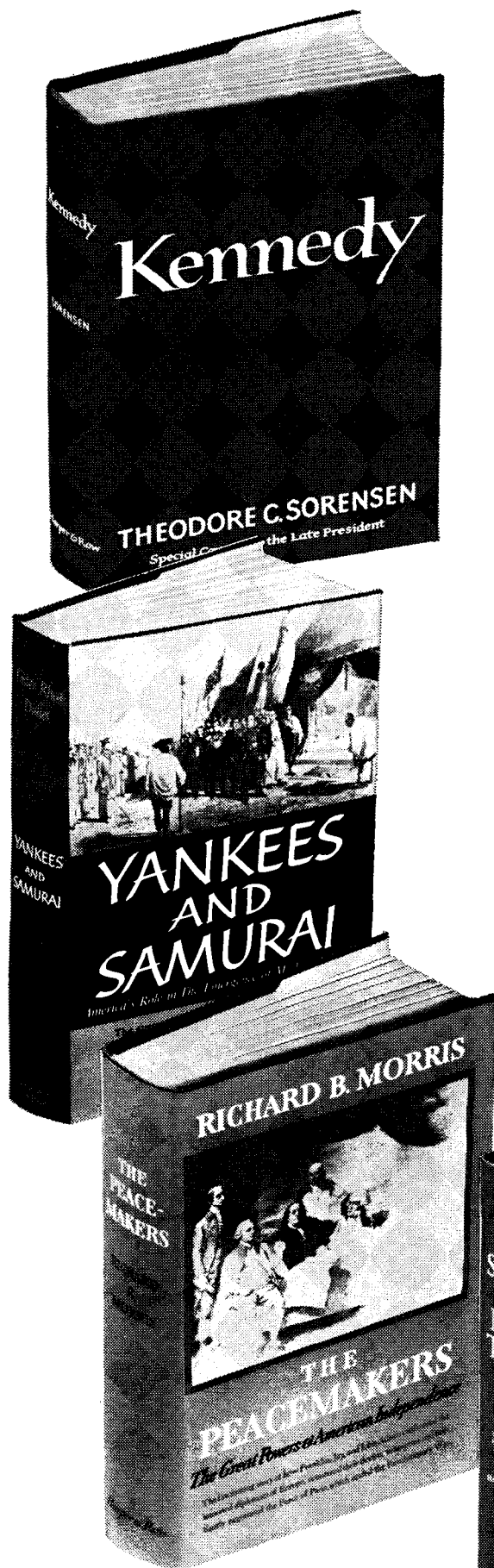
BY OSCAR HANDLIN

WAGING PEACE is the apt title of the second volume of **DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER's** memoirs of his White House years (Doubleday, \$6.95). From the moment in 1956 when Ike decided to run for a second term until January, 1961, when he left office, his primary concern was the quest for peace. He was eager to avoid the risk of war because of his experience and because he well knew how much more damaging the instruments of modern combat had come to be.

Domestic affairs were, therefore, rarely in the forefront of his consciousness. The one major achievement of his second Administration was enactment of the first civil rights law since Reconstruction. In other matters, Eisenhower labored under handicaps. Congress, controlled by the opposition, was no longer cowed by the magic of his name and was altogether unresponsive to his leadership. Illness limited his capacity for action. And the knowledge that he would not run for reelection blunted presidential power. The suggestions for governmental reform, in the "Afterthoughts" to this volume, are the rather unrealistic reflections of Ike's frustrations during his second term.

His greatest effort in these four years went into diplomacy. Neither he nor Secretary of State Dulles after 1956 had any illusions about liberating the captive nations or rolling back Communism. The response to the crises in Hungary and Suez, the long trips to the Far East and to Latin America, and the visit with Khrushchev at Camp David were aimed at avoiding a conflagration and at relaxing the cold war tensions. All this ended in sharp rebuff. In 1960, the U-2 incident turned the Paris Summit Conference into a farce, Laos and the Congo were in disorder, France was edging away from NATO, and Castro was in possession of Cuba. There had been no war. But the danger of war was closer than ever before.

Waging Peace is a full and meticulously detailed account of the second term, better written and more coherently organized than Ike's earlier efforts. It does not always jibe with the accounts given by other members of the Administration — Sherman



In **KENNEDY**, **Theodore C. Sorensen**, Special Counsel to the late President and his "alter ego" for eleven years, has written a biography that is "a cogent, fast-paced story . . . a book for every literate American who has sufficient interest in affairs to read the newspapers. For Sorensen has not written a 'tome'; he has achieved a literary triumph." — **RICHARD E. NEUSTADT**,

Harvard University, in *Harper's Magazine*.

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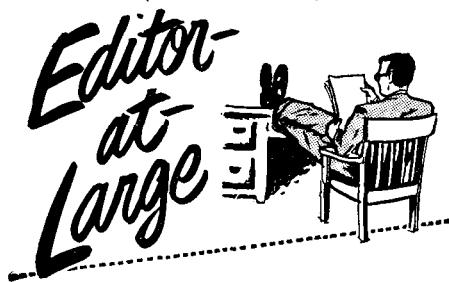
Few men have so reflected the changing decades as the famous playwright, magazine editor and critic whose life and era are chronicled in **THE WORLDS OF ROBERT E. SHERWOOD**: *Mirror to His Times* by **John Mason Brown**. "Brilliantly conceives the life of Sherwood as a kind of essential American link between two world wars. A fascinating and rewarding experience." — **LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS**. With 16 pages of photographs. \$6.95



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Robert Graves went to live on Majorca more than a quarter-century ago. His books came to Doubleday somewhat later. From then on, that island, on any muddy old map, glows, at least when we look at it.

Naturally, one is curious about a distinguished author's home. A handsome new volume, *Majorca Observed*, illuminates the island, the people, and the old master poet-mythologist - critic - scholar - translator-storyteller and leg-puller himself.

Graves, seeking exile to a place with good climate, good wine and good neighbors—all within reach of England and pocketbook—moved to Majorca at the suggestion of Gertrude Stein. Miss Stein, surely the most stylish real estate agent of her time, assured Graves that if he wanted Paradise, Majorca was Paradise. (To which he adds, dryly, "she preferred herself to spend most of her year in Paris.") Mr. Graves has lived there ever since, except for a long exile's return forced by World War II.

He shows, in his disarmingly "plain," brisk prose voice, the continuing appeal of the island. He records, sadly and yet intrigued, the advent of the jets and the tourists. Included is a letter, presumably from one of Graves' children, to a woman who plans to bring her family to settle there. As "Margaret" describes life on the island, with its drunken school teachers, impossible food, and the lethal pranks of her peers, the reader realizes that here is a model letter which can be used to stave off any unwanted arrival.

Majorca Observed enjoys the graphic obligato of Paul Hogarth's drawings. The artist, who last teamed with Behan, says that working with Graves was "a soothing, renewing experience." I would not like to overstate the persuasiveness of the new book, but this could be my farewell column.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Majorca Observed by Robert Graves, with drawings by Paul Hogarth (\$10.00), is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 724 Fifth Avenue (at 57th Street) in New York.

Adams and Emmet Hughes, for example—and when the documentary evidence becomes available, historians will have to reconcile some important discrepancies.

Meanwhile, the book can be read with profit. Its high point is the straight-faced account of Khrushchev's visits with the President. The ebullient Russian head of state, ready to cut loose from protocol when it was to his advantage to do so, was a disconcerting guest. Eisenhower's amazement and perplexity, even in retrospect, enliven these pages.

The deficiencies of the memoir reflect Ike's unwillingness to contemplate the possibility that he might have been wrong at any point. He insists that the U-2 incident had no effect; the summit meeting was in any case doomed. The Russians had long known about the U-2 overflights and only made the fuss they did because they sought a pretext for breaking off negotiations. Indeed, Eisenhower claims, the spirit of Camp David never existed, and the possibilities of a détente were always slim. In the anxiety to justify the error of permitting an overflight on the eve of the conference, he downgrades the major concern of his Administration.

Nor can he see any fault, writing almost a decade later, in the handling of the Suez crisis. The Hungarian revolution had just cracked the Soviet hold on Eastern Europe, and the Russians had responded with a brutal invasion when the Israeli, British, and French attack upon Egypt began. The UN condemned both aggressions and ordered the withdrawal of all invading forces. The Russians, of course, disregarded the injunction, while the United States forced its allies to obey. The result strengthened Communism in Eastern Europe and encouraged Nasser in further designs to expand his influence. "Colonel Nasser, who had remained in power only through the restraint of the West," Ike notes in pained surprise, "failed to seize this opportunity for true statesmanship, thereby depriving his country of the assistance and cooperation of all self-respecting governments."

Ultimately, Iraq would be lost to the West, the United States would have to intervene in Lebanon, and the French would conclude that they could not trust the United States to protect their interests.

Neither at the time nor later, when he wrote, did Eisenhower understand the immense provocation that triggered the Suez action or the responsibility of the United States toward its allies. The record he calmly sets forth shows, rather, a placid assumption that his wisdom and his good intentions would have to be taken for granted.

Perhaps that assumption explains the President's inability to communicate his position clearly to others. The intimacy with which he addressed the English Prime Minister covered up a lack of comprehension that bore tragic results at Suez. Khrushchev's visit to the United States, it appears from this book, was the product of an invitation the President did not intend to extend. Again, Harold Stassen in 1956 left a conference with Ike thinking that it was all right to oppose Nixon's bid for the vice presidency, and then discovered that it was not. A fantastic sequence of misunderstandings with Governor Faubus led to the use of troops in Little Rock. These instances, too numerous to be coincidental, reflect either a fuzziness of intention or an inability to communicate.

The President also seems totally disingenuous about the diverse personalities with whom he dealt. General Franco was personable and agreeable and reputed to be one of the finest bird shots in Spain. Indeed, everyone Ike met was a nice chap; De Gaulle, Ibn Saud, Ayub, Nehru, even Khrushchev were pleasant when he called on them or when they visited him. There is no revelation, however, that he understood, or was understood by them.

The value of this book lies in the candor with which it states these judgments and explains the policy of the second term. Eisenhower holds staunchly to the verities of his past: public housing and government spending are bad, the balanced budget is good, and the United States made no mistakes in its quest for peace between 1952 and 1960. The complacency of these attitudes goes far to explain the eight years of Ike's presidency and the legacy inherited from that period.

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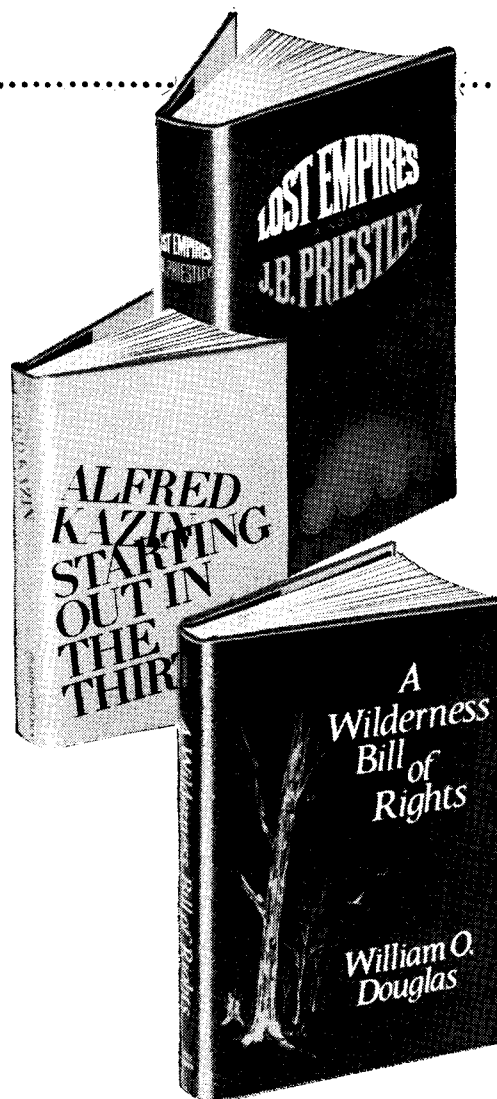
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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

to go into liquidating the domestic and foreign problems of World War II. The nation, having only recently concluded one trying conflict, found itself deprived of the fruits of victory by the threats of a new antagonist. Confusion about purposes and goals made room for the demagogue who played upon men's fears for his own sinister purposes.

SENATOR CHARLES E. POTTER'S DAYS OF SHAME (Coward-McCann, \$5.95) is a valuable account of the McCarthyite interlude. The Republican senator from Michigan, a member of the committee over which McCarthy presided, here tells the dismal story of its work. The book focuses on the notorious Cohn-Schine Army hearing, but encompasses the whole development that briefly made the junior senator from Wisconsin a power in American life.

Senator Potter makes no excuses for himself. "All six of us who served under McCarthy's chairmanship must carry on our records forever a great share of the responsibility for the whole disgraceful performance, particularly we Republicans." Explicitly and implicitly his condemnation extends to all those who abetted the demagogue or who silently stood by. It is worth recalling that the Senate, even in its censure vote, took only the narrowest ground for criticizing McCarthy and evaded a good part of its responsibility for the conduct of its member. The disgraceful episode revealed how little Americans comprehended the problems of the post-war world.

The United States was also ill prepared for the uncongenial task of occupying conquered territories. The only precedent, Reconstruction in the South, offered little basis for optimism about the capacity of a democracy to govern a hostile population. Yet in 1945, Americans in Japan assumed the responsibility for ruling a people totally alien in race, religion, and language. The hatreds of four bitter years of war and the shock of atomic attack certainly increased the difficulty of the task.

On the whole, the Occupation proceeded smoothly, and the United States and Japan emerged from it on better terms than they had been for decades. **WALT SHELDON** has described the Occupation in interesting detail in **THE HONORABLE CONQUERORS** (Macmillan, \$6.95). Into a narrative dealing with the general

development of American policies, he has inserted a series of loosely connected individual stories that give a personal impression of what the contact between victors and vanquished involved. The combination of the two perspectives offers scope for the treatment of small as well as large questions: the sexual adventures and misadventures of the occupying forces, the black market, corruption, Army censorship, land reform, and industrial reorganization. Unfortunately, Sheldon never adds up the details, and he leaves the story without a conclusion. Significantly, for instance, there is no summary estimate of General MacArthur's regency. The materials for a judgment about the effectiveness of American economic, political, and social policy are tucked away in various chapters of this running chronicle, but the judgment itself is not rendered.

During the same years, China turned from an ally into a foe. The United States discovered in Korea the strength of its new antagonist and also how little it knew about the Chinese people despite a century of contact with them. **PEKING: A TALE OF THREE CITIES** by **NIGEL CAMERON** and **BRIAN BRAKE** (Harper, \$15.00) has only slight direct relevance to contemporary events. Yet it offers an effective introduction to a world remote from our own, with which we shall have increasing concern.

This is a beautiful book. Its lavish photographs convey a luminous sense of the physical environment within which Chinese leadership operates and also zoom in on the day-to-day life of the people. The text, by the former correspondent in Asia of the London *Daily Mail*, offers a lucid history of the city, although its concluding chapter may be unjustifiably optimistic.

Two features emerge with startling clarity. The layout of the city encourages the separation of the rulers from the ruled. An immense distance cuts off the inner governmental city not only from the remote provinces but from populous Peking itself, and the decisions of emperors in the past or commissars in the present need take little account of events outside the walls. Furthermore, a deeply ingrained tradition views Peking as the center of the universe, which can be made safe only by war against the hostile

barbarians who threaten its outer edges. How far Communism has altered and how far it has confirmed this attitude remains to be seen.

LONELINESS AND COMMUNITY

STARTING OUT IN THE THIRTIES (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.95) is the second volume of **ALFRED KAZIN's** reminiscences. Kazin was only nineteen in 1934 when John Chamberlain of the *New York Times* secured him entrée to the literary circles of New York. This was the Depression decade; the genteel tradition had crumbled, and social criticism, often Marxist-oriented, was dominant. The young man moved into a world equally excited by talk of revolution and literary achievement.

Starting Out in the Thirties, however, deals less with the literature or ideas of the period than with the personalities Kazin encountered. Some, like V. F. Calverton, now evoke only faint memories. Others, like Mary McCarthy, have gone on to greater eminence. Kazin's vivid sketches of these people are set in the context of his own effort at self-analysis. He himself was still living in the home of his Jewish immigrant parents in Brownsville, so that his relationship with the uptown publishing world involved a fascinating intersection of cultural forces.

The common theme was loneliness. Kazin draws into his narrative the somewhat incongruous figure of his maiden Aunt Katie because her tragic life mirrored the need of his contemporaries for love as a shield against loneliness. Much of their revolutionary fervor expressed resentment against a world which denied them the security of that love.

In the year in which Kazin went to see John Chamberlain, Maurice Schwartz, the idol of the Yiddish stage, was drawing crowds to *Yoshe Kalb*, dramatized from the novel by **ISRAEL J. SINGER**. A new edition of Maurice Samuel's translation of the novel (Harper, \$4.95) throws light on the world of Eastern European Jewry, from which Kazin sprang.

Yoshe is an innocent, isolated from a corrupt community by his own purity of heart and dedication to the spirit. The inhuman conventions of his society force him into a loveless marriage, and the starved passion of his mother-in-law draws

The Peripatetic Advertiser



One of the most cordial of literary ententes exists between the editor of a magazine such as this one and the book publisher. An article in *The Atlantic* may foreshadow a book to come and happy the book editor with a well polished crystal ball. It can even happen that an entire magazine may be reflected in those Sibylline depths. Out of such a revelation came the Daedalus publishing project. Houghton Mifflin proposed to produce twelve issues of Daedalus in the permanence of hard covers, the editors of Daedalus thereby exercising the rare prerogative of editorial hindsight, for in book form the original material could be increased by new articles germinated by the old, the whole then indexed for scholarly convenience, and jacketed to tempt the bookstore browser.



The first title in the Daedalus Library **A NEW EUROPE?** edited by Stephen R. Graubard appeared about a year ago (\$8.95). The critics liked it. "Finally there is the bulky tome assembled by Dr. Stephen Graubard: with contributions from so many prominent historians, economists, sociologists, philosophers, and even theologians, that it would be invidious to single out individual names. It is a most impressive collection of learned papers, and perhaps the only possible summary is to the effect that **A NEW EUROPE?** merits its title: it is unique in covering almost the entire field — there are even some photographic illustrations of recent Western European architecture . . . If there is such a thing as the intelligent general reader, here is the book for him." — *The New York Review of Books*

THE PROFESSIONS IN AMERICA edited by Kenneth S. Lynn followed a few months later (\$5.00). Now published in October there will be books on two very lively subjects, **SCIENCE AND CULTURE** edited by Gerald Holton and **THE WOMAN IN AMERICA** edited by Robert Jay Lifton. Among the contributors of new material are: James Ackerman, Talcott Parsons, David Reisman and Diana Trilling (\$6.00 each).



To balance this, one book emerges from many magazines. Readers of *The Kenyon Review*, *The Virginia Quarterly*, *Redbook*, and the *Southwest Review* know the name of Georgia McKinley. In **THE MIGHTY DISTANCE** a novella and nine short stories explore a single theme (\$4.95). "Mrs. McKinley portrays the relations between men and women, between children and adults with true insight and remarkable subtlety." — **GRANVILLE HICKS**. And here the crystal ball is doubly vindicated for Mrs. McKinley's project for a novel is the recent winner of the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship award.

Last month in these columns we celebrated the publication of a delightful book of highly personal history by a most distinguished official historian, **SPRING TIDES** by Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison (\$4.00). To remind you: "Even landlubbers will, I think, feel stirrings, long dormant, evoked by the author's phrases which his life's passion for the sea and remarkable powers of description have made it possible for him to form." **VICE ADMIRAL MORTON L. DEYO**



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him into destructive adultery. He is not permitted to enjoy even the peace he briefly finds by playing the servile fool. The setting is the court of a Hasidic rabbi in Austrian Poland before 1914, where gross materialism, sensuality, and greed have drained religion of all spiritual qualities. There remains only a web of superstition, in which the selfish few prey upon the credulous many.

Singer writes within a powerful naturalistic tradition; his characters are the creatures of their appetites, and their environment is unqualifiedly earthy. Undoubtedly he exaggerates, yet his picture is a helpful corrective to the nostalgic sentimentality of the audiences of *Fiddler on the Roof* who seek in a bygone era the meaning absent in their own lives. Yoshe was as lonely and lacking in love in his world as Kazin's contemporaries were in the New York of the 1930s.

TRENDS IN CIVIL RIGHTS

HODDING CARTER'S SO THE HEFFNERS LEFT MCCOMB (Doubleday, \$3.50) is a brief dramatic account of an actual incident in Mississippi's long hot summer of 1964. The Heffners were an all-American family—white, Anglo-Saxon, Episcopalian, middle-class, of Southern descent. Their eldest daughter was Miss Mississippi of 1963. Yet the aroused fury of the town drove them away from their home and out of the state. The act of nonconformity which brought on this retribution was a spontaneous supper invitation to a minister and a college student, both white, who happened to be in McComb working on a civil rights project.

Hodding Carter knows his Mississippi and knows also how to tell a story simply, firmly, and effectively. His precise day-to-day narrative of how the least indication of dissent cost the Heffners their friends and their business and subjected them to the danger of vigilante action is a frightening reminder of the effects of inequality on the whole society. The Heffners were respectable and well connected. Yet they were, in the end, almost as helpless, almost as hunted, as any Negro. This is the civil rights problem in its old familiar form.

Newer, more difficult questions are now being raised in the Northern cities about the future of Negro life in America. **FREEDOM—WHEN?**



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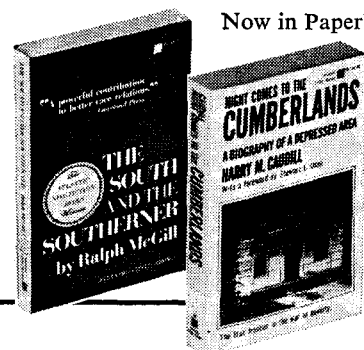
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(Random House, \$4.95) by JAMES FARMER, national director of CORE, is worth reading for its reflection of the confusion of the Northern civil rights movement. The Congress on Racial Equality was founded in 1942 as an offshoot of the pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation. Its membership was then preponderantly middle-class, white, and ideologically committed to the goal of complete equality and to the tactics of nonviolence. It had little influence until the spontaneous bus boycott in Montgomery and the sit-ins in Greensboro demonstrated the power of nonviolent direct action. Since 1960, CORE's membership has doubled every year and has now become predominantly Negro.

The change has subtly altered CORE's emphasis. Increasingly it becomes a mass movement which seeks to represent the black urban ghetto. Farmer devotes a whole chapter to the sensible argument that desegregation will not dissolve the Negroes' identity or lead to a merger with whites. Rather, increased freedom of individual choice will stimulate solidarity and develop separate institutions. Negro Americans will constitute a group united by common antecedents and common cultural traits like many others in our society.

But neither he nor the members of CORE have yet adapted their tactics to these revised objectives. A healthy community recognizes obligations as well as rights; it is aware of its internal responsibilities, and it depends upon stable leaders. In these respects, Negroes still have a way to go to understand their situation in a pluralistic culture.

The bitter campaigns in Chicago, Boston, and New York against racial imbalance in education and housing, for instance, rest on the false belief that there is some inherent value in intermixture. The insistence upon direct action and the complaints about police brutality in New York, Chicago, and Boston as well as in Bogalusa and Selma reveal an inability to differentiate between situations where democratic procedures are available and those where they are not. The summer explosions in Los Angeles and Chicago show that in the trying years ahead much depends upon whether people like James Farmer can make the transition from idealistic agitator to responsible communal leader.

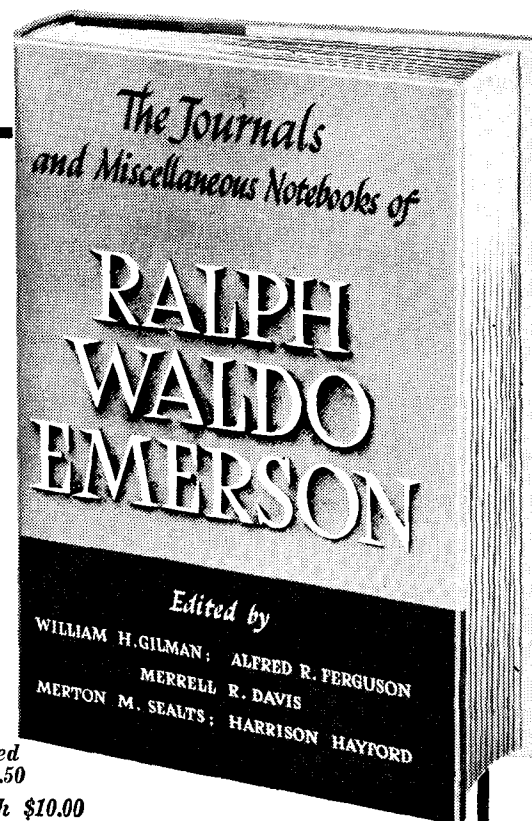
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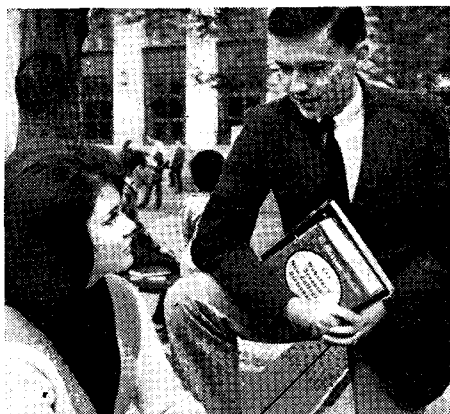


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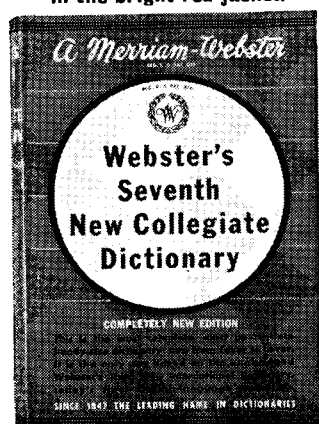
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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

The construction of JERRY ALLEN'S *THE SEA YEARS OF JOSEPH CONRAD* (Doubleday, \$6.95) required, according to the author, ten years of document-chasing. I marvel that it wasn't thirty, for Mr. Allen has, it would appear, run down absolutely everything having any connection at all with Conrad at sea—not only his ships and their routes, but who built them, who sailed on them, how they were employed before Conrad joined them, and what became of them after he left them. At first, all this looks like a case of research become obsession, but as the facts pile up, Mr. Allen's purpose becomes clear and defensible. He is re-creating the sailors' world, at once far-flung and circumscribed, through which Conrad moved for twenty years and in which he found the people, the places, the episodes that he reworked into fiction. What astonishes is Conrad's fidelity to plain matters like names and worldly circumstances; it's a wonder that he was never sued for libel. Tom Lingard, for instance, was William Lingard, a trader as well known in Singapore as a public monument and described like one in various histories of the city. But this loud-mouthed, amiable buccaneer is Conrad's Lingard only in name and gun-running; what Conrad called the "ideal value" of the character is his own invention. When Mr. Allen draws conclusions about Conrad's thinking, about the cast of mind that enabled him to transform reality into his particular kind of pattern, one can say merely that where no guess is provably right, Mr. Allen's guess is as good as any and better than some. Conrad himself, surfeited with dunderheaded reviews, once complained, "There is even one abandoned creature who says I am a neo-platonist. What on earth is that?"

YUKIO MISHIMA's novel *THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA* (Knopf, \$3.95) is, on the surface, a blood-chilling tale about a group of horrid little boys. They have stern, romantic ideas of integrity, and when Noboru's sea-going stepfather fails to meet their

standards, they propose to exterminate him. What one makes of the book, beyond its exciting story, is a matter of choice, for the boys can be taken as monsters out of hell or the unconscious, and also as legitimate, if overviolent, critics of adult society.

WALTER and MIRIAM SCHNEIR, authors of *INVITATION TO AN INQUEST* (Doubleday, \$5.95), report that they began this detailed study of the Rosenberg case with open minds and finished it with the conviction that the Rosenbergs were innocent of the espionage for which they were executed. The shape of the book, in which the authors make space for a history of the development of the atomic bomb but neglect to quote the questions that the Rosenbergs, invoking the Fifth Amendment, declined to answer, has the effect of persuading me that they were guilty—a thing I have never been certain of before.

NO HEAVEN FOR GUNGA DIN (Dutton, \$3.50) is offered as the work of a frowzily self-educated Iranian farmer named ALI MIRDREKVANDI and nicknamed Gunga Din. It is a religious fairy tale about the abolition of hell, concocted out of a deeply charitable disposition, pieces of Near East folklore, and solid experience as batman to British and American officers during the Second World War. I wish I could believe that this funny, charming fable is genuine, but the inconsistencies in Gunga Din's maltreatment of English shake my faith.

WHEN LONDON WALKED IN TERROR (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95), by TOM A. CULLEN, is an exhaustive history of the unsolved Jack the Ripper murders. It is properly bloody and enlivened with odd details—Mr. Cullen has discovered that most of the fellows who cleared bars by roaring "I am Jack the Ripper" were prankish Irishmen. Mr. Cullen produces, with a certain aura of official support, a candidate for Jack, but the chief interest of the book is its revelation of the confusion of London's metropolitan police force, directed at the time by a military man who should have been otherwise employed.

Soviet travelers and a fake English Communist collide in JOHN WAIN'S *THE YOUNG VISITORS* (Viking, \$4.50), with results that are never quite as amusing, surprising, or satirical as they should be.



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